

R. Bee

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WHERE THE PARTRIDGE DRUMS

Justice? One For Whites, Another For Indians Indians Complaining Standards

WHITE RIVER (AP) — Accusations of a double standard for criminal justice in South Dakota — one for whites, the other for Indians — are being heard in many parts of the state.

Those complaints are especially prevalent among the Indians on the Rosebud and Pine Ridge reservations in the southwestern part of South Dakota where two events in the past 30 months have ended in court trials with far different results.

It was in that area of the state where Baxter Berry, 63-year-old son of former Gov. Tom Berry, admittedly shot an Indian, 28-year-old Norman Little Brave, to death last March 21 in a corral on the Berry ranch.



Berry was not arrested until almost a month after the shooting and not until after Little Brave's widow signed a complaint charging him with murder.

A circuit court jury last week in White River deliberated 90 minutes before returning a verdict of innocent. There were no witnesses to the shooting, but officers said Little Brave was unarmed.

And it was from this area that 22-year-old Thomas White Hawk emigrated to the University of South Dakota to study medicine. On March 24, 1967, White Hawk admittedly shot and killed Vermillion jeweler James Yeado in an alleged robbery attempt.

White Hawk pleaded guilty to the crime and was sentenced to die in the electric chair by Circuit Court Judge James Bandy. The plea and the sentence have been appealed to the state

Supreme Court.

The order to execute White Hawk brought collective cries of outrage. It was the first death sentence in South Dakota in two decades.

Indian leaders say their people believe there is a parallel between the Berry and White Hawk cases and the fact that the white man is free and the Indian is jailed is proof of a double standard of justice.

Webster Two Hawk, 36, an Episcopal priest and one of two candidates for tribal council president on the Rosebud reservation, said, "most Indians feel that justice was not done in the Berry case."

"Indian people now believe there has to be some give on Tommy White Hawk or there's going to be trouble."

That trouble may have already begun. There are only 40,000 Indians among South

Dakota's 690,000 residents, but they own four million acres of land that is leased to white ranchers and farmers.

Earlier this year, Indian tribal officials announced they would start a campaign to have Indian landowners not renew leases to white ranchers. That could, if successful, put many ranchers out of business, Indian leaders claim.

Two Hawk said he thought that action was premature, but said the Indian attitude today is to add fuel to the fire.

"I'm afraid that if the Indians aren't satisfied with the final determination of the White Hawk matter," he said, "we're going to see the real radicals, both on and off the reservation, take control."

Robert Burnette, 43, a former Rosebud tribal president and Two Hawk's opponent in the Oct. 21 election, said "all hell's

liable to break loose if White Hawk is executed."

"I don't believe the majority of people in South Dakota agree with what's been going on, but many do and our state officials don't seem to care."

"We will attempt to discourage tourist travel to South Dakota. We will ask for a boycott of trade here and I think we'll get plenty of help from outside. Some people think there's a glass wall around this state and that what goes on here is no one else's business, but we know better."

Burnette carries with him a picture of a bar in a small western South Dakota town on the edge of the Pine Ridge Indian reservation.

Burnette says the picture disproves a statement made by Gov. Frank Farrar early this year that there is no discrimination against Indians in South Dakota.

A sign above the door leading into the bar read: "No Indians allowed."

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Thanksgiving Prayer

O, Thou Great and Good Spirit, Thou Supreme and Infinite One, in whom Earth and all things in it, may be seen and heard. A Great and Mighty "Kitche Manitou" art Thou, clothed with the day, yea, with the brightest day, a day of many summers and winters, yea, a day of everlasting continuance.

We give thanks to Thee on this day, for all "nature", for its wonderful and mysterious way of life development.

We give thanks for being able to hear, and to understand, the sweet music emanating from the trees, swaying and singing in the gentle breeze.

We give thanks for the beautiful flowers, the medicinal roots and herbs.

We give thanks for the winds, the fleecy clouds, the rain and snow.

We give thanks for being able to appreciate the beauty of the rippling streams, leisurely flowing along winding trails and shady nooks.

We give thanks for having learned how to stand in silent salute as "Wild Geese" pass overhead in wondrous formation and majestic flight.

We give thanks for the awe inspiring, deep blue waters, the great lakes and the seas, and all the life therein.

We give thanks to "Our Creator" for abundantly supplying us with corn, beans, tobacco, pumpkins, squashes, potatoes, tomatoes, nuts and berries, for the beavers and fishes in our rivers, for the deer and elk in our forests.

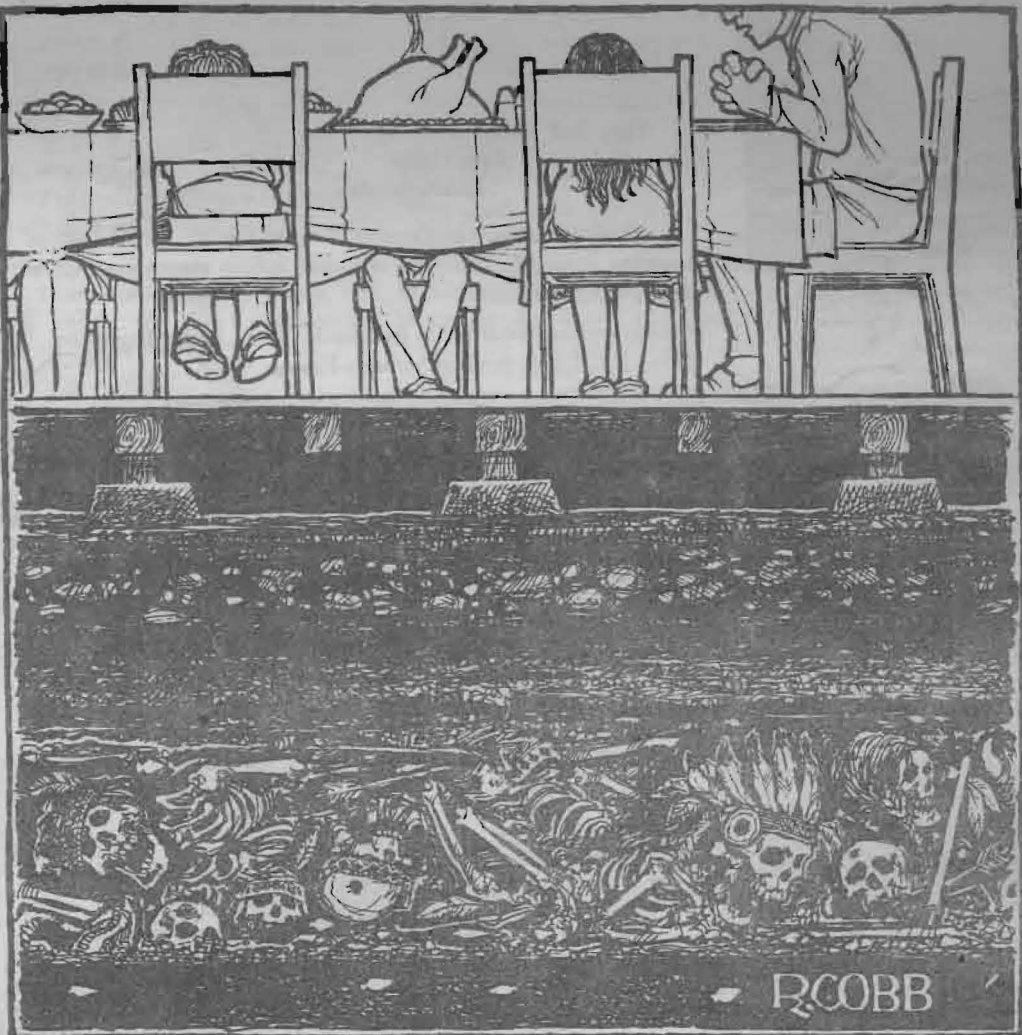
We give thanks for our good health. We are, indeed, happy to see the leaves of the trees, red, gold, brown, and purple . . . falling, gliding, drifting, sailing down to Earth again.

We give thanks for having lived another year, for having enjoyed the seasons of winter, spring, summer, and autumn.

We give thanks to "the great shining sun", to the pale moon, to the numberless stars, to Our Mother the Earth, whom we claim as our mother because "the good earth" carries all the people of the world, and everything they need. Indeed, when we look around, we cannot help but realize that "Kitche Manitou" (Great Spirit) provides all of the important necessities of life for us. For all these, and countless other blessings, we thank Thee from our hearts . . . O, Thou Great and Good Spirit, Creator of All Things . . . Hear Us!

By Big White Owl

I Have Spoken!



RCOBB

'NIGHT BLESSING

Sleep plays hide-and-seek with darkness.

In reverence
All earth stands, head bowed.
Long-needled evergreens cease to
Proclaim hushed hymns of awe.
Between praise stanzas,
Night birds pause to listen.
While sending their magnetic fragrance,
The sweetness for this royalty,
Spring flowers in carpet hues
Halt their prancing dance.
Stars shoot through space
To herald Full Moon's entrance.

Within my tepee
I cannot remain on robes and blankets.
Far out into the still of night,
My heart goes forth.
I must stand in honor, respect,
One beside tepee shadows
Gazing toward snow-capped mountains.
I turn to face the East,
Waiting to receive
Her blessing.
"Oh, Ruler of the Night,
May I so live that all I do in time
Is preparation for lasting peace."

Soon Dawn's mystic gaze.
Moves toward me,
Falling upon each creature.
I raise yearning arms
And stand naked
Within Her sacred view.
Devotion surges in me
Overflows my littleness
And I must praise
In song and dance.
I am clothed in joy.
I am warmed, protected.
Content, I sleep.

Phil George
Nez Perce

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THE BLUE CLOUD QUARTERLY



MY SON

Go, my son, and dance
Go and learn
Go and show those who laugh at you.
Go and dance among the beating sound of the war drums
Go and dance among the chanting voices,
those that chant by day and by night.
Yes, my son has danced
My son went and danced among the chanting voices
and among the beating of the war drums.
And now there is no one to laugh at my son.
There is no one left to tell how my son danced.
Where are they?
Where did they go?

Here we stand, facing the wind.
Here we stand, listening to the wind as it carries away
the sounds of the war drums.
Here shall the wind blow;
Here my son and I stand alone.

Soon only the wind will know my son.
Boots Sireech
Ute

Wisps of cedar smoke stripe the air
Roots, herbs, and long black hair
Grace the ground.
Sing the chants
Call the gods!
They shall make you strong.
Patty Harjo
Seneca-Seminole

MY KIND OF SCHOOL

Deep in the forest
Where a cool breeze
Fans my face,
Where the warm sun
Shines in bright
Geometry problems
Through the leaves
While birds lecture and scold
And squirrels play at recess
Through the trees —
This is my kind of school.

Or give me
A great rock ledge
Overlooking a valley.
Below me, let me study
People as they rush about
As if today stands alone —
Their only time
For running past
Their neighbors.
And still I sit
In quietness,
Learning from them
That to run
Is to run,
Is to run . . .

Raymond Teeseteskie
Cherokee

The Blue Cloud Quarterly
A publication of the Benedictine Missionaries
Blue Cloud Abbey, Marvin, South Dakota



GRANDFATHER

I won't ever see him again.
I won't see him riding his horse,
cooking his food,
cutting his wood,
building his fire.
I won't see him sitting on his porch
looking off into the woods, remembering —
remembering the old times,
the old people, and his way of life.

I won't hear him again.
I won't hear him sing about the sun,
about the moon,
about the deer,
about love.

I won't hear him sing of the forest
before the white man.
Of the summers of plenty,
of the happy people we once were,
of the winters of starvation after the white man,
of the sorrow and grief when the white man's sickness
came and destroyed many of our people and chiefs.

I won't feel his warm nearness any more.
I won't feel the way I used to, sitting with him
on a warm, pine-scented summer night.
I won't feel him in the saddle, sitting before me.
I won't feel him near me
in the huckleberry patch,
in our hidden fishing places,
under the dam catching crayfish
with icy creek waters singing swiftly
over our pebble-sore feet.

I won't feel the same going to places we used to go.
I won't hear the beautiful forest sounds,
as clearly as I did with him.
I won't see the magnificent sights
I did through his eyes.
No more. He is no more.
The Great Spirit in the clouds has taken him.
He is no more. Oh, God, he is no more.
Deborah Finley
Colville



POEMS written in Creative Writing Classes at the Institute of
American Indian Arts, Bureau of Indian Affairs academic-art school at
Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Photographs by Father Odilo Burkhardt, O.S.B., Father Lawrence
Kratz, O.S.B. and Brother Anthony Firman, O.S.B.

Indian's Death Sentence Changed by Governor

PIERRE, S.C. (AP)—Gov. Frank Farrar Friday commuted to life imprisonment the death sentence of Thomas James White Hawk, 21-year-old Indian, who had admitted the slaying of a jeweler 2½ years ago.

The South Dakota governor told a news conference he was accepting the recommendation of the State Board of Pardons and Paroles made earlier in the week.

The White Hawk case had drawn national attention because the handsome, former prep school athletic star was scheduled to be the first to die in the electric chair in 22 years. Civil rights groups rallied to his cause, claiming he was the victim of racial prejudice.

He was originally sentenced to the electric chair Jan. 15, 1968, after admitting the fatal shooting March 24, 1967, of James Yeador, 62, a jeweler at Vermillion, S.D., in the Yeador home.

The young Indian, in isolation on death row at the State Penitentiary at Sioux Falls, S.D., received the official word that he would live about the same time that Farrar made his decision known to newsmen.

He wept when told of the news.

"The imposition of a life sentence can be punishment equally as severe to the defendant as the death penalty," Farrar said.

He added he was recommending to the Board of Pardons and Paroles "that all petitions for further commutation of the sentence... be denied."

The governor added: "Thomas James White Hawk is a product of a tragical social environment. Unlike the majority of American youth he was denied the full benefits of parental direction because of their death during his formative years."

White Hawk, eldest of six children, was born on the Rosebud Sioux Reservation. His mother died when he was 10 and his father a year later.

No Release Ever For White Hawk

ROSEBUD SIOUX HERALD

Altho Gov. Frank Farrar spared the life of Thomas James White Hawk in commuting his death sentence to life imprisonment, he announced a personal request that in effect ruled out parole and pardon.

In his decision to the S.D. Board of Pardons and Paroles, the governor recommended that "further commutation of the sentence... be denied."

This stipulation drew criticism from a private group, the S.D. Civil Rights Council. It has passed a resolution that "deplores the insensitivity to human values demonstrated" by Farrar in his decision against further commutation.

Farrar's decision to give White Hawk a life sentence instead of the electric chair was applauded by Indian leaders.

But they questioned whether White Hawk should never be released from prison.

President-elect Webster Two Hawk said the possibility of release should not be ruled out.

Enos Poorbear, president of the Oglala Sioux Tribe, said he would work to get Farrar's stipulation changed.

Farrar was caught between two factions in South Dakota: one wanted White Hawk's death sentence lifted and the other wanted the death sentence put into effect.

Farrar commented that his decision will not please everyone.

"Some have charged I am pro-Indian and, others say I am anti-Indian," he added.



Mrs. Billy (McCloud) McGee and Tammy Lee

YELM, WASH. -- Can you imagine a young mother doing her wash in a local laundromat at 9 p.m.? That's easy enough to picture.

Now -- can you imagine police arresting that same young mother, taking her off to jail, for failure to pay a \$10 speeding ticket? For white people, this may be tough to picture but that will be easy for Indians, too.

That's what happened to Mrs. Billy McGee, 22, the daughter of Andy and Edith McCloud who have been active in State of Washington fishing rights cases. The fact that her three-month old daughter, Tammy Lee, was breast-fed didn't faze sheriff's deputies. She went behind bars with her mother, too.

Since her speeding offense in October, her husband, Daniel, had been unemployed. He was arrested and taken to jail later that same evening charged with driving without a valid operator's license.

Edith McCloud said the arrests were harassments. Although the family could have found the \$10 that night, "you have to take a stand somewhere."

"We have to go through this every day," she said, "in education, in jobs, or just plain living. The minute we get outside our own homes we're in the jungle."

Numerous photographers and reporters were in court the following morning when she appeared before District Judge Franklin K. Thorp. He went through the formality of crediting her night in jail toward her \$10 fine and released her. The previous night, however, another judge had given the authority for the infant to be held in custody.

The whole chain of events was witnessed by the WHITE ROOTS OF PEACE communications group who, like our readers, find this difficult to imagine.

JTG

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There is no fixed subscription rate. It is sent where it will be read whether people can help with printing costs or not. But if you are able to help, enclose whatever amount you can afford.

The paper is assembled at Akwesasne, also known as the St. Regis Mohawk Reserve, by WHITE ROOTS OF PEACE, an Indian communications unit, including Sakokweinnonkwes, Kanento, Watenriio, Ray McCloud, and many others.

But the paper requires readers if it is to be significant. Send us clippings from your local papers. Send us news and essays and poems.

You can also help by arranging for bundles of the paper to be sent. These can be sold in bookstores, on reservations, on newsstands, in offices. Write for further information.

And still another way. You may have names and addresses of Indian people in the armed forces, in college, working in the cities, or friends on distant reserves. We will add them to our mailing list.

We believe this alternative voice to the government's public relations experts is needed. We believe that communication among Indian peoples is needed. With our circulation at the 7,000 mark, the paper is an important voice. But it will only work if we have the help of our readers, as suggested above.

FROM FRIENDS OF THE EARTH

Rachel Welch, well-known conservationist, recently wrote Robert Robertson acting director of Vice President Spiro Agnew's National Council of Indian Opportunity.

"Even if you surround yourselves with 'Tame' Indians, and abstain from contact with such 'Wild' Indians as the Iroquois Mad Bear who reminded the government at the recent NCAI meeting that IF the treaties were kept, there would be no need for such extraneous efforts to give them Indian Opportunities as Federal handouts which when taken, make impossible 'life in an Indian environment.' For an Indian environment crucially depends upon self-respect and Pride in the realm of intangible environment which is replaced by one of dependency and degradation by virtue of accepting even the best intended Paleface charity.

"Oddly, Indians can give help to non-Indians, even undeserved help, and because the spirit of the giver accompanies the beneficence, the good intent is fulfilled...It behooves you to learn from the Indian, instead of giving or teaching him.

"Traditional Indians are aware of this obligation given them by Mother Nature and the Planetary Spirit whose agents they are uniquely. But who will listen to them?...Let's learn to deserve their help in the problems arising from a polluted moral environment now inducing crime to skyrocket not only in cities, but now such forms as CBW, CIA and even in the Pentagon..."



SEPTEMBER 12, 1969

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Indians Want No Part Of Jetport

JIMMY TIGER'S VILLAGE — The Miccosukee Indians of the Everglades are afraid a White man's airport will accomplish what White soldiers could not — the destruction of the Indians' way of life.

"We don't want no airport out here," said Jimmy Tiger, who runs a Miccosukee village for tourists about 40 miles west of Miami.

Relaxing in his chickee, an open-sided hut of four upright poles supporting a thatched roof, Jimmy said the Indians believed the airport would destroy the animals and tranquility of the "Sea of Grass," a majestic, desolate swamp that covers thousands of square miles of South Florida.

The Dade County Port Authority wants to build the controversial airport in the Everglades because the overcrowded Miami International Airport could never handle the jumbo jet traffic of the future.

The Miccosukee came to Florida with several other tribes from the southeastern United States about 1700. By 1820, they met the first White settlers who, backed up with soldiers' guns, drove the Indians to the fringe of the Great Swamp they now inhabit.

The Miccosukee decided to fight back when the Whites began encroaching on them in about 1830. For the next 20 years they fought the federal

armies to a standstill, but at an overwhelming cost. Most of their people had been killed or sent to reservations in Oklahoma, and about 300 survivors who refused to sign a peace treaty pulled back into the Great Swamp they inhabit today.

Jimmy's brother, Tommy Tiger, lives with his wife on a small island in the swamp, about six miles from the nearest highway. Tommy's island can be reached only by canoe or airboat, a flat-bottomed skiff pushed over the grass and water by an airplane engine and propeller.

On Tommy's island, the only sounds are the whirr of thousands of dragon flies, the

calls of birds and the muted sighing of the wind through the marsh grasses.

"I want to keep it that way," he said. "Us Miccosukee like our way of living."

Tommy, Jimmy and most of the 300 Miccosukee who live along the Tamiami Trail, U.S. Highway 41, speak an accented English. Miccosukee is their native tongue, and they only use English when speaking to Whites.

Tommy and Jimmy get angry with Whites who want to impose White culture on the Miccosukee.

"They come in here and say they give us White man's religion, White man's food, White

man's everything," Jimmy said.

"How you think they like it if a bunch of Miccosukee went into Miami and told everybody they going to give them Miccosukee religion Miccosukee houses, Miccosukee food and stuff? They think we're crazy, that's what."

The fate of the airport has not been settled. Conservationists are battling tooth and nail to keep the roar of the aircraft as far away as possible from the bellow of the alligator and the cry of the heron.

Tommy stared into the flames of his cooking fire and said slowly "If they build the

airport, I guess we have to move again. I can't live with them airplanes around."

He and Jimmy have no great love for Whites or trust for White promises.

They have been told that the airport will not bother the wildlife.

"We went into Miami and looked around at the airport some," Jimmy said. "We heard the noise — awful. And we looked in some ponds around the airport. There was gas and oil on them. They do that here and they'll kill the whole swamp."

Tommy also objects to the noise the big jets will make as they swoop low over the swamp on landings and take-offs.

"Right now, we got lots of ducks in here in season. Them ducks won't stay if damned airplanes is making noise all the time," he said.

Tourists who visit Jimmy's village often don't realize that the Miccosukee actually live there.

The Indians sleep on raised wooden platforms inside the chickees, and they cook on open fires.

On Jimmy's island, he has a chickee to sleep in, a chickee to cook in and one to eat in.

His children live in a house he owns near the highway. They attend public school in Miami.

On weekends, they ride an airboat out to the camp to spend some time with their parents.

Jimmy's people refuse to join the 1,000 or so Indians who live on reservations.

"Back in the forties, they offered a bunch of Seminoles a nice reservation if they'd move out of the swamp," Jimmy said. "The Seminoles believed the Whites, and they moved. About 10 years later the government decided to make Everglades National Park right where the reservation was."

"Guess who got kicked off that land," he said. "Them Seminoles."

Miccosukee Indians Cling to Old Traditions

By RAY VILLWOCK
Herald Staff Writer

Alongside a dusty, bumpy road cutting through the heart of the Everglades, an empty house, modern yet retaining an Indian flavor in its T-shape, sits waiting.

A child died in that house.

And like good Miccosukees, the family moved out. The house — one of 25 homes built by the Bureau of Indian Affairs to entice the Miccosukees from their traditional chickees — has been empty almost a year now.

WHEN THE YEAR is up, the family will move back into the home.

That's a Miccosukee custom — one of the "old ways."

And for the 450 Miccosukees who cling to a precarious way of life along the Tamiami Trail between Miami and Naples, customs, tradition and the old ways are still cherished.

Nowhere in their customs and tradition does it say anything about a War on Poverty. Or a Dr. John Rehbein.

But that war has opened a front on the Tamiami Trail, where 85 per cent of the families live on less than \$3,000 a year, with Dr. Rehbein as its general.

It's not like other poverty programs.

"PEOPLE JUST don't clamor for benefits and services out here," Dr. Rehbein says.

"We have to really work to convince them that these things are good for them."

And for Dr. Rehbein, an intense, slightly built man with a gray-flecked beard and dark hair who administers the OEO program from a one-room office of the Miccosukee Day School basketball court, convincing isn't always easy.

Only 10 per cent of the Miccosukees along the Trail speak English.

And some are so conservative that they won't have anything to do with a white man — or even another Miccosukee if they know he works for the federal government.

"TO KNOW THESE people, you've got to know their history," Dr. Rehbein says.

Their history is one of white deceit, treachery, broken promises and broken treaties.

Always they retreated before the white man — not because of fear, for these Indians were never defeated — but because they didn't want any part of the white world. *They burned Long ago*

And the Miccosukees along the Trail were too proud even to allow themselves to be placed on the reservations at Big Cypress or Dania. They consider themselves separate from the reservation Indians.

But now, with a jetport, which they bitterly oppose, being built to the west, a Flood Control District, which won't even allow them to build a bridge across to their tribal council grounds, on the north, and Miami, which they don't understand, spreading inexorably from the east, there's no place left for them to retreat to.

government for help. They received a federal grant to establish a Community Action Agency.

That's when Dr. Rehbein, a retired MD from Homestead, entered the picture. He was hired by the tribe to run the program.

"A Head Start program was their big concern. They wanted to help their children," he says.

Now, in a bright, well-equipped classroom by the Miccosukee Day School, about 25 Indian children are getting a head start — learning to use things like a knife and fork and hearing English nursery rhymes and songs — and learning about men such as George Washington.

Don Osceola, a stocky Miccosukee with the distinction of being a Marine veteran, is the principal of the Head Start program. Of the eight people the CAA employs besides Dr. Rehbein, seven are Miccosukee.

Osceola beams when he looks over his charges.

HE POINTS to a four-year-old wearing a replica of a U.S. Army uniform.

"That means his parents like the government," he says.

And Dr. Rehbein recalls the time a 12-year-old Miccosukee — a boy so conservative he had never had his hair cut and still wore the old time medicine dress — joined the Head Start class.

"It was like landing on the moon for us," he says about that accomplishment.

Miami Herald staff Who Will Speak For The Indians?

Since the Everglades National Park is just about my favorite recreation spot, I am as deeply concerned as anyone about possible damage to the area from the controversial jetport in the process of being built in the Dade-Collier area.

However, that alternate site is even more unjust and unwise, since it adjoins the Indian Reservation. Are our Indians less important than the flora and fauna? Who is lobbying for them? How will the noise and air pollution affect them, as people, and affect their cattle and gardens and water supply? Let alone the wildlife they depend upon for part of their food?

MRS. C. R. WHITTING



—Herald Staff Photo by DAVE DIDNO

OR FOR their children.

In 1966 the Tribal Council turned to the federal

Conservative Indians View Poverty Program With Suspicion

Indians fight to restore water rights

Neil Good
Special to the Guardian

Escondido, Calif.

Pointing to "the complete failure of the United States government to protect our invaluable water rights," the Rincon and La Jolla Indian bands have filed a \$48 million suit here against a water company and city and federal officials.

The bands, located in the hot, arid valleys of northern San Diego County, filed suit against the Escondido Mutual Water Company, the City of Escondido, Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel and U.S. Attorney General John Mitchell, July 25.

The Indians claim that the water company has been diverting their water from the San Luis Rey River for more than 70 years. The complaint alleges that the Indians have not received any compensation and that the water company has made millions of dollars in profits while the Indians have not had a sufficient supply of water for their own needs, a violation of original contracts.

The law suit comes at a time when Escondido is attempting to purchase the assets of the water company for \$6.25 million. A move by the Indians to stop a condemnation suit brought by the city against the water company has been dismissed in San Diego Superior Court by judge Hugo Fisher.

The water rights suit may have far-reaching effects on future dealings with the Indians by the Interior Department. The Indians claim the department and the U.S. Attorney General, acting as trustees for the Indians, have failed to meet their responsibilities.

Hickel, who told a conference of western Governors in June that Indians "have been overprotected" by the U.S., was charged with not being protective enough.

A part of the suit demands that the Attorney General represent the Indians in the suit and charges him with violating obligations to the Indians.

The Indians are represented by the California Indian Legal Assistance League, a federally-funded poverty program, under the Office of Economic Opportunity. The CILAL was formerly a branch of the California Rural Assistance League, which has been bringing claims of grape workers into California courts.

In July, the CILAL reported, "The United States entered into several agreements in which the right to appropriate water out of the San Luis Rey watershed was conveyed to private companies. During the past 70 years, hundreds of thousands of acre feet of water allegedly acquired under these contracts have been sold to an entire California community built upon wrongfully appropriated Indian water; the Indian tribes have not received any compensation.

Sanctimonious guarantees

"The contracts contain sanctimonious guarantees that the Indians will receive a minimum supply of water, but those guarantees have never been enforced. The Indians involved have repeatedly called upon the U.S. and the Bureau of Indian Affairs to enforce the contractual guarantees and provide them with the water. A representative of the Rincon, La Jolla and Pala bands has journeyed to Washington to request the Justice Department to fulfill its trust responsibility but the United States has failed to act."

"It is no exaggeration to say," their comment continues, "the protection of the rights to the San Luis Rey waters is a matter of life and death to the reservations involved."

There are two major reasons why the Bureau refuses to act as trustee for the Indians according to the CILAL.

"The United States government, as guardian of Indian lands, is charged with the responsibility of administering the trust property it holds for the 'sole use and benefit' of its Indian 'wards.' For political and institutional reasons, however, the United States has proved incapable of securing and protecting an adequate water supply for the nation's Indian tribes. Indeed... the United States has been and is today an active party to some of the most flagrant raids on Indian water."

They also indicated, "In addition to external political pressures which prevent the United States, as trustee, from protecting the subject matter of its trust, Indian property claims often run afoul of competing agencies within the Department of Interior."

Much has been sacrificed by Indians here. The bands first signed a contract with the Escondido Irrigation District of California in 1894 allowing the water district to divert water from the San Luis Rey River, provided a sufficient water supply was given to the Indians for their needs.

Then in 1914 when the Escondido Water Company took over the Escondido Irrigation District of California another contract was made, amending and revising the original one. Both contracts were executed by Indian agents of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

The Indian's water ration was cut down to six cubic feet of water per second and in extremely dry times, cut down even further. But, in any case, the Indians were to get water no matter how dry the season.

Serving white business

The contract also allowed the water company to build a pumping station on the Rincon reservation. Water to be used by the Indians was supposed to be pumped to this station.

However, the main function of the station now is to generate electricity to white businesses.

Today, the only water line from the plant to Indian land sits at a tree, 20 feet from the station. The line is made of concrete and is crumbling away.



Water line needed to supply reservation

Irrigation lines from the station to the fields, built in the 1930s, have deteriorated and water ceases to flow to its destination. Repeated efforts to get the Bureau of Indian Affairs to fix the lines have been fruitless. Once flourishing orchards and groves were left to die and wither away. Today the fields are dry and land is cracking from the heat and lack of water.

In the last 40 years, the water table has dropped from nine feet to 90 feet on the reservation. Most of the water is being drained for the use of a multi-million dollar country club golf course, which, naturally, has no Indian members.

Thus, with Escondido ready to buy the company, the Indians feel it is time to restore their water.

Tribal chiefs to meet Evans about beaches

OLYMPIA, Wash. (AP) — Pacific Coast beaches along the Quinault Indian Reservation remained virtually deserted Thursday as tribal chiefs prepared to meet with Gov. Dan Evans to discuss a tribal order closing the 25-mile stretch to non-Indians.

Quinault Chief James Jackson said Wednesday tourists were cooperating with the closure and only a few tribe members were patrolling the area. The beaches stretch along the west side of the Olympic Peninsula.

The tribe closed its property Monday after the tribe's business manager, Joe Delacruz, said members were "fed to the head feathers" with damage and litter left by tourists.

Members of the tribe were to meet with Evans Thursday afternoon to discuss the situation.

The Quinaults claim rights to the beach land under a treaty signed with the United States before Washington became a state.

Delacruz said the Quinaults' legal council has assured the tribal council it has the right to bar nonmembers from reservation beaches.

Washington Atty. Gen. Slade Gorton has said he sympathizes with the problems that caused the closure, but doesn't think the Quinaults have an "unchallengeable claim to exclusive control of the beaches."

In ordering the closure, the tribal council cited, excessive littering by tourists, thefts of Indian fish nets drying on the beach, removal of large quantities of driftwood, defacing the legendary Point Grenville Rocks and destruction of clam beds by land developers.

A land vibrant

Will the last indignity the white American lays on the Indian be to litter his land?

Last week the Quinault Indians closed 25 miles of their Washington coastland to everyone but the 1,500 members of the tribe. A summer colony of nontribesman campers had been littering the beach, stealing fishnets, and defacing the landmark rocks with inane "civilized" graffiti.

Washington's governor and attorney general reportedly thought the "real issue" was whether the Indians had authority over use of the beach.

But is that to the point? What right has any man to litter or crowd or overuse land, wherever it may be? We are cheered by the Quinaults' move to preserve the integrity of their territory.

The white man's vision in America had been to civilize. One need not question the general progress mankind has realized with the constructive aspects of the American dream.

But the time may have come for the white man to reinvoke something of the Indian's vision of a land vibrant and clean, as was this nation in its early days.

Tourists are blamed

THE QUINULT AND Shoalwater Indians have jointly struck a blow against the thoughtless tourists who litter beaches and parks without consideration of anyone except themselves.

And the two Indian tribes are to be commended for their action in closing off beach property to the public until such time as an agreement can be worked out with the state to provide for conservation of these important recreation areas. One of the key points in conserving these beaches is to keep them clean and attractive for the public. Yes, the thoughtless public that has lunch on a beach and then drives away, leaving their litter of sandwich wrappers, tin cans and bottles behind them.

5

Teachers are Colville guests

NESPELEM, Wash. (AP) — Okanogan County teachers ate moss pudding, saw the flashing color of tribal dances and learned in a seven-day workshop that Indian stoicism hides an unsuspected sensitivity.

There are numerous Indian children in the county's schools. Striving for a better understanding, 70 teachers met with parents at the workshop in Omak last week, and ended the week here as guests of the Colville Confederated Tribes.

Katherine Taber directed the program. John Ross, professor of anthropology at Eastern Washington College, was the teacher of record, but the real teachers were the Indian parents.

They criticized school rules governing haircuts and requiring special clothing for physical education courses. Often the Indians cannot afford to comply, they said.

"The purpose of the workshop was to show teachers these things exist. Many don't realize they're dealing with sensitive kids whose first response is often to withdraw from school," she said.

To end the pow wow on a note of peace, the Indians were hosts at a traditional Indian dinner of smoked salmon and venison, fried bread, dried corn, dumplings, moss pudding and huckleberry pie.

Then in feathered, belted and beaded costumes they performed the tribal dances, and reached out their hands to pull the pale-skinned onlookers into the circle of dancers.

THE DAILY NEWS
Longview, Washington

Aug. 30-31, 1969

'Think Indian'

By BARBARA REUTLINGER
Correspondent, The Oregonian

WARM SPRINGS (Special) — "Think Indian" was theme of the two-day Northwest Indian Youth Conference which closed here Thursday.

Some 150 Indian students from junior high to college age heard Larry Carlica, of the Warm Springs tribe, caution them not to lose their "Indian-ness."

"Indian culture is more than buckskins or how many wampum beads you have. It's what you feel and how you live your life," Carlica said.

He called on parents to listen, understand and help and told students "to prepare for your life, get something done and get to work."

After his talk, the youths from six western states discussed "what is thinking Indian?" "Are schools educating the Indian out of us?" "What do we want for our reservation?" and other questions.

"... You can have all the money, cars and houses you want, but if your heart is empty, what good are they?" Carlica asked them.

A majority of the Indian youths voiced a desire to get an education, then return to their reservation to help their people. Many said they wanted the Indian to make the necessary changes on their reservation.

6 Quebec closes in on

The Montreal Star

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1969

By **BOYCE RICHARDSON**
Associate Editor of The Star

CHIBOUGAMAU — The situation of Indians in this part of northern Quebec is a scandal. Though theoretically the responsibility of the federal government, they are being more and more subjected to provincial legislation.

The Quebec government appears to know little about them, and to care less; to ride over their rights with callous indifference; and to pay no attention to their real needs.

Within 100 miles of this little mining town live about 1,800 Indians who are in full sense of the term, a colonized people.

Those who live in the Mistassini reserve still depend on trapping and hunting for their livelihood, and therefore they depend on the land. Except for a tiny reserve of about five miles by eight miles on a peninsula around the Hud-

son's Bay post on Mistassini lake, the government has ignored or rejected their land claims. Other Indians, who used to be settled round the Hudson's Bay post on Waswanipi lake 50 miles away have not even been given a tiny living space.

The Quebec government steadfastly refuses to make any land available to these members of the Waswanipi band, who are now spread out in disparate little groups of huts and tents along the main road from Chibougamau to Senne terre. Their circumstances are appalling, drunkenness, prostitution and fighting being almost the daily condition of their lives.

These Cree Indians used to roam a vast area of 100,000 square miles, and they still trap in that area, moving as far as 500 miles north from Mistassini and living in the bush throughout the winter.

They have never surrendered title to this land — it has merely been taken over by the white intruder, and this takeover is continuing at a very rapid pace as mining companies, prospecting companies and tourist outfitters (a monopoly in tourist lodges is now being

established by the government itself in the Indian hunting area) continue to "open up" the Indian lands.

All of this, of course, is in violation of promises which have been made in the past to the Indians.

It is not only their rights to the land that are being disregarded. The Indians are being subjected to provincial game and fishing laws, though their legal right to hunt for food was guaranteed them under ancient agreements and has never been extinguished.

The Quebec government's attitude to the Indians' hunting rights is so confusing and contradictory as to be barely comprehensible to the ordinary inquirer. The Indians have been repeatedly promised action and sympathy (always verbally, never in writing), but these promises are never handed down from ministers to the government officials in the field.

Mistassini reserve has a population of 1,000 to 1,200 Indians, most of whom are hunters and trappers, and it is situated in the middle of the Mistassini game reserve, in which, so far as one can discover, hunting is absolutely forbidden, even to Indians.

There is doubt about this. Peter Sindel, McGill anthropologist who has been working in Mistassini, and has spent a winter in the bush with the trappers, was surprised when I told him Indians are not allowed to hunt in the park. He said he has been told by Guy Lemieux, director of the department of tourism, fish and game, that hunting is permitted in the park.

The new deputy warden of the park told a Mistassini Anglican priest, Rev. Ken Blaber, that no hunting is allowed (though Mr. Lemieux himself was not there).

What is the fact of the matter?

It seems that no hunting is allowed in the very large area, outlined on the accompanying map, which stretches about 150 miles north to south and about the same east to west.

"Scandalous"

But is it not scandalous that people who live the lives of ecological partici-

Mistassini Indians

pants (to borrow a phrase from an American writer) in this amazing country, whose life patterns and culture have been built over centuries around the land and the animals in it, should be prevented from pursuing their life by regulations established without their consultation or consent by a government which has apparently, in making its decisions, not considered their needs?

When they go in the bush the Indians live on beaver meat, birds, moose and caribou (and these big animals have an importance to them greater than just for food — they use the hides for many purposes, including clothing).

They are not allowed to kill moose or caribou at all in the game reserve, and outside the reserve only between August 30 and September 29 for caribou and September 20 and October 13 for moose. These are the open seasons for sports hunters, but they are of practically no use to the Indians, for their time of real need is later in the winter.

Sports hunters take the heads for trophies and leave the carcasses in the bush. They bring a certain income from the United States to tourist outfitters (who are never Indians), and no one wishes to stop this. But if the needs of American sportsmen can be considered, why cannot those of the Indians, whose very survival depends on these animals?

Even an Indian deep in the bush working his trapline might have his meat seized by game wardens, who avidly scour the country in airplanes to see that the white man's law and order is preserved.

"I did not know why the game wardens came and landed at my hunting ground by aircraft while I was hunting in the bush," wrote Chief Jimmy Miancum, of Doré Lake, a small Indian settlement five miles from Chibougamau, in a letter May 5, protesting against violations of the Indian rights.

"I did not know who send them to come at my camp. They ask for my meat. They took all my moose meat, and when I come out from my trapping ground they have waited for me . . . And of course they took all my moose meat again, what I had left.

"I was 40 miles out in the bush, that is where I brought my meat along from to keep me going while I am at Doré Lake. I also told them that I was a sick man, not in good health. This is the reason why I brought my food along with me, because I had to go in hospital and my family needed that food to eat.

"They told me their boss or manager want that meat. And so I am short of food to eat. The food they took from me it would keep me going at least one month. I did not understand any of this, why they took my meat. They did not even tell me what's the reason they took my food."

Chief Smalley Petawabano, 31-year-old chief on the Mistassini reserve, told me that for two years his band has been having a lot of trouble with game wardens.

They were given the right (again verbally, but not written) to fish commercially in the main part of Mistassini lake, 28 miles north of the reserve, where the best fishing is. The suspicion is, however, that the provincial government does not really want the Indians to fish this part of the lake, because the fishing there can be made use of by the increasing number of government-owned tourist camps that are being built through these Indian trapping

lands.

Game wardens last year began to seize Indian nets in this main part of the lake and, when the Indians resisted, they sent an aircraft from Quebec with eight game wardens, armed with rifles and revolvers, who seized 28 nets. These nets have never been returned to the Indians. This happened in the summer of 1968.

Clearly enough there is a squeeze being put on the Indians throughout land that they have traditionally inhabited.

And it is taking place against an extraordinary background of verbal promises, made to the Indians by Gabriel Loubier, minister for tourism, fish and game, but never carried out.

He agreed verbally last year that Indian chiefs could write their own permits for members of their bands to hunt at all times, but when they did, the meat was seized and the Indians were prosecuted.

He agreed verbally with the Indians of Quebec Association that proceedings against Indians for violations of game regulations should be stopped until a new policy was worked out and put into operation, and that in the meantime Indians should be allowed to hunt freely — but Indians have continued to be arrested and charged.

The large area shown in the accompanying map is the Mistassini beaver preserve. This covers an area of Quebec variously estimated to me to be 60,000 to 100,000 square miles. It is the trapping land of the Mistassini Indians. They range through it throughout the winter, and know it backwards. The preserve was set up in 1948 when beaver stocks reached a dangerously low level, and trappers were given quotas based on the beaver population of their traplines.

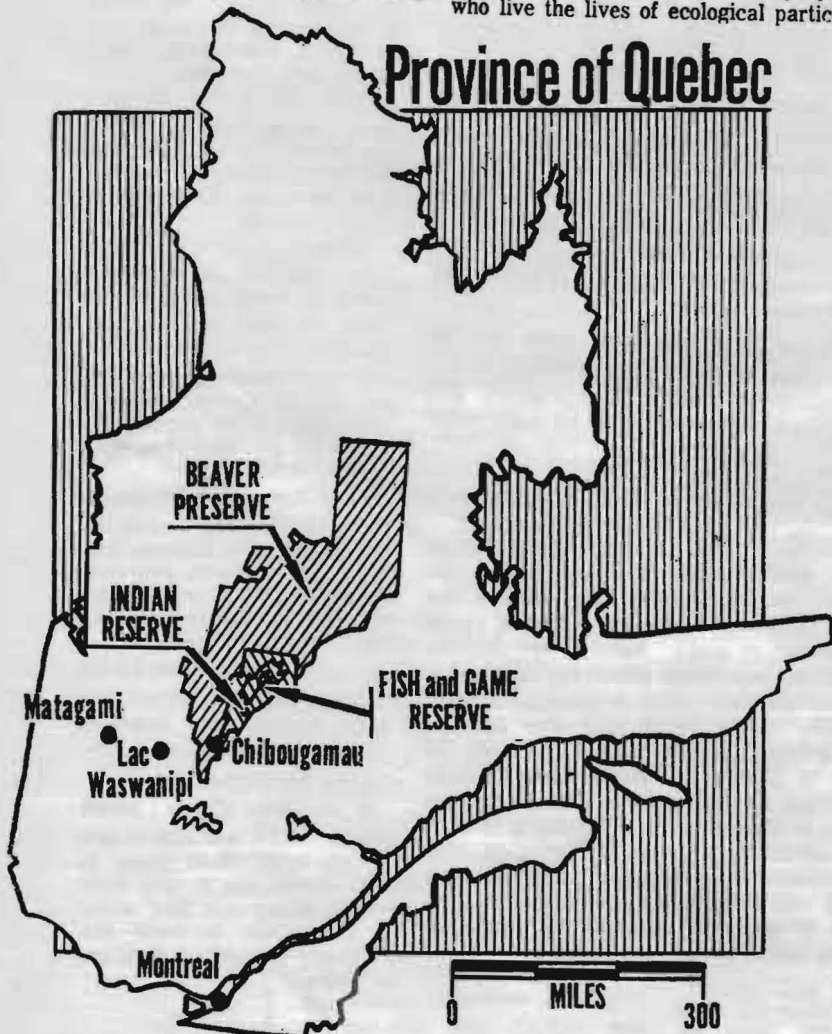
This policy (a provincial government policy) has worked well. The number of beavers taken each year from the preserve has risen from the pathetic few hundred in 1948 to between 7,000 and 8,000 now. About 250 trappers still go into the bush and they earned something like \$140,000 from beaver skins last year.

The beaver preserve covers most of what should today rightfully be regarded as the land of the Mistassini Indians. Though the historical record is clear that from the first they were guaranteed their rights at least to hunt for food in this area, neither federal nor provincial government seems to recognize any Indian rights in this land.

The basis of the Indian claim is the Royal Proclamation of 1763, which has the juridical value of a statute of Parliament and has never been revoked.

This proclamation recognized the aboriginal rights of the Indians to hunt and fish in the land they occupied, which was the province of Quebec. In northern Quebec especially, a whole series of documents provides for the extinguishment of the Indian aboriginal title through negotiation, or, to quote, the Speech from the Throne in 1870, "in conformity with the equitable principles which have uniformly governed the British Crown in its dealings with the aboriginals," namely, the Royal Proclamation of 1763.

These statements, documents and agreements include the deed of surrender of Rupert's Land by the Hudson's Bay Company to Canada in 1869, an order-in-council of 1870, which admitted



Land for new mines, but not

THE MONTREAL STAR, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1969

7

for traditional Indian residents

By BOYCE RICHARDSON

Associate editor of The Star

CHIBOUGAMAU — Out in

the endless wilderness of northern Quebec at a spot where two splendid rivers, the Chibougamau and Waswanapi join, a group of eight or 10 Indian families have settled in small houses in the bush. They live in a beautiful place, 30 miles or so from the nearest little town, from the nearest telephone, the nearest taxi service.

The heart of this little settlement are the four Gull brothers, middle-aged and experienced men who like this open life and the freedom it gives them. They can fish in the river, or go upstream 20 miles to Waswanapi Lake, where the fishing is good; they can trap across the land surrounding them; they can hunt a bit, and even grow some vegetables.

They came to this spot from Waswanapi Lake, where the 500 or so members of the Waswanapi Cree Indian band lived until the Hudson's Bay post there was closed in 1964. With that event the members of the band began to spread out, to wherever they could find work. Some went to Matagami.

Some went to nearby Miquelon, where they squatted beside the river in a little group round the tourist camp of Roger Ratté, a French-Canadian who is married to an Indian woman. Some went to Chapais, 30 miles from Chibougamau, where they built their tents and little huts a few miles out of town, and took whatever work was going

for them.

These towns are strung along the highway which links the Lake St. John region with Abitibi, running through Chibougamau on the way. Three Indian families live on the road near an abandoned lumber camp that is now used by a helicopter company. The Gull brothers, led by Rev. John Gull, who was the Anglican priest at Waswanapi Lake, went to Waswanapi River because that is where their father, Jacob, had his trapping ground.

Died at 101

He died a couple of years ago, at the age, it is said, of 101, and the four brothers buried him on the far bank of the river, the first corpse in a new Indian burial ground.

The Gulls are squatters on this land which they love so well. So are all the other Waswanapi Indians, all 597 members of the band list. They never have had a reserve, even at Waswanapi Lake. They have occupied the land for hundreds of years, and have been in touch with white people off and on since the 17th century, but they have no rights now to any of the land they have always inhabited.

Their chief, Louis Gull, lives in Matagami. Their band manager, Harry Blacksmith, lives in Miquelon. William Gull is a councillor for Waswanapi River. Even to have a council meeting is difficult, for the band is spread out across hundreds of miles.

They want to have a reserve, but the government will not give them land. They are not sure where they want the land, for each group is becoming attached to the place it has adopted. The Gulls like it beside the river. At Miquelon, the Indians have been asking for land on which to build houses, so they could move out of their tents.

Miquelon is a tiny settlement bisected by a bridge. There are two hotels. A month or two ago someone from the government went to Roger Ratté and said he would have to move his tourist camp away from the flat ground beside the river, and move the Indians with him, because they were making a new townsite for the town, and they would need that land for a picnic area.

Ordered off

He ordered them off his land, and they have not been back since. But no progress can be made towards getting the Indians even a plot of land, out of all the huge expanse of this area, on which to build a house.

Yet someone discovered copper nearby recently, and they have immediately been given the land on which to build a coppermine.

Miquelon looks quiet enough in the September sun, sitting lazily by the river, but I am told it is a dreadful place. One man who was there last month told me about an incident in which an Indian woman was pushed off a porch by a white man and left lying on the ground with a severe back injury for two hours, before the ambulance

came for her from Senneville. The reason: On that night there was not a single person in Miquelon who was sober.

Recent investigations into the Waswanapi Indian settlements show an appalling situation: one investigator claims that in some of the settlements Indians, men and women, are drunk 30 per cent of the time, and alcoholism has become a major problem as drinking becomes worse.

Harry Blacksmith wants land for a reserve on the south end of Waswanapi Lake, where the fishing is good. But though the Indians said they would probably move back to a reserve if given one, many may prefer to stay where they are, closer to such work as is available. Their main work now is in staking and linecutting for mining companies. These are jobs they do superbly, much better than white men (though there is no evidence that they get paid extra for their extra skill).

Still, the jobs are well paid: William Gull, one of the four brothers at Waswanapi Lake, was just back from a trip south where he had been working for a prospecting company. He told me linecutting — that is, cutting lines through the bush along the limits of mining claims — pays \$45 a mile or \$25 a day.

Indians will work at it for a few days or weeks, and having collected some money will then quit and return home to sit around, do a bit of trapping, or in the really bad places, drink.

The free life

The life being lived at Waswanapi River is quite impressive, and many Canadians might envy its freedom — especially those youngsters who are dropping out and going off to live in communes in the countryside. Sam Gull, 72, is a man who is never idle around his house.

He has a stump where one foot should be, for when he was young he got gangrene in it, and his father cut his foot off with an axe and saved his leg. Rev. John Gull has a relaxed life, tending to his parishioners in the various settlements. At Waswanapi Lake, in the old settlement, he had almost a captive audience: the Cree are almost entirely Anglican. But the new conditions are very different, and the change has certainly not been for the better.

In his large one-roomed house by the river he showed me the burial register of his parish since 1961: 21 deaths, 11 of them children. Maggie Blacksmith, died 1961, one month, cause of death, starvation. Charlotte Otter died at the age of one, "crying of death." Jane Gull died at 86 in 1962 and the register says, "starves." Lizzie Happyjack, Abel Icebound, Charlie Neeposh, all taken off at the age of two months in 1963 with chickenpox.

Little agreement

Across the north there is little, if any, agreement about how life should go in the future for these Cree. Their old life, based on trapping, is

slowly breaking down, and so far few of the newly-educated Cree have made a successful transition over to Euro-Canadian life.

Men like William Gull, who, like the trappers of Mistassini, has complete mastery of the bush, can live a free and good life. He has four sons, two of whom are still in residential school, and looks after the son of his daughter who was recently killed in an accident.

But what will happen to those four boys? William's son Peter Gull is one of the few Cree of this area who has successfully settled into the wage economy.

He works as a draughtsman for the Opemiska copper mine in Chapais, lives in an apartment in the town and appears to be completely assimilated. Those who have been able to do that, even after many years of schooling away from the reserves and Indian settlements, are few and far between. In the jargon of the anthropologists, they have resolved their identity conflict by opting for the Euro-Canadian model.

But even these people are sometimes confused. Edna Neeposh is a Mistassini Cree who since February has been working for the Service Social de l'Ouest de Québec as a social worker dealing with Indians. She feels the conflict within herself. After successfully taking the white man's education she went back to the reserve and went into the bush on the trapline for a whole year. "I think it is a good life," she told me. "Profitable, no, because the price of furs is not that good any more." But there does not seem to be much future in it. "My father will be going into the bush less and less, because there is no one for him to trap with."

Prof. Sindell and his wife followed the fortunes of 13 small Cree children as they moved through their residential school at La Tuque. He has lived with an Indian family on the reserve and on the trapline, to try to study the nature of the cultural changes worked by the white man's education.

Findings alarming

The findings of the experts in the Cree project are alarming, even appalling. They have discovered among Cree adolescents after a few years of schooling "an extreme identity conflict" which was expressed in clinically observable symptoms such as anxiety, insomnia, depression and inadequacy feelings. Of 108 students they studied in detail between the ages of 13 and 20, 48 per cent had such symptoms, and another 14 per cent were exhibiting manifest psychopathology, suffering from depressive disorders — in other words, they are really sick. So nearly two-thirds of the children were suffering, as a result of the type of education to which they have been exposed, from clinically recognizable difficulties.

This scholarly finding was confirmed for me in layman's language by Léon Chabot, the

extraordinary taxi driver in Chibougamau who has been working closely with Indians in the area for 15 years, has driven them all over the place, has lost a lot of money by extending generous credit to many of them, and who knows where every Indian is living at any given time, and what he is likely to be doing.

Chabot, as he is called in Chibougamau, is a prince among taxi drivers. "The old ones," he said, when I asked him how the Indians had changed during his time in the town, "are still all right. But the young ones, you can't trust them now. You used to be able to give them credit, and they would always pay you back."

"But nowadays you've got to be careful. After they've been to school, 75 per cent of them you can't trust."

Prof. Sindell's evidence about the conflicts to which schooling exposes these young Indians explains a lot about Chabot's remark.

The Cree Project report says the students can resolve their conflicts in three ways, either by rejecting the Euro-Canadian life and embracing traditional Cree culture (which is what happens with most of those who start school late) or by moving towards the white culture (which is what happens with those who have a high pathology) or by trying to synthesize the two which they think is the most hopeful course.

The Cree Project has therefore recommended some drastic changes in the sort of education that should be offered these people. They suggest that combined residential-day school facilities be located in the settlements, so that parents can leave their children in good hands while they go into the bush.

Children should be encouraged to go into the bush with their parents for at least some of the year, and all education should be in the Cree language until grade 3, with a transition to bilingual education in Grades 4 and 5.

Some subjects, they say, should continue to be taught in Cree until Grade 12. White teachers should be required to learn something of Cree language, history and culture, and should acquire northern skills.

They feel that the children should go to residences in northern towns from grade 6 to 12 and that positive contacts with both white and Indian society should be encouraged during that time. The emphasis should be on teaching the students skills which they would be able to use in the north, so that in this way they should retain the best aspects of their traditional life while acquiring the needed technical skills that seem obviously to be necessary for anybody who wishes to make a viable life for himself, either in the north or anywhere else.

These would be fundamental changes indeed: For they seem unlikely to be brought about without a reorientation of all our policies for developing the north of Canada, by

shifting the emphasis from exploitation of raw materials in the interest of distant industries, to the development of the people who already live there as a first step in the development of the country.

It can hardly be denied that, however good our intentions, the present educational policies for Indians are brutal in their effect.

Even such people as Edna Neeposh, and Philip Awashish, a Mistassini Cree who is presently at McGill, regard themselves, in Awashish's words, as "victims" of the educational system and they have both vowed to work to change it. How much more victimized then, are other people who have not made it successfully through the system?

At the moment, not only among Indians, but among people working with Indians, there is a tremendous confusion about the direction to be followed in the future. Rev. Hugo Muller, a Dutchman, former Hudson's Bay company employee, and now Anglican missionary to the Cree in Chibougamau, who drove me around the area, kept insisting that we "must not try to make white men of them." He introduced me to many successful, well-adjusted men, living a traditional life, who, he would remark as we left them, "have been lucky to drop out of school early enough not to be spoiled."

His generous attitude is certainly a change from the traditional Christian attitude of imposing alien values on the Indians. But the change may have occurred too late.

The Hawthorne report on the Contemporary Indians of Canada says that the most effective path of economic development for Indians would lead Indians to leave their reserves and assimilate into Canadian life. The Indians themselves are resisting this, but without so far suggesting any viable alternative.

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Are⁸ N.B. Indians To Disappear?

EEL RIVER, Restigouche County — The premier citizens of New Brunswick have many customs which date so far back that they make Samuel de Champlain's discovery visit in 1604 seem like something out of yesterday's newspaper.

Customs involving newlyweds, for example. For generations it was due and proper for a couple to invite the chief of the tribe to breakfast the morning after their wedding night for counsel on the trials and tribulations of life.

Today, according to Chief Alfred Narvie of Eel River Reserve, tradition is dying out. The Micmac language is dying out. And he is grieved.

But what concerns Chief Narvie even more than the deterioration of the Micmac traditions, is the threat to the continued existence of the people.

What he fears is cultural genocide — total destruction of the Indian culture and thereby, the Indian.

"It's no longer a matter of preserving tradition," he said. "It has come to the point of whether we can preserve the people itself."

At the root of his fears is the proposal by the federal government to make the Indian peoples the responsibility of provincial governments.

"If this occurs and the Department of Indian Affairs is abolished," he said, "there will be no more Indians. Indians will become welfare cases — without any hope whatsoever."

"The Indian people need special consideration to upgrade and gain the resources necessary to put our people on an equal basis with non Indians," said Chief Narvie. "But not this."

To Wallace LaBillois, band manager for the more than 150 Micmacs living on the reserve, the federal proposal is "a scheme to sell us out."

He claimed that the federal government "hopes this will prevent us from compiling a claims commission to force the (federal) government to recognize our aboriginal rights which for so long have been ignored."

More than half of the work force on the reserve is unemployed. A wide gap

separates those employed who represent the "haves" and the unemployed — the "have nots."

The chief, elected by democratic process, is by all appearances the wealthiest man on the reserve. But he's not well-to-do. He has a house with many electrical appliances and he drives a new \$5,000 station wagon. But he has worked hard. He operates a take-out restaurant, a snowmobile and power saw outlet and rents out school buses during the school term.

Less than a quarter mile away a widow in poor health is struggling to make ends meet on a \$70 welfare cheque every two weeks while worrying about repairing the roof of her house which leaks like a basket. How she will find money for fuel this winter is a question she cannot answer.

The government doesn't, "give us everything," said the chief. "In reality we are exempted in land tax alone. And even this is ambiguous because we don't own the land."

Like the chief, Mr. LaBillois believes the transition from federal to provincial responsibility will worsen the plight of the Indian.

"The provincial government can't do what the federal government has attempted to do and failed at. Our people

are afraid we will be like the Metis in Alberta. We're concerned too that Indian reserves will become ghettos."

To Chief Narvie the significant thing is that the Indian people "can't do anything about it."

"We're at the mercy of the government. We don't even own our land, no matter how we develop it. No one owns the land allotted for reserves, it's entrusted to parliament. For this reason it's a gamble to leave our homes to try working elsewhere. Someone else can move in."

Many people have in fact left — more than half of the people from the reserve. Those who remain say "it would be nice to see all our people come home. But they have nothing to come home to."

Mr. LaBillois himself once

left the reserve and lived in the United States for six months. He returned because it is "home."

"We need to be with our own people," he said. "It is hard to appreciate or explain. We don't knock on each other's door. We come right in as if we were members of the same family."

Most adult Indians here have had less than a grade 6 education. "Gems" is the word they use to describe the few who went beyond Grade 8 in school.

However says Chief Narvie, this is changing.

"We are sending our children to schools in Dalhousie and they're doing exceptionally well. We don't seem to have the problems they do on many other reserves, and if we do run across minor problems we straighten them out quickly."

"We have great faith in our students and youth." With them we could make or lose in the next 50 years — crucial years in our collective life which will determine in large measure the future of the Indian people."

Ideally, he said, the new generation would be able to live with more resources and dignity than has been the case in the past.

They would live on the reserve, having their full

"When children start school, parents usually have to make a decision on whether or not they will teach their children the Indian language. Almost all choose to let their children concentrate on English. My own children don't speak Micmac. It is too difficult for them to learn both and school is difficult enough. Micmac is not spoken in homes on the reserve anymore."

"There is great concern over losing the Indian language but there is no provision for the Indian language in the education system under which our children are being educated. I am resigned to this."

"Young people are more aware of the outside world. They're more conscious of their personal image and more concerned of what people think of them."

"The trend today is mixed marriages as Indian youths mix more with people from outside the reserve."

"There is nothing wrong with this. They have to learn to get along with others."

On the Eel River reserve there are two Caucasian girls who married Indian men. He said there are a number of Indian girls who have married non Indians and left the reserve to live outside. Young people tend to date non-Indians and non-Indians tend to date Indians, he said.

Eventually the problem of Indians in Canada may thus resolve itself. But Chief Narvie feels that it shouldn't be allowed to happen this way.

Indian Policy Rejected

MONCTON
Times
Sept 23 1969

FREDERICTON (Special) — Harold Sappier, president of the Union of New Brunswick Indians, has rejected "on behalf of our organization" the recent statement of Indian policy made on behalf of the federal government by Hon. Jean Chretien.

Mr. Sappier made the statement in a letter to Prime Minister Trudeau, in which he said, "this submission contains some 1,000 names of the adult people of the various Indian communities."

Mr. Sappier said "this represents unanimous rejection" of the government's policy statement.

"Very soon," he added, "we will be translating the expressions of the Indian people in terms of a position paper" which will be presented to Mr. Chretien and staff members of the department of Indian affairs.

"The 'position papers' will truly reflect the thoughts of Indian people on their future social, economic and policy development."

The letter adds, "This submission in the near future will strongly recommend meaningful changes in the Indian affairs branch and the policies which affect our people."

Indians fear 'genocide'

OCT 6, 1969
Canadian Press

FREDERICTON — The Union of New Brunswick Indians feels the federal government's proposed new Indian policy will result in "cultural genocide" for the Indian people.

This was the consensus of a two-day meeting of the union's executive and board of directors here during the weekend.

Andrew Nicholas, Jr., the union's executive-director, said in a statement following the meeting the Maliseet and Micmac chiefs of New Brunswick are "justifiably concerned" that the federal proposal will jeopardize their negotiating position with Ottawa.

Meanwhile, in Vancouver yesterday, Jean Chretien, Indian affairs minister, said opposition to the government's new Indian policies is diminishing.

Stories By Sharon Miller

aboriginal rights, but would be reasonably well-educated and able to contribute in several professions and vocations.

Most important, they would be proud and knowledgeable of their heritage, and their language, while at the same time, take their place in the greater community around.

But he feels that all of this will never come to pass and the best the Indian can hope for in Canada is that someday he will just be able enough to make a living.

Poverty And Love

EEL RIVER — If she had \$50, Mrs. Nancy McBain, a 56-year-old Indian widow and mother of 12, would repair the leaking roof of her house.

Her story is typical of the problem faced by Indian women today. But worse in that she has to go it alone.

"When it rains that house leaks like a basket," said Mrs. McBain who lives in her Eel River Reserve home with her three sons, her daughter and the daughter's four children. The house has been leaking for a year.

For Mrs. McBain the future looks bleak. Suffering from ill health and with less than an elementary education, Mrs. McBain has no hope for better things. It's heartbreaking to see and hear a proud and gentle Indian woman like Mrs. McBain tell of how after the death of her husband Raymond she was forced to ask for welfare.

"When Raymond was around he gave me \$50 every two weeks and I always did well on that. It makes a big difference living on welfare."

The difference is \$15. She said "the \$50 was enough to buy the groceries and clothes — then I could

buy clothes."

"My house needs lots of repairs," she said, "this month just inside the door entrance, the floor broke through and we had to find a piece of wood to put by the door where the floor is rotten. If I had money, I would fix it."

This same lack of money has kept her from having the bare necessities of life — even using the Indian standard as a criteria.

"The winter is cold," she said lowering her eyes. "That wood stove is cold in the winter, sometimes I put a blanket up in the doorway and we all have to come down from upstairs and put mattresses on the floor. But when I cook I can't cook in there."

The family retreat during the cold winter is a small living room located at the entrance of the two-room

downtstairs area of the small two-storey house which was built more than 12 years ago for the family but never completely finished. The living room is important to the family, because of a small oil stove in the room.

"Can't use the stove much

as I would like, but I use as much as I can and wait for next cheque. Once the pipes froze and burst so we had to leave because of water on the floor," she said.

When we ran out of oil once last winter," she said, "we had to go out and cut wood outside for stove. It was so cold we had to bring the wood inside to cut it."

Two years ago she saw to it that two funerals in her family were paid for — first her husband's then a daughter's who was killed three months later in an automobile accident.

"To bury my daughter and my husband I had to use almost all of his insurance money, it wasn't much but I paid it all with it and the paper company in Dalhousie helped with my husband's expenses."

Unable to work — "all I can do is bake bread and scrub the floor for my family" — six months after the death of her husband she went on welfare.

"Welfare was the last thing I wanted, but I had to keep my sons."

Same Feeling In B.C.

By DENNIS BELL

VANCOUVER (CP) — When Indian Affairs Minister Jean Chretien released his policy statement on Indian rights, it was angrily booed back to Ottawa with a ferocity unequalled in the history of white-Indian relations in British Columbia.

Moderates and militants among the province's 46,000 Indians combined to condemn what one Indian leader termed "the worst piece of legislative garbage ever to come from the Crown."

At first glance, the paper, tabled in the Commons in late June, seemed to fit in nicely with Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau's master plan for the Just Society.

Mr. Chretien proposed repealing the hated Indian Act, abolition of the Indian affairs department within five years, surrendering jurisdiction to

the provinces and a program of massive economic aid in the interim.

In other words, Indians would have exactly the same status as whites. Generally, the Indians of this province agree with abolition of the Indian Act and Mr. Chretien's economic proposals.

But they feel he is going too far when he suggests destruction of the Indian affairs department and handing over the responsibility for the native population to the provinces.

The Indians say Mr. Chretien has not considered their stake in reserve lands—844,000 acres of real estate worth between \$70,000,000 and \$100,000,000.

The reserves constitute the only tangible asset the Indians hold collectively and the last repository for a shattered heritage they are attempting to rebuild.

They want safeguards built into the future for the 1,621 reserves, less than half of which have Indians living on them. They want guarantees that the reserves will not become targets for land speculators.

And they want assurances that their hereditary hunting and fishing rights won't be trampled by provincial authorities.

The government, say the Indians, has to stop looking at their problems through white eyes, and it has to stop trying to turn Indians into white men.

"The average Indian is not prepared to stand the ferociousness of the land grabbers," says George Calveley, manager of the Kamloops band, which has 32,000 acres worth \$20,000,000.

"If the land goes, there won't be an Indian left in Canada 20 years from now. It is his last refuge."

They don't belong to the Indians

Caledonia's liquor closet skeletons

By GERRY McAULIFFE
Spectator Staff

CALEDONIA — Two weeks ago a pair of town policemen who patrolled the often rambunctious streets of this town gave their views on the free-drinking Friday and Saturday nights here.

The Spectator story, in which the policemen placed much of the blame for their troubles on Indians from the nearby Six Nations Reserve, caused a great stir.

The policemen, Const. John McHugh, 24, and Special Constable Jack Gould, 42, a longtime Caledonia resident, were summarily fired by town council within hours of the story's appearance.

Indians were angered that they had once again been branded as drunken, irresponsible aborigines.

Merchants were afraid, and still are, that the Indians would flex their muscles and show their anger by boycotting stores.

Police were fearful, and still are, that drinking will increase and the busy, crowded beverage rooms will be turned into free-for-all boxing rings.

A situation which has existed for many years in Caledonia, a town of 3,000 but was swept under the carpet regularly, had surfaced. Everyone was uneasy.

The Spectator researching a followup story has discovered that Caledonia's troubles are not the age-old story of the Indian unable to hold his liquor.

The simple truth is the three-man Caledonia police department does not enforce the province's liquor laws —

- not against the hotels who continue serving drinks;
- not against those who drink in them;

- and certainly not against the town's middle and upper-class residents who drink in three private clubs in town which sell beer and liquor although they are not licensed.

Statements in the press that brand Indians as irresponsible aborigines infuriate the Rev. Karl Hanson, rector of the Anglican Christ Church of the Six Nations.

"The Spectator still owes the people of the Six Nations an apology. I'm very adamant about that," said Mr. Hanson.

"The story (two weeks ago) reeks of racism," he added.

Mr. Hanson has been a rector at Six Nations for eight years.

He knows from personal experience of the strong family ties among Indians.

"Look how they build a house. The whole family goes out to work. They pick tobacco and do other jobs. They pool their money and buy whatever materials they can. When they have saved more money they buy still more supplies," said Mr. Hanson.

"To lampoon a community of 9,000 people by the conduct of a few is inexcusable," Mr. Hanson said.

"Go to the factories in Hagersville, Caledonia, the hydro plant at Nanticoke — all over. Ask their employers what kind of people they are. They'll tell you the same thing. They are hard workers. They're good workers.

"One steel erection company that hired a group of men from Six Nations to work on a project in Italy flew the wives over for a month at Christmas at the company's expense.

"These people work hard. Many of them work in the United States and come home weekends," Mr. Hanson said.

It's the conduct of a few and the conditions in the Caledonia beverage rooms that create the problems. Mr. Hanson said he has been concerned for sometime about the high rate of fatal car accidents in the area resulting from drinking.

"I went to see the hotel owners and asked them to keep the teenagers out. They said they couldn't tell how old they were," Mr. Hanson said.

So last March he wrote to the Liquor Licence Board and appealed for help. The board's inspectors were on the scene within days.

"The board was very good. Their actions seemed to have achieved the needed results," Mr. Hanson said.

Mr. Hanson also speaks of the academic achievements of the Indian children in the high schools at Caledonia, Cayuga and Hagersville.

So does Caledonia High School principal G. H. Fuller. Of 34 Indian students in the five-year course in the school last year, only two failed.

Five were honor students. One girl, now Mrs. Rebecca Jamieson, took Grades 11 and 12 together and obtained an 80 per cent average in her final exams. She is now at university.

When the Six Nations council met at Ohsweken on Thursday one of the items on the agenda was a letter of apology from the Caledonia town council for statements made by Constables McHugh and Gould. The letter passed without comment.

"I never like to criticize anybody. We all make mistakes," said Chief Richard Isaac after the meeting.

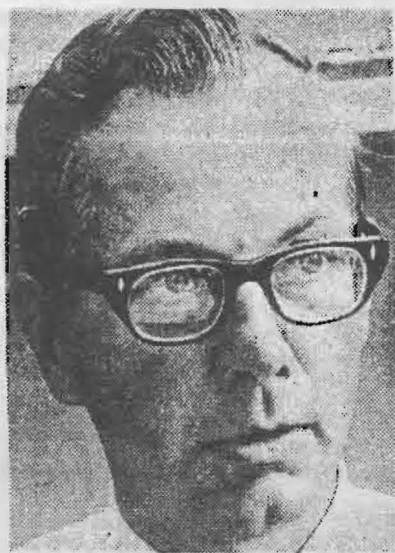
He said the Spectator story hurt the Six Nations people.

"I don't know how we are going to get friendly with you people," he told a reporter. "We get criticized for everything that goes bad."

From Caledonia minutes

Caledonia Council met and . . . discussed at length the article which appeared in the Spectator of Aug. 23 re Quiet Saturday Night for two Caledonia Cops and passed the following motion

"That this council do not condone the article which was on page 21 and 22 of Saturday, August 23rd Spectator. This article was produced without the authority of either the police committee or Town Council. It was the personal opinion of Constable McHugh and E.M.O. Constable, Jack Gould and that a letter of apology concerning this item be sent to the Six Nations Council."



Of 34 Indian students in the five-year course in the school last year, only two failed.

—Principal G. H. Fuller



I don't know how we are going to get friendly with you people. We get criticized for everything that goes bad.

—Chief Richard Isaac

"All I can say is to you, and to everyone, come to our reserve and see how we live."

Chief Isaac said the rate of unemployment on the reserve was far below the national average and he doubted if there were 40 Indian families on welfare out of more than 1,000 families.

Six Nations councillor Frank Montour termed the Spectator story "discriminatory — an awful blast against the Indian people. By the way that article sounded no one in Caledonia drinks but the Indians."

Mr. Montour said "My policy is to live within the law, respect the law. The Indians have always been peace-loving people. It's no different today"

Last Saturday a Spectator reporter spent the night watching the town's night activities.

Eighty-three grossly intoxicated persons came out of the two hotels between 10 p.m. and 1:30 a.m. Fewer than half of them were Indian.

One was a hotel waiter, drunk at 8 p.m. but so intoxicated by midnight he couldn't carry a tray of beer. He fell out the hotel door and wandered the streets for more than an hour.

Some patrons were carried from the beverage rooms and put in cars. Some, too drunk to walk, got behind the wheel of the cars and drove home.

No one was arrested.

The Liquor Licence Board of Ontario has been concerned about drinking conditions in

Caledonia for the last several years.

So concerned, that in 1967 the board closed the two hotels for a week for violating a variety of liquor licence regulations ranging from serving drunks to having dirty premises.

"We've had nothing but trouble over there," said one senior LLB official.

Colonel C. E. Woodrow, chief solicitor for the LLB, said the Caledonia police department has a contractual obligation to charge hotel owners with permitting drunkenness, but won't do it.

The board pays the town \$1,000 a year, a percentage of the licence fees, to enforce both the Liquor Control and Liquor Licence Act.

"This is what the police are committed to do — enforce the act" said Col. Woodrow.

"The board has to cancel the licence of a hotel proprietor convicted of a breach of the acts," he added.

He said the police should be laying charges against hotel owners who violate liquor laws, and any parents who leave their children in cars while they drink in hotels. That's their job, Col. Woodrow said.

But the hotels are not the only ones escaping prosecution. The Caledonia Kinsmen Club, which rents club rooms from the Caledonia fairgrounds, and the Lions Club, which has club rooms in the basement of the Niagara Restaurant building, sell alcoholic beverages to their members and friends.

Neither has a liquor licence.

And the Caledonia Volunteer Fire Department dispenses beer from a soft drink vending machine in its club quarters on the second floor of the fire hall over the police station.

Hard liquor is kept in the bottom of the machine and sold by the shot to those wanting it.

The Kinsmen Club quarters at the entrance to the fairgrounds has no door handle. Members have keys. Others wanting entry must knock first and be approved before being allowed in.

Mayor Arthur Crossman

and Councillor James Harris, both members of the town police committee spoke openly of the service clubs' and fire department's social activities.

"Sure the law is being broken — it's being broken every day. But don't forget this is a small town," said Mr. Harris.

Mayor Crossman said the three groups were hard workers in the interest of the community and should be allowed the privilege of liquor in their club rooms.

He said under no condition would he consent to the police department putting a stop to it.

"We need diplomats on the police department in this town — not hotheads" said Mayor Crossman.

Mr. Harris, a men's wear store merchant who also belongs to the Kinsmen Club, said both the Kinsmen Club and Lions Club have raised close to \$150,000 in the last 15 years and put it all back into the community. The two clubs maintain a swimming pool and park along the Grand River.

He said few Caledonia residents frequent the two local hotels, the Union and the Exchange.

"You won't find the business or older people in them. They go to the clubs," he said.

Why don't the police prosecute those who break the liquor laws?

"It's a small town. If they have to lay charges it will have to be done gradually because it hasn't been done before," Mr. Harris said.

"It's true, if the police can steer them home or at least head them in the right direction charges are not laid," Mr. Harris said.

Caledonia also has no public washrooms and no outside pay telephones.

The public washrooms were closed four years ago because of vandalism, Mayor Crossman said.

"No matter how hard we tried to keep them clean every Monday it was the same thing — fixtures had been broken. We cut it out four years ago," the mayor said.

People must either use restaurant or beverage room washrooms.

Why not put one outside the police station?

"You know what they said during prohibition. The best place to take a drink was in front of a police station," Mr. Brown replied.

It's the lack of things like public washrooms and pay telephones that offend people — Indians and visitors.

Many Indians don't drink alcoholic beverages at all. The last place they would think of looking for washrooms and telephones would be in a hotel beverage room. They come to town to spend their money and go home.

At times they have a right to question it even their trade is welcome. Most Caledonia merchants questioned about their business dealings with residents of the Six Nations refused to talk.

Some Indians talked of difficulty in getting credit. Most merchants refused to discuss that too.

Clarence Stewart, owner of a furniture store, was the only one to offer any comment.

"I'd be careful before I'd give too much credit to any of them," said Mr. Stewart who has been in business in Caledonia since 1947.

"Their business is as good as anyone else's. If they come in here with the money we treat them the same as anyone else," he added.

Mr. Stewart said he believes the Indian should never have been given the right to drink in hotels.

"They should have kept them on the reserve. Maybe the town would have lost a dollar or two but in the end it would have been dollars ahead," Mr. Stewart said.

In Caledonia members of town council are interviewing applicants for the vacancies on the police department.

Constable John McHugh submitted his resignation effective Sept. 13. But he was fired a week ago Monday and left town two days later. Special Const. Jack Gould was also fired after four years of volunteering his weekends free to the town. He hasn't been notified yet. But he has been fired.

Mayor Crossman summed the situation up this way:

"There's nothing wrong with our police department now. We're happy the way we are and we want it left that way."

Trans-action

SOCIAL SCIENCE AND MODERN SOCIETY February 1969

The Oklahoma Cherokee

A new kind of double-think perpetuates a myth of assimilation

ALBERT L. WAHRHAFTIG
ROBERT K. THOMAS

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A week in eastern Oklahoma demonstrates to most outsiders that the Cherokee Indians are a populous and lively community: Indians *par excellence*. Still, whites in eastern Oklahoma unanimously declare the Cherokees to be a vanishing breed. Prominent whites say with pride, "we're all a little bit Indian here." They maintain that real Cherokees are about "bred out." Few Cherokees are left who can speak their native tongue, whites insist, and fewer still are learning their language. In twenty years, according to white myth, the Cherokee language and with it the separate and distinctive community that speaks it will fade into memory.

Astonishingly, this pervasive social fiction disguises the presence of one of the largest and most traditional tribes of American Indians. Six rural counties in northeastern Oklahoma contain more than fifty Cherokee settlements with a population of more than 9,500. An additional 2,000 Cherokees live in Indian enclaves in towns and small cities. Anthropologists visiting us in the field, men who thought their previous studies had taught them what a conservative tribe is like, were astonished by Cherokees. Seldom had they seen people who speak so little English, who are so unshakably traditional in outlook.

How can native whites overlook this very identifiable Indian community? The answers, we believe, will give us not only an intriguing insight into the nature of Oklahoma society, but also some general conclusions about the position of other ethnic groups in American society.

This myth of Cherokee assimilation gives sanction to the social system of which Cherokees are a part, and to the position Cherokees have within that system. This image of the vanishing Cherokee in some ways is reminiscent both of the conservative Southern mythology which asserts that "our colored folk are a contented and carefree lot," and of the liberal Northern mythology, which asserts that "Negroes are just like whites except for the color of their skins." The fiction serves to keep Cherokees in place as a docile and exploitable minority population; it gives an official rationale to an existing, historic social system; and it implies that when the Indian Territory, the last Indian refuge, was dissolved, no Indian was betrayed, but all were absorbed into the mainstream.

The roots of modern eastern Oklahoma are in the rural South. Cherokees, and whites, came from the South; Cherokees from Georgia and Tennessee; and whites from Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas and southern Illinois.

In the years immediately preceding 1840, Cherokees forced out of their sacred homelands in Georgia and Tennessee, marched over an infamous "Trail of Tears," and relocated in a new Cherokee Nation in what is now the state of Oklahoma. They created an international wonder: an autonomous Cherokee Nation with its own national constitution, legislature, judiciary, school system, publishing house, international bilingual newspaper, and many other trappings of a prosperous Republic. The Cherokees, who as a people accomplished all this, along with their neighbors, the Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles, who followed similar paths, were called the five civilized tribes.

Promising as the Cherokee Nation's future might have seemed, it was plagued by internal controversy from birth. Bitterness between the traditional Ross Party and the Treaty Party was intense. The Ross Party resisted demands for relocating from the South until its followers were finally corralled by the Army; the Treaty Party believed cooperation with the United States Government was the more prudent course for all Cherokees.

The sons and daughters of the Ross Party kept their

together. They reestablished these in the rough "Ozark" country of the Indian territory.

Hewing new log cabins and planting new garden spots, they hoped to live unmolested by their opponents. They are today's "fullbloods," that is, traditional and Cherokee speaking Cherokees. On the other hand, descendants of the Treaty Party, who concentrated in the flat bottomlands and prairies they preferred for farming, are now assimilated and functionally white Americans, though fiercely proud of their Cherokee blood.

The Ross Party was the core of the Cherokee tribes. It was an institution which emerged from the experience of people who lived communally in settlements of kinsmen. The Treaty Party was a composite of individuals splintered from the tribal body. There were of course great differences in life style among nineteenth century Cherokee citizens. The Ross men, often well-educated, directed the Cherokee legislators from backwoods settlements. Treaty Party men were more often plantation owners, merchants, entrepreneurs, and professionals—conventional southern gentlemen. The overriding difference between the two factions, however, was between men who lived for their community and men who lived for themselves.

During the 1880's this difference came to be associated not with party but with blood. Geographically separated and ostracized by Ross men, members of the Treaty Party perforce married among the growing population of opportunistic whites who squatted on Indian land, defying U.S. and Cherokee law. The Treaty Party became known as the "mixed blood" faction of the tribe; the Ross Party as "full bloods." These terms imply that miscegenation caused a change of life style, a reversal of the historic events.

By 1907 when the Cherokee Nation was dissolved by Congressional fiat and the State of Oklahoma was created, the mixed bloods were already socially if not politically, part of the white population of the United States. The Ross Party settlements, now the whole of the functionally Cherokee population, are intact but surrounded by an assimilated population of mixed blood Cherokees integrated with white immigrants.

From the 1890s to 1920s, development of this area was astonishingly rapid. A flood of whites arrived. Land was populated by subsistence farmers, small town trade boomed, commercial farming expanded, railroads were built, timber exhausted, petroleum exploited and token industrialization established.

Already shorn of their nation, fullbloods were stunned and disadvantaged by the overnight expansion and growth. Change was rapid, the class system open. Future distinguished elders of small town society arrived as raggedy tots in the back of one-mule wagons. Not only was social mobility easy, few questions were asked about how the newly rich became rich. Incredible land swindles were commonplace. At the turn of the century, every square inch of eastern Oklahoma was allotted to Cherokees; by the 1930s little acreage remained in Indian possession.

The result of this explosive development was a remarkably stratified society, characterized by highly personal relationships, old time rural political machines, Protestant fundamentalism, reverence of free enterprise, and unscrupulous exploitation; in short, a system typical of the rural south.

Superficially, this society appears to be one with the most resourceful at the top, and the unworthy, who let opportunity slip by, at the bottom. In reality, however, the system consists of ranked ethnic groups, rather than classes. The successful old mixed-blood families, now functionally "white," whose self-identification as "Cherokee" is taken as a claim to the venerable status of "original settlers," dominate. Below them are the prosperous whites who "made something of themselves," and at the bottom, beneath the poor country whites, Cherokee "full bloods."

In primitive tribes, myth is a sacred explanation of the creation of the tribe and of its subsequent history. Myth specifies the holy design within which man was set to live. The fiction of Cherokee assimilation illustrates that modern man still uses myth, though differently. For in Oklahoma, the myth of Cherokee assimilation validates the social conditions men themselves have created, justifying the rightness and inevitability of what was done. As Oklahomans see it, the demise of the Cherokee as a people was tragic, albeit necessary. For only thus were individual Cherokees able to share in the American dream. The Oklahoman conceives of his society as an aggregate of individuals ranked by class, with un-



Robert K. Thomas (left) is associate professor at the Science of Society Division at Wayne State. With Sol Tax, Mr. Thomas directed the Carnegie Cross-Cultural Education Project, which was primarily based upon the Cherokee Indians of Oklahoma.

limited opportunity for mobility regardless of individual ancestry. The high class position of the old Cherokee mixed-bloods signifies to the Oklahoman that the job of building Oklahoma was well done. The "responsible" Indians made it. The Cherokees, as a single historic people, died without heirs, and rightfully all those who settled on their estate now share in the distribution of its assets. For the culturally Indian individuals remaining, Oklahoma can only hope that they will do better in the future.

Even as the mythology serves to sanctify their high rank position, it insulates whites from the recognition of the Cherokee as a viable but low ranked ethnic community with unique collective aims and interests. Where a real community exists, Oklahomans see only a residue of low status individuals. The myth, by altering perceptions, becomes self-perpetuating.

Paradoxically, the myth of Cherokee assimilation has also contributed to the survival of the Cherokee as a people. To the extent that Cherokees believed the myth, and many did, it was not only an explanation of how the tribe came into the present but a cohesive force. Since the end of a tribal movement led by Redbird Smith, a half century ago, in response to the final pressures for Oklahoma statehood, Cherokees have seemed inert, hardly a living people. Nevertheless, Cherokee communal life persisted, and is in a surprisingly healthy state. Cherokee settlements remain isolated, and if what goes on in them is not hidden, it is calculatedly inconspicuous. For the freedom from interference that it afforded, Cherokees willingly acceded to the notion that the Cherokees no longer exist.

In addition to sanctioning the form of Oklahoma society, the myth also gives credence to basic social and economic institutions. The economy of the area depends on Cherokees and country whites as an inexpensive and permanent labor market. Cherokees are expected to do low paying manual work without complaint. In 1968, Cherokee median per capita income, approximately \$500, was less than half the per capita income of neighboring rural whites. In some areas, Cherokees live in virtual peonage; in others, straw bosses recruit Cherokee laborers for irregular work at low pay. Even though Cherokee communities are relatively hidden, Cherokee labor has be-



the past

A romantic vision of the past, the authors say, such as in a mock Indian village (above) and in a renovated ante-bellum mansion built by affluent Cherokees (left) allows Oklahoma to overlook injustices to the Cherokee and helps propagate the myth of assimilation.

Photographed by
Paul Friedman

come an indispensable part of the local economy. Apparently one would think that daily contact of white workers and bosses with these Cherokee laborers might expose the myth of the well-off assimilated Cherokee. On the contrary, the myth prevails because the humble occupations practiced by Cherokees are seen as evidence that Cherokee character is indeed that which the myth of assimilation predicts.

White Blood Makes Good Indians

Imbedded in the Oklahoma concept of assimilation, is a glaring racism. Typical is the introductory page of a book published in 1938 entitled *A Political History of the Cherokee Nation*, written by Morris Wardell, a professor at the University of Oklahoma.

A selection: "Traders, soldiers, and treaty-makers came among the Cherokees to trade, compel and negotiate. Some of these visitors married Indian women and lived in the Indian villages the remainder of their days. Children born to such unions preferred the open and free life and here grew to manhood and womanhood, never going to the white settlements. This mixture of blood helped to produce strategy and cleverness which made formidable diplomats of many of the Indian leaders."

To white genes go the credit for Sequoyah's genius and John Ross's astuteness, whereas the remaining Cherokee genes contribute qualities that are endearing but less productive. Thus, in a history of the Cherokees published only six years ago, the author, an Oklahoman, says of modern "fullbloods": "They supplement their small income from farms and subsidies from the government with wage work

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or seasonal jobs in nearby towns or on farms belonging to white men. . . . Paid fair wages, this type of worker usually spends his money as quickly as he makes it on whisky, and on cars, washing machines, and other items that, uncared for, soon fall into necessitous disuse."

Oklahomans divide the contemporary Cherokees into two categories: those who are progressive and those who are not. The page just quoted continues, "this progressive type of Indian will not long remain in the background of the growing and thriving, and comparatively new, State of Oklahoma." That a viable Indian tribe exists is apparently inconceivable. Either Cherokees are worthy, responsible and assimilating, or they are the dregs; irresponsible, deculturated and racially inferior.

Through mythology, the exploitation of Cherokee labor is redefined into benevolent paternalism. Some patrons have Cherokees deliver their welfare checks to them, deduct from these housing and groceries. Afterwards the remainder is handed over to Cherokee tenants. Unknown to the welfare department, these same Cherokees receive stingy wages

Cherokees were given what was thought of as an opportunity to develop individualism and responsibility. The U.S. Government divided their communally owned land and each Indian was given his own piece. Thus the efforts of the present day Cherokee Four Mothers Society to piece together individual land holdings, reestablish communal title, and develop cooperative productive enterprises, is smilingly dismissed as an atavistic retreat to "clannishness."

By fostering the notion that Cherokees are an aggregate of disoriented individuals, it allows whites to plan for Cherokees, to control Cherokee resources, and to reinforce their own power by directing programs devoted to Cherokee advancement.

By denying that there is a Cherokee community with which a Cherokee middle class could identify and to which a Cherokee middle class could be responsive, it draws off educated Cherokees into "white" society and leaves an educationally impoverished pool of Cherokees to perpetuate the image of Cherokee incompetence.

American Indians. Besides threatening an already shaky white power structure, the militant Cherokees are challenging the self esteem of the elderly and powerful "assimilated." Curiously, many white Oklahomans do not appear to be alarmed, but pleased, apparently, to relieve the tension that has developed between conflicting images of pretended assimilation and the reality of a workaday world.

The manner in which Oklahomans view their society is the manner in which American sociologists all too often view American society. Great emphasis is placed on class and on individual mobility. And, social description, in these terms, is seen very much as a product of the American ethos.

White Oklahomans consider themselves members of a class-stratified society in which any individual (Negroes excepted) has free access to any class. Descriptions of that system vary according to who is doing the describing. Generally, white Oklahomans conceive their society to be one in which the upper class is made up of prosperous



the present

for working land and orchards belonging to the patron or to his kin. Patrons consider that they are providing employment and a steady paternal hand for unfortunate people who they contend could never manage themselves. The same ethic enables whites in good conscience to direct vestigial Cherokee tribal affairs; including the disbursement of well over two million dollars in funds left from a tribal land claim settlement.

Politicians Are Victims of Old Fears

It might seem odd that no one seeking to improve his position in the local establishment has ever tried to weaken these relationships. Why has no political figure taken cognizance of those thousands of Cherokee votes, and championed their cause? Instead politicians rely on the inefficient machinery of county patronage to collect Cherokee ballots. Unfortunately no one has yet dared, because fear binds the system. Older whites remember living in fear of a blood bath. The proposal to create Oklahoma meant a new state to whites; to Cherokees it meant the end of their own national existence. Their resistance to statehood was most desperate. Cherokees were a force to be contended with. They were feared as an ominously silent, chillingly mysterious people, unpredictable and violent. And Cherokees did organize into secret societies, much akin to the committees of twenty-five delegated in days past to murder collaborators who signed treaties. The reward of public office, politicians feel, does not justify the risk of rekindling that flame. To the extent that Oklahomans are aware of the numbers of Cherokees and the force they might generate, the myth of the assimilated Cherokee is a form of wishful thinking.

Finally, the myth protects the specific relationships of rank and power which determine the stability of the present eastern Oklahoma social system. It does this in the following ways: By preventing recognition by whites and Indians alike of the Cherokees as a permanent community of people whose demands and aspirations must be taken seriously, it allows whites to direct the affairs of the region as they see fit.

By causing Cherokee aspirations to be discounted as romantic and irrelevant, it prevents the emergence of a competitive Cherokee leadership and discourages Cherokees from taking action as a community. For example, by 1904

The myth prevents scholars, Indian interest organizations, and the like from becoming overly curious about the area. If Cherokees are assimilated and prosperous, as the myth implies, there is neither a problem nor a culture to study. For 40 years no social scientist has completed a major study of any of the five civilized tribes. For 40 years the spread of information which might cast doubt on the myth itself has been successfully impeded.

In all, the myth stabilizes and disguises the Oklahoma social system.

The stability of a local social system, such as that of eastern Oklahoma, is heavily influenced by events in the larger society. The past decade of civil rights activity shook Oklahoma. Gradually, Oklahomans are becoming aware that their society is not as virtuous, homogeneous, attractive, and open as they may have supposed. And Oklahomans will now have to deal with the old agrarian social system of Cherokees, hillbillies, mixed-blood Cherokees, and a new urban elite grafted onto the old.

Left behind in the rush of workers to industry and of power to industrialized areas, the Ozark east of Oklahoma is a shell, depopulated, and controlled by newly dominant cities, Tulsa and Oklahoma City. The area, quaint enough to attract tourists, is far too rustic for sophisticated Oklahoma urbanites to take seriously. Local politicians offer weak leadership. Beginning to suspect that the local establishment is no longer all powerful, Cherokees have begun to assert themselves as a tribal community. The Cherokees conceive of themselves as a civilized nation, waiting for the dark days of the foreigners' suppression and exploitation to end. Oklahomans regard Cherokees as an aggregate of disadvantaged people still in the background of an integrated state, a definition which Cherokees do not share. In fact, the Cherokees are flirting with political office and have entered the courts with a hunting rights case. In launching a "Five County Northeast Oklahoma Cherokee Organization," they are gaining recognition as a legitimate community with rights, aspirations, resources and competence.

Consequently, the reappearance of assimilated Cherokees threatens the newly emergent regional power structure. Cherokees and the local establishment have begun jousting on a field of honor extending from county welfare offices (where the welfare-sponsored jobs of suspect members of the "Five County Organizations" are in jeopardy) to annual conventions of the National Congress of

Cherokees came from Georgia and Tennessee and whites came from Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas and southern Illinois. Development of the area was rapid from 1890 to 1920 and land swindles were common. About 1900 nearly all of the area was owned by Cherokees. By 1930 little acreage remained in Indian possession. The result of this explosive development is a remarkably stratified society typical of the rural South from whence it sprang.

whites and old Cherokee mixed-blood families, or their descendants; next in order is a layer of middle class whites and assimilated Cherokees; then, a lower class of poor, country whites, full-blood Cherokees and Negroes. Young liberals see a two-class system: A middle class of "decent" whites and Cherokees and socially unacceptable class of poor, country whites, Cherokees and Negroes.

Now, successive summers of violence have exploded some of the folk and scientific mythology shrouding the structure of our nation. The *Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders* declares: "What white Americans have never fully understood—but what the Negro can never forget—is that white society is deeply implicated in the ghetto. White institutions created it, white institutions maintain it, and white society condones it." Yet throughout this unusually clear report the phenomenon of white racism is barely alluded to, as though it were an "attitude" born by an uninformed populace and unrelated to the core of our national social system. That system, as we see it in operation in Oklahoma, beneath its mythology of assimilation, consists of a structure of ranked ethnic groups, euphemistically called "classes" by American sociologists; a structure which is growing more stable and more rigid. This kind of structure is general in America and, of course, implied in the above quote from the Kerner report. In Oklahoma such a system of relationships has enabled aggressive entrepreneurs to harness and utilize the resources of ethnic communities which are frozen into a low ranked position by the dominant community's control over channels of mobility and by the insistence that the whole complex represents one single community differentiated only by personal capability. Thus, essentially "racist" perceptions and relationships are the "motor" driving the system and are embedded in the very day-to-day relationships of middle class Oklahoma.

PROGRESSIVE

Student Activists: the Navajo Way

by STAN STEINER

An educated person is open-minded. He never laughs at new ideas, before making a decision. He is a lover of beauty. Love of beauty enriches his life and gives it deeper meaning.

—FRANK TODACHEENY,
a Navajo student,
Many Farms High
School, Arizona

WHERE THE Navajo sheepherders wander like gypsies after their flocks, in the desolate and beautiful red-cliffed valley of Many Farms on the Navajo Indian Reservation in northern Arizona, a modern college opened last January. It is the first "tribal college" in the country.

The young Indian boys and girls who have enrolled at the Navajo Community College may soon be studying medicine. Navajo medicine, that is. An "internship" program is being discussed, to be taught by tribal medicine men. Such a college level course in the most ancient of the healing arts is but part of a bold and inventive contribution to the field of "ethnic studies" being made by American Indians.

"We would have an internship program, headed by the medicine man, the way medical students are in effect apprenticed to hospital doctors in medical schools," says the college's young dean of students, Al Spang, a pipe-smoking, sports-coated member of the Northern Cheyenne tribe. Spang came to the deserts of the Navajos from the far-off forests of Montana. The college, though primarily Navajo, is open to all Indians, and non-Indians, too. One white student has come from Massachusetts to study Navajo silversmithing. "But only Navajos would be taught by the medicine man," Spang emphasizes.

"Not all of what the medicine man knows can be taught. Some things would have to remain secret. Some things you can teach, some things you can't teach anyway. It would be up to the medicine man to decide these things, and work out his 'core curriculum.' He is a scholar, you know. He has to be scholarly to be a medicine man."

"On our college's Board of Regents we have a medicine man, Yazzie Begay," Spang adds. "So, you see, it can be done."

The curative power of the medicine man, especially in treating psychic ills, has been recognized by U.S. Public Health doctors who have worked on the Navajo Reservation. In the fields of psychological therapy the effect of the medicine man's beliefs and songs upon hospitalized patients who cannot be reached by medical analysis has been demonstrated time and again. The medicine man is still a vital force for the health and strength of tribal communities. And the modern medicine man has successfully worked beside medical men in diagnosing and curing the sick.

Still, the teaching of a college course in "the ways," or rites, of the medicine man for practical use, not for anthropological study, is a unique idea. It has never been attempted within a classroom.

When the Navajo Community College was nothing but an unfunded dream, its pioneering staff toured the Chapter Houses of the tribe, asking: "If we build this college what would

you want us to teach? Tell us what courses you want." The sheepherders and city tribesmen responded by requesting courses, among others, in auto mechanics and sheep raising, job training and Navajo culture and medicine. These courses have become part of the experimental curriculum.

"Our school is not just a Junior College. It is a genuine Community College. That means we do not merely 'serve' the community, but we have to meet the needs of the community. We belong to the community," says John Gray, a former staffer for the late Senator Robert Kennedy, who is the college's assistant director.



The "direction and control" of the school are in the hands of the Navajo Tribal Council. Its Board of Regents is wholly Navajo. Not only is the medicine man, Yazzie Begay, a Regent of the college, but so is the bearded young leader of the Student Council, Larry Issacs, who looks like a modish Navajo aficionado of the Hell's Angels. So unorthodox is the Board of Regents in its diversity that critics of the college have dubbed it the "Board of Regrets."

In a school where the desires of an ethnic minority are listened to, the innovations necessary to accommodate these long suppressed needs may strain academic imagination. Educators in the ghettos are learning this lesson.

As long ago as 1928, the Meriam Report produced by the Department of the Interior recognized that in schools for Indians "the curriculum must not be uniform and standardized" and "the textbooks must not be prescribed." But these upsetting thoughts were put aside. Until the founding of the Navajo Community College, higher education for Indians—anything above the fifth grade reservation average—was based on trying "to make a white man out of an Indian," as Dr. Robert Roessel, president of the college, has said. Indian youths were faced with an "either/or, white or Indian, choice that was no choice." The result was an educational schizophrenia, with an incredible dropout rate, which for Navajo college students reached seventy to ninety per cent.

The tribal college has challenged the age-old syndrome of failure. "We hope to break down the walls, not the

"The cruelties of Indian education have long dismayed the tribes."

students," says John Gray, "and give the students real choices based on their individual needs."

Courses offered by the college range from auto mechanics (taught by a crackerjack mechanic "to make businessmen of Navajos"), to "Introduction to Logic" (taught by the political science instructor, who is a former student activist), to the making of Navajo jewelry (taught by a master silversmith), to the biochemical sciences of the soil (taught by the first Navajo to hold a doctorate in these once alien fields).

Dr. Roessel, the genial guru of the

Navajo Community College, is a believer—some say a messiah—of bi-cultural and bilingual education. He defines it as "both-ended" schooling, open to both cultures.

In the midst of the desert plateau of the huge Navajo Reservation, in a seaglass green and baby blue building built by the Bureau of Indian Affairs as a boarding school for high school students at a cost of ten million dollars, the first and only Indian-run college has sought to institutionalize this "both-ended" education. The plant itself, which is housing the college only temporarily, is Orwellian. The labyrinth of corridors without end, the antiseptic classrooms, plastic furnishings, toneless colors, and push-button audio-visual devices are brightened by the wind-burnt faces of Navajo students, and by the inevitable red clay of the desert tracked over otherwise spotless floors.

Joyously, more than three hundred students have come to the mirage of a college. And yet some are hesitant. Some are high school dropouts who can barely read or write English; some are university students who have transferred from other schools.

"We don't require an entrance examination. We don't even require a physical examination for admission," Dean Spang told me. "It would eliminate too many students from poverty areas. After a student has enrolled, then we give him the examinations."

"Not one Indian student shall be turned away because he has no money," Spang insists. "He may have to work for his room and board, but he won't be refused, even if he doesn't have a cent." If he is a Navajo the tribe will pay his tuition. Ninety per cent of the students are Navajo, who pay nothing, who pass no tests, who are treated as honored guests.

In the snows of January the college opened its doors. That first week there was no heat in the lounge of

BERKELEY BARB MAY 9-15

PAIUTE INDIANS' FIGHT FOR ANCIENT WAYS

by g. p. Ceicery

Winnemucca, Nevada was the stage for another step in the struggle for Indian rights Tuesday, April 29, 1969.

Stanley Smart, a Paiute Indian from the McDermitt Reservation in Nevada was contesting a fine imposed on him for shooting a deer out of season on public land.

The Indians feel they can hunt and fish anywhere they want since they have untitled ownership of all the land in Northern Nevada. They think of the white ranchers and landowners as squatters on Indian land.

When an Indian kills a deer he uses every part, throwing nothing away. They argue that this is the only legitimate form of hunting, as opposed to white sportsmen who slaughter thousands of deer each hunting season, keeping only the biggest antlers for trophies while they leave the animals to rot.

Stanley happened to kill his deer when he was laid off from work at a mine because of mercury poisoning. In order to feed his family of 9 children he went hunting. He was arrested with a warm carcass in his trunk a few hours later on Sept. 18, 1968.

Last week he was brought to trial in Humboldt County District Court. By 10:00 a.m. the gallery was half-

filled with Indians and their wives, some from as far away as Idaho. They drove hundreds of miles to watch the white man's legal system.

In the afternoon, the case was dismissed because of a technical oversight in the prosecution's complaint. They forgot to show that a county statute had been violated.

When the judge left the Indians kept their seats. They waited to know if they could hunt again. Stitser explained how the court had copped-out, and how they have to keep to the back roads, like before. Stanley Smart is free, but no decision came down to alleviate suffering among Nevada Indians. They remain suspended in the policies of bureaucratic evasion.

"We prayed for the success of this trial. Never have we given away or sold the land we used. White men provoke the violence of nature by abusing the land and life of the Traditional way. We have medicine in our religion that will stop destruction by earthquakes, floods, and hurricanes that will come if the white man does not correct himself. We pray for the white man to correct himself. We pray for the protection of those who, by helping Indians in their struggle, are correcting themselves."

--Stanley Smart

the Navajo Way

boarding schools off the Reservation. The Council then declared:

"It is further resolved that in each school on the Reservation a higher education and better industrial training be taught. After this if any students wish to go on to higher education they should be permitted to attend any white school."

The Bureau's educational bureaucracy did hear the tribe's plea—a quarter of a century later.

At the end of World War II, the Navajo war veterans returned home, honored, but humiliated at being tagged "illiterates." Of 4,000 Navajos examined by the Selective Service in Arizona, eighty-eight per cent could neither read nor write English.

Once again the Navajo Tribal Council hopefully resolved, in 1945, that "education like the white man's was needed." It still believed that the Treaty of 1868 that promised a teach-

"The tribal college has challenged the age-old syndrome of failure."

er for every thirty Navajo children would be fulfilled. Education was still the white man's job. And this time, the young men in ill-fitting Marine uniforms would not be silenced by promises.

"NAVAJOS DEMAND SCHOOLS" read a headline in an Albuquerque, New Mexico, newspaper that year. The politicians listened attentively, for these young men voted; armed with matching Federal funds, the building of modern schools began soon after.

But these new schools merely increased the quantity of inadequate education. Instead of thousands of drop-outs there were tens of thousands. In the classrooms the "poverty of the soul" which was taught led to self-denigration and scholastic failure. Is it not worse, bitterly commented Raymond Nakai, the Navajo tribal chairman, to give youth "false hope" than none at all?

The cruelties of Indian education have long dismayed the tribes. Education, as practiced in the day and boarding schools of the Bureau, has been an efficient tool, consciously used, to separate the Indian child from his parents, destroy his tribal pride and identity, undermine his heritage, and obliterate his language. Once the Indian child was denuded of his culture he was supposedly ready for the melting pot. He would be "Americanized," said a Nineteenth Century dictum of the Indian Bureau, crudely proclaiming this to be the aim of its school system.

In the recent Senate hearings of the Subcommittee on Indian Education, the disastrous results of this policy were recited in pitiful detail. They provoked an outcry by a young Indian, William Penseno of the National Indian Youth Council, who told the Senators that to many students "the school is the enemy."

In the autumn of 1966 a school opened on the Navajo Reservation in which the tribe hoped to "provide both leadership and control over the education of our children." The Rough Rock Demonstration School, financed by the Office of Economic Opportunity and directed by Dr. Roessel, has since become an educational showplace, the Potemkin Village of Indian education. That first year alone more than 12,000 visitors from forty-two states and nine foreign coun-

tries traveled up the dirt road to its door. These educational pilgrims were rewarded by seeing the only Indian school in the United States "that is local and individual," and run by an all-Indian school board.

Medicine men were brought into the classrooms at Rough Rock. The history and culture of the Navajo tribe were taught to Navajo youth for the first time within a school curriculum. Community control was more than a controversial word; for the community, and especially the parents, were involved in many aspects of the learning process. By these innovations it was hoped that "the English and Navajo cultures could be combined," said Navajo school board member John Dick.

"The bureaucrats of the Bureau of Indian Affairs were praying it would fail," commented a Government expert on Indian education.

Later, when Dr. Roessel journeyed down the valley to Many Farms to guide the Navajo Community College—"I am willing to try to build the college and the Navajos are willing to help"—he brought the concepts developed at Rough Rock with him. He built upon these experiences.

The pioneering of the Rough Rock School has been widely acclaimed—"A GOOD DAY AT ROUGH ROCK" was the title of a laudatory appraisal in *American Education*—but the Office of Economic Opportunity support was not refunded again last winter. The Office of Education pleaded bureaucratic protocol. "We could not step on the toes of the Bureau of Indian Affairs," said an official.

In the face of diminishing rewards for its achievements, Dillon Platero, the first Navajo director of the school who replaced Dr. Roessel, may have thought "the plight of the too successful Indian" somewhat ironic.

The specter of success does not yet haunt the Navajo Community College. In a borrowed building it will have to vacate (the Bureau will soon need its high school building back), begging for funds (it needs twenty million dollars and had pledged of a few hundred thousand on its opening day), without even a library, its teaching

"Once the Indian child was denuded of his culture he was supposedly ready for the melting pot."

staff a catch-all crew of idealists and rejects, little experience to guide its curriculum, few textbooks to fit its students' needs, and faced with the suspicion and hostility of the Bureau and some Arizona officialdom—the danger of euphoria is slight.

Then there is the unique problem of student rights in a college that is community controlled.

One month after the Navajo Community College opened it was discovered that many students were cutting classes on Fridays. "In the springtime we go home a lot. Spring is calving time; it's hard work. We have to help our families," explained one of the student leaders.

Teachers were furious. "I can't teach my classes on a four-day week," the auto mechanics instructor fumed. "You students must understand this is a college." Hoping to end the cutting, the administration shifted the heavy Wednesday class schedule to Fridays. Students gathered in officially approved "Small Discussion Groups" throughout the school to vote on the class changes. The overwhelming majority turned them down. When the Student Council met it voted unanimously, after a three hour debate, to reject the administration's changes, while the directors of the college sat quietly in the rear of the room.

Surprisingly the students' veto was accepted by the administration, not only on the class schedules but on dormitory hours and matters of discipline. The students control the Discipline Committee.

"I will go along. Your decisions are well thought out," assistant director John Gray told the students. "We will simply go on from here to solve the problem of learning how to work together. But this time I was at fault. You were right in your objections."

Perhaps symbolically the Student Council of the Navajo Community College is called the Central Committee. It has the power to overrule the

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administration's decisions. It does so happily. Whether it will continue to do so as the school structure grows is doubtful. But now "the students have a lot of voice," says Allen Yazzie, a Board of Regents member and former head of the tribe's Education Committee.

"We have invested our students with real authority," agrees dean of students Al Spang. "For without maximum student involvement this college cannot be built. It's their school, too."

Lessons that have been learned at both the Rough Rock School and the Community College of the Navajo tribe may be invaluable to those seeking to remedy the inadequacies in education in urban and rural ghettos. Whether "ethnic studies," black or some other non-white color, will fill the void in the schooling of minority children is being loudly argued. Yet, the concept of "ethnic studies" pales beside the building of an entire educational community by the people of that community, by themselves.

The growing controversy over community control of the schools may be indigenously resolved by the unexpected lessons taught to the nation by the little known school and college in the forsaken deserts of northern Arizona.

The tribal educators have already done more to broaden and brighten the hopes for Indian education in a few years at the Rough Rock School, and in a few months at the Navajo Community College, than the bureaucracy of the Bureau of Indian Affairs school system has done in one hundred years. If the crippling effects of the Government's de-education of Indians that has maimed generations of students is to be overcome, this "tribal college" of the Navajos may show the way. That is, if it survives.

STAN STEINER is a free lance writer whose book, "The New Indians," was published last year by Harper & Row. He recently returned from the Southwest, where he interviewed the faculty and students of the Navajo Community College.

What Would Happen if the Moon Had People

Or 'Promise the Moon,' as We Did the Indians

By ART BUCHWALD

WASHINGTON — The only one I know who isn't excited about the upcoming moonshot is an American Indian friend of mine who I'll call Joe.

Joe showed me a picture the other day of the plaque which the astronauts are going to leave on the moon which said, "We came in peace . . ."

"That," said Joe, "is what they said to us about 400 years ago. We've been taking it on the chin ever since."

"Things are different now, Joe. The space program is specifically designed for peaceful exploration."

"THAT'S BECAUSE they're certain no one is on the moon. I wonder what would happen if they knew there were tribes of Moon People?"

Joe continued: "If the treatment of the American Indian can be used as an example, this is what would happen:

"The first astronauts would land and express feelings of warmth and friendship for the Moon People. They probably would bring gifts with them to give to the Moon People, and the Moon People would give them gifts in exchange. The astronauts would ask permission to set up a

base on the moon for scientific study, and since there were only three of them, the Moon People would agree. They would allot them several acres near the Sea of Tranquillity.

"With this base of operations more and more people would start coming to the moon — first scientists, then tourists, then businessmen looking for ore and oil. The Earth People would need more land and would start pushing out from the Sea of Tranquillity with housing and moon farms.

"THE MOON PEOPLE would protest that they had only agreed to a small settlement on the Sea of Tranquillity and the Earth People were encroaching on their land.

"The Earth People would call for troops to protect them from the hostile Moon People, and the air cavalry would be sent up to the moon to protect the settlers.

"The Moon People would decide to push out the settlers, but due to lack of fighting equipment, they would be thrown back. Finally, a peace treaty would be signed with the Moon People promising them all the land beyond the Sea of Fertility, in exchange for letting the Earth People settle on the Sea of Tranquillity.

"But in 20 years, the Earth People would discover that there was water under the Sea of

Fertility: so, despite the treaty, they would force the Moon People out of the Sea of Fertility. In exchange, the Earth People would give them all the lands facing the earth on the Sea of Crisis, for their sons and their sons and their sons for time immemorial.

"THEN IN A FEW YEARS they would discover gold under the Sea of Crises, and they'd send in the cavalry to move the Moon People who were left after the fighting was over to the Ocean of Storms. This would be given to them in perpetuity for as long as the moon revolved around the earth and the earth revolved around the sun.

"But then they'd discover natural gas in the Ocean of Storms, and they'd make all the Moon People pack up and move to the other side of the moon so the Earth People wouldn't have to look at their poverty."

"If what you say is true, Joe, we are indeed fortunate that there is no life on the moon," I said. "But I can't understand why you're so uptight about it."

"There's been some talk about taking over our reservation for a resort area, and the last rumor was that they're going to make it up to us by giving us the same amount of land on the moon."



Buchwald

By WILLIAM B. NEWELL

Social psychologists and anthropologists claim that when two individuals or groups of people associate together for any length of time there is a tendency on the part of these individuals or groups to become alike in their dispositions, personalities, and in their ways of living and doing things. In other words an exchange of culture takes place between these individuals or groups which has a tendency to create an entirely new and different culture complex and at the same time make them more evenly balanced culturally. For a simple illustration of this phenomenon we might point out that married people after several years of constant companionship tend to become alike in many of their habits, actions, and ways of doing things. This same theory applies to larger groups of people who have distinctly different cultural backgrounds.

Within recent months a few scientists have become intensely interested in the science of acculturation and have selected the American Indian as a subject for study. These men are interested in learning to what extent the American Indian has been affected by contact with European peoples and to what extent he has become a "white man." In contrast to this phase of research your writer has been studying the subject from the other way around and has sought to determine to what degree the European has become an "Indian," since there is unquestionably an even exchange, more or less, of cultural traits between the European people and the American Indian—since the advent of the white man to the New World some four or five hundred years ago. We often hear it said that the white man taught the Indian only evils and none of the white man's virtues. Perhaps the time will eventually come when we can honestly say that the American Indian "taught the white man only his virtues and no evils."

In a study of this kind one has to deal with the rich folk lore, folk background, and the self-sufficient complexes of folk ways, or culture, as they existed before and during the early phases of European contact. We must begin by determining the natural core of human social endeavor, or culture, of a selected group, which in this case is the American Indian, before his culture was contaminated in any way by outside cultures and then after determining the degree of complexity determine his position culturally with respect to different groups entirely disassociated from each other, such as the European people were from the American Indians, and finally to determine his priority influence in establishing certain present day social cultural concepts accepted in American civilized society today and which I choose to call Americanism.

The first important process in our study is differentiating between what is Indian culture and foreign, or European culture. It is simple enough to make a study of the socio cultural relations between two modern communities such as Middletown and New York City and arrive at some basic conclusion regarding the cultural differences existing between these two communities, but to conduct a similar research between two groups that lived some four or five hundred years ago and determine to what degree they affected each other, and to recite specifically the cultural influence they exerted on each other, involves a tremendous amount of research.

This paper in no way attempts to set forth the data involved in a comparative study of these cultures but merely brings to the attention of social psychologists and students of cultural exchange, or acculturation, the problem involved, and respectfully points out several interesting factors that must be considered in a study of this sort. Secondly it is hoped that it may inspire some readers with the incentive to enlarge upon the thesis and give the world a true picture of American Indian Culture, and prove beyond doubt that what we call Americanism today is a combination of Indian and European cultures.

Naturally no one is in a position to accept definitely these factors as

being basically true until they have made a complete analysis of the status of cultures in the two groups as they existed some four or five hundred years ago. It should be remembered that we are dealing with the socio cultural traits of these groups and not with their material culture. We know, for instance, that just as soon as the first Indian saw an iron kettle he realized that it was superior to the old clay pot with which he cooked his food and he immediately accepted this material cultural trait without question. Cultural change of this sort goes on indefinitely and continuously, and the horse and wagon passed out of existence just about as rapidly as did the old clay pot of the American Indians.

In order to determine the exact difference existing between these two groups necessitates a vast research into the culture of these peoples as expressed in the writings and records, and superficial observations of all those who first came into contact with the American Indians.

Although it is difficult, at times, to give a clear definition of the two aspects of cultural change an approximation may be secured sufficient to substantiate the fact that there was a new and an old culture which definitely reveal actual social processes.

One point that strengthens the argument is the fact that the socio culture of the American Indian was not as complex as that of the European peoples and due to its simplicity and intense stability was the stronger of the two, and was little affected by the very small groups of Europeans who first met the Indians, who were then living in much larger communities, where they were forced to accept the order of the day and imitate so far as possible those with whom they resided. In other words "When in Rome do as the Romans do." If we were to decide on a trip to the land of the Eskimo we most certainly would have to learn to eat raw fish and endure hardships and conditions with which we would be totally unacquainted. A culture such as existed in the life of the American Indian was sacred and lasting. On the other hand, civilization is a highly complex mixture of culture, and is less stable and less influential in its ability to ingratiate itself permanently into the life of a primitive group such as existed among the American Indians. Cultural change takes place more easily in a complex civilization than in a more simple cultural group.

This fact is emphasized in that the American Indian today, after five hundred years of contact, still retains a large percentage of his native culture even after struggling against strong forces which have sought to break down his culture and inculcate into his personality European cul-

tural traits.

In spite of the concentrated efforts and close proximity of European peoples in their endeavour to force upon the American Indian their culture the result has been failure to a very large extent. This is again emphasized by the fact that today over half of the 6,000 Iroquois Indians living in the thickly populated State of New York still retain their ancient religious concepts and beliefs. Efforts on the part of Commissioner John Collier of the Bureau of Indian Affairs at Washington to force down the throat of some fifty thousand Navajo Indians in the Southwest a new system of community relationship is meeting with the same resistance and consequent failure.

One must take into consideration not only the effect of social contact with the American Indian in the exchange of cultures but also with the socio-economic aspect into which the European was thrown upon his arrival in the New World. Primitive economy was responsible to a high degree for a comparatively even exchange of cultures in this particular field. The European had to shape his life to meet the exigencies and limitations imposed upon him by his new environment, and in time his attitudes and even his character became affected by this change. Adjustment to existing conditions was forced through circumstances from which there was no escape, and incidentally no desire for escape in most instances. Strange as it may seem to people unacquainted with the true socio-culture of the American Indian there are scores of individual records supported by documentary evidence which inform us that after associations had been formed with some Indian group by different individuals there arose some compelling force or reason for not wanting to give up this new life found in the American Indian community. In the "Life of Mary Jemison," who became a captive during the first French and Indian War, after a few years residence with the Indians, refused outright to return to European civilization and stated specifically that she preferred Indian life to the old life that she had been familiar with. This prolonged contact with Indian culture completely effaced any desire to change, and produced a social transformation into the life of this particular person. The social forces that transformed Mary Jemison into an Indian is only exemplary of how Indian culture affected every European who made the slightest contact socially and economically with Indian life and society.

Naturally the speed of acculturation would depend entirely upon the degree of exposure to such Indian groups and their associated behaviour. The degree of infiltration and incorporation would also have to

be taken into account. Naturally those who came to the New World during the first 250 years would be more apt to have absorbed and inculcated Indian culture on their own personalities than those who came during the past two hundred years. We know that many Indian sociological and philosophical ideas were taken to Europe with the first contact made with the American Indian. But after the first 250 years sufficient exchange had taken place to definitely establish new cultural traits which have given birth to new ideas heretofore unknown in the Old World.

But, as has been stated, the problem before us is to determine the affect of this exchange of culture upon European peoples, and not upon the Indians, and to determine conclusively some of the outstanding contributions of the American Indian to modern social culture and civilization. We know what he has contributed economically and in the following list of factors which are suggested for a study of this nature many of these economic factors will be mentioned.

The real purpose of this paper is to point out a few of the definitely established sociological and economic contributions which have been accepted by the best authorities on the subject. A discussion of the moral and ethical values of Indian culture would require a volume in itself. Indian political theories as embraced in the League of the Iroquois are important and stand out in marked contrast to the European theory of "the divine right of kings," which flourished in Europe at the time of the discovery of America. The individual rights of man were recognized in America long before

the Europeans awakened to this political philosophy. Ideas of freedom, liberty, and equality existed and were engraved in the hearts of the Indians when Europeans were "boiled or roasted" for daring to speak against the state or church. One of the outstanding differences between the European and the American Indian was the fact that in America the Indian was permitted freedom of thought while in Europe an individual's thinking was done for him by autocratic and dogmatic leaders. A similar situation still exists today in some European countries and even in America there are those who would shape our opinions if they could.

It was from the Iroquois League that we first learned the meaning of true democratic ideals. It was here in America that we learned what freedom of speech, freedom of worship, equal representation, and constitutional government really meant. It was from these ancient political philosophers that the world first knew democracy. It was here that real statesmen served their constituents faithfully, without any other pay than the honor respect and esteem of their people. Governor Cadwallader Golden who wrote the first American history in 1727, some fifty years before the revolutionary war, tells us that these men "were elected on the basis of their merit, because of their honesty and integrity, and that they were usually the poorest men in the nation; never keeping anything for themselves, but distributing all annuities and monies equally among the people." It was in this first history that the early colonists were informed that here existed a "true democracy." In order to illustrate further how the Indian lived under an order such as this I will list in the following paragraphs some customs which were a part of the everyday existence of these people; and at the same time call the attention of the reader to the fact that present day "Americans" are doing these same things which were strange to them before coming to the land of the free and the home of the "Brave."

DICTATORS were unknown among the Iroquois. No man could tell another what he should do. Every man was allowed to decide for himself what he should do. Even the Sachems and "Chiefs" suggested but never commanded or insisted too strongly. To do such a thing would



immediately lower them in the estimation of the people and cause their removal from office. "We Counsel Together" was a famous phrase of the Iroquois and every man was allowed freedom of expression.

GOVERNMENT had a central seat where representatives of the several nations met to discuss state matters and where unanimous decisions only were rendered. A single dissenting vote defeated Legislative action. There was "absolute harmony and the greatest decorum observed in their great councils."

HUMANE: Indians were gentle and kind: (a) They never whipped their children but still retained the love and respect of their children all through life. They were unlike the Spartans who tied their boys to whipping posts each morning and lashed them to make them cruel and savage warriors. (b) They cared for their old people and among the Iroquois an elderly person was never heard of who did not have a home and food to eat. It is unknown for young Indian boys and girls to torment or tease elderly persons. (c) Father Pierre Biard, the first Jesuit priest to reach America in 1611 says that "if it had not been for the kindness and hospitality of the Indians they would have perished the first three winters they lived in America." (d) The Pilgrim Fathers were welcomed and cared for and nursed back to health by the same Indians who had been pillaged and plundered by adventurous Europeans for over seventy-five years before the arrival of the Pilgrims. It was these same Indians who had lost their sons, fathers and grandfathers to marauding kidnappers from Europe who took their human cargo to Spain and sold them as slaves. It was actually one of these young Indians who greeted the Pilgrims in "excellent" English, who had escaped from Spain, and who had lived in England for seven years after his escape, that approached the Pilgrims upon their arrival in the New World and asked them what they wanted. The fact that these Indians would go to the trouble to ask their enemy what they wanted when they already knew from seventy-five years' experience, only goes to show that the Indian was just, reasonably tolerant, and always willing to give the benefit of any doubt to the other fellow. These people were not savages who were so tolerant, so generous, so forgiving and ready to extend to these whites a home in America. (e) There is not a single early explorer who was not extended the helping hand by the American Indians upon their arrival in America.

QUARRELING: all the Jesuit writers inform us, was never seen in Indian homes, towns, or communities. Even today, in 1939, one hardly ever sees two Indians quarrel unless they may perhaps be intoxicated. When Indians living in New York City, or any other city for that matter are arrested for "celebrating" or arrested for any other reason it is significant that deadly weapons are never found on their persons. They do not carry guns, daggers or blackjacks. They are not cowards.

BULLIES: are unknown among the Indians. It is unknown for an Indian to take an unfair advantage of an adversary. There is not a record of an Indian war that was not first of all announced to the enemy. There is no place in history where any Indian nation was the first to start a war between the white and the Indians. Among children the common school bully is unknown.

CHARACTER: Sir William Johnson, British Indian agent, after thirty-five years' association with them says "they are only beginning to deceive in their transactions with us." In another of his documents he states that he has even tried to make an Indian steal but failed. Lying was punished by death.

FREEDOM OF WOMEN: Women received the honor and respect that no other people gave their women. There is not a single court record in the State of New York showing that an Iroquois has ever been arrested for insulting or assaulting a woman, be she Indian or white. In all the lying, militaristic propaganda written about the Indians during the Revolutionary War, or any other war, for the purpose of arousing hatred in the hearts of the people against

the Indian, no single writer has dared say that the sanctity of womanhood was ever desecrated by an Indian warrior.

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN. The Indians always called the white man "brother" in all his dealings with him. He never called him "master," "your majesty," or any other title which in any way would indicate that he considered him a superior or lesser being. Every man was trusted and deceit was never looked for in a fellow man. White people first coming to America were given a place to build their lodge but never under any circumstances did the Indian give or sell outright to him land which was supposed to be free to all human beings.

TRIAL MARRIAGE: The Jesuit priests inform us that trial marriage was also practiced.

HEALTH: habits practiced by the Iroquois have since been adopted by Europeans. People nowadays dress lightly. Boys no longer wear hats; heavy red woollens are no longer worn, and it was only ten years ago that the first women dared wear a pair of silk hose through a whole winter season, against the advice of physicians who stated that all women would die from pneumonia, if they did such a thing. Bathing has become more or less common now days among white people. When America was first discovered Europeans did not bathe the body because it was considered a mortal sin to make the body beautiful by cleaning it. This accounts of the numerous skin diseases brought to America by Europeans. Measles, smallpox, chicken pox and all skin diseases were non-existent in America. On the other hand the Jesuit priests in all their relations tell us that every Indian village had several turkish baths. Some Indian tribes had a bath cult, where it was a part of their religion to bathe and keep clean. Sunlight and bathing have become the order of the day and exposing the body to the sun and fresh air, like the Indian did, is making the modern American healthy and strong, like the Indian used to be. The Indian was not a nudist. Fresh air while sleeping was an Indian custom which twenty-five years ago was considered unhealthy by white people. Hiking clubs and soldiers are taught now to walk like

the Indian. George Catlin, who lived among the Indians, informs us that "the Indians have a peculiar way of swimming, instead of shooting both hands out from the chin (the breast stroke), they use the overhand stroke. Today we all swim like the Indian swim."

CRUELTY. Our American Indians learned how to be cruel from the Europeans. Burning at the stake was a European custom introduced to Indians by the Spanish, French and English. Joan of Arc was burned alive sixty-one years before Columbus discovered America.

The Apache Indians had never heard of scalping until it was first introduced by our own soldiers back in 1881. When America was first discovered it was believed by Europeans that anyone who knew not Christ was an infidel and it was the duty of these "dark age" Christians to burn all infidels. It meant one step nearer heaven to do this so that when the Indian was discovered many poor Indian victims suffered at the hands of these ignorant believers.

EQUALITY. It is told by many explorers that no one Indian had more than his fellow man and that when one was hungry they all were hungry. It is also said that they always shared their food equally among among their captives and with strangers.

GAMBLING. Indians loved to gamble but strange as it may seem, at the end of the game it was customary to return all winnings to the losers. They had no desire to possess in the sense that we moderns do.

RESPONSIBILITY. Irresponsiveness such as we have in America today could not and did not exist. Today we hear on all sides the philosophy of "let the other fellow take the rap," "get away with it if you can," and many other attitudes of like nature. This was not Indian. The white man has not fully accepted this culture yet from the Indian. He has always been under the yoke of some overlord who has dominated him. In other words, he has never been fully free and it is only as these individuals become free that they will cast out greed and assume their positions as free men in a true democracy. When we learn to work for each other and not against each other we will have a true democracy. Such conflicts were practically unknown.

BIRTH CONTROL: was practiced among the Iroquois, and the family was no larger than three or four children.

The following list of food plants, and economic contributions are only a few of the many that exist. There are hundreds of others not mentioned here. The fact to bear in mind is that these were known to the Indian, and used by the Indian, long before the Europeans discovered America and eventually taken over by the white man.

CORN is a culture as well as every other economic product or plant taken up by the white man. When Indian corn was accepted it meant taking the whole culture; husking pins, corn cribs, husking bees, "barn dances," and the forty or fifty ways of preparing corn for eating.

The following are only a few such articles which involved hundreds of minor cultural traits:

Potatoes, Tomatoes, Pumpkins, Squashes, Lima Beans, Kidney Beans, Peppers, Coca (Cacao), Pineapples, Nispero, Barbadoes Cherry, Strawberries, Persimmons, Papaws, Guava, Oca, Cashew Nut, Pacay, Jocote, Star Apples, Mate Tea, Alligator Pear, Sour Sop, Sweet Sop, Custard Apple, Cassava, Cucumber, Peanuts, Maple Sugar.

Tobacco (a culture taken up by nearly everybody), Quinine (important medicinal contribution), Casa Sagrade (most important laxative used today), Cocaine (important drug used extensively by Indians in pre-Columbian days), Cotton (Indians wore first cotton clothing in the world), Henequen (hempe), Rubber (Indians first invented rubber), Copal (an important varnish), Peruvian Balm, Sunflower, Parica (In South America only). (No intoxicating beverages or drugs were used in North America).

Flavors: vanilla, chocolate, pineapple, maple and strawberry.

Under Potatoes, it should be noted that among the Aymara Indians no less than 240 different varieties of potatoes were cultivated.

Under Cassava, it should be noted that it was first necessary to remove the deadly prussic acid from the plant before it became edible. This poison was sometimes used as a preservative to prevent putrefaction of meat.

Aseptics. The Indian was the first to use boiled water for cleansing and dressing wounds.

Trephining. An important surgical operation whereby a section of the skull bone is removed to relieve pressure on the brain, was frequently performed by the Indians of Peru.

Aseptics. The Indian was the cause a person to withstand pain and submit to amputation or other surgical operations.

In the field of science the American Indians were especially clever. Zero was invented a thousand years before the Arabians came out with in the Old World. The calendar system of the Maya was far superior to our own system and much more accurate. The first people to develop the decimal system represented in the Quipu of the Peruvian were Indians. This hundreds of years before the white man.

Metallurgy. They worked gold, silver, and bronze better than any of the ancient civilizations of the Old World. They were the first to use and work platinum.

Arts and Crafts. The famous textiles of the Peruvians have been recognized by authorities as being the best the world has ever seen. Authorities claim that no race on earth made baskets as well as the Poma and other Indian tribes of California. Their beauty and technique excelled all others.

Agriculture. Irrigation, fertilizers, crop rotation, and many other so-called modern farming methods were practiced by the intensive agriculturists of the Southwest in the United States and Peru.

Masonry. The stone walls of Cuzco are still as great a mystery to us today as they ever have been. We do not know how the stones were quarried and so well fitted together.

Modern apartment buildings are much like the Pueblo buildings of the Hopi and Zuni Indians.

Chewing Gum.

Shaking Hands is just a good old Indian custom.



INDIANS RESIST GOVERNMENT HOUSING PLANS

Conflict between Indians and administration officials over the location of new Indian Housing in Hay River flared up again during the weekend.

It was intensified by initial indications that the units would be built where the Indians wanted them . . . followed by word that the government planned to disregard their views.

The Indians want the new houses built in the Indian settlements on the east bank of the Hay River—mainly in the Old Indian Village. The government is proceeding with plans to locate them in the New Subdivision on the river's west bank. The conflict has been simmering for the past several years.

The issue boiled up again with the arrival last week of a Fort Smith contractor to commence construction of the six new houses.

Area Administrator Russell Look summoned local Indians to a meeting Saturday morning and offered them a choice of six out of 11 available Crown lots in the New Subdivision—mainly on Ptarmigan Crescent where two Indian Housing units are already located.

The Indians voiced strong objections to the building of further Indian Housing in that area.

As a result of arguments in favor of erecting the units in one of the Indian villages Mr. Look told the meeting he would recommend construction of the dwellings on the east bank of the Hay River or wherever the Indians wanted.

It was understood that this was to be determined according to the wishes of the people selected to occupy the houses.

This resulted in considerable enthusiasm on the part of the Indians, both treaty and non-treaty, who are now also included in the program.

Elected as a Housing Association Council to select tenants for the homes were Albert Norn, Harry Martel, Teddy Bughins, Joe McKay, Eddie Cayen and Pat Martel.

They received 27 applications for the new houses. Of these 15 wished to live in the Old Indian Village, three wanted homes in the New Indian Village, three selected the New Subdivi-

on and one opted for Vale Island. The remaining applicants made no firm choice, but evidently favored one or other of the Indian Villages.

Of the six names selected by the council, five had asked for a home in the old Indian Village and one wanted to live in the New Indian Village.

In making the selection the council indicated it had given preference to families and married people.

It was following this, at a subsequent meeting Sunday evening, that the Indians received word from Mr. Look that all the housing units would have to be built in the new subdivision. He said his superiors in Fort Smith and Yellowknife had ruled that the units had to be put on serviced lots.

The Housing Association planned to call a meeting later this week to determine its next move.

Meanwhile, other factors have led to a stiffening of resistance by the Indians to the government's housing plans.

Word was being circulated that local government employees had been told at a staff meeting that the Indian Housing was to be put in the New Subdivision regardless of the objections of the native people.

And there was a suggestion that if the Indians did not agree the houses would be given to some other community.

Further dissatisfaction was precipitated by the disclosure that a freezer unit which had been sent to Hay River several years ago for the use of Indians in storing meat was in use, but not by any of the natives. It was being used by government officials.

The Indians asked that the freezer be set up in the Old Indian Village so it could be used for the purpose for which it was intended.

The Indians also asked Mr. Look, who is a town councillor, why nothing had been done about installing the fire fighting equipment which the Indian Villages had been promised.

The conflict between the Indians and the administration over the location of Indian Housing has flared up regularly since 1963, when spring flooding affected the Old Indian Village. The gov-

ernment rejected suggestions for relatively simple flood prevention measures in favor of relocating the Indians.

The Indians rejected various proposed sites in the New Subdivision area as being unsuitable for their requirements, but agreed to a site on the east bank of the river about a mile southwest of the Old Village.

But only treaty Indians were moved to that location because at that time the Indian Affairs Branch did not consider it had any responsibility to non-treaty Indians. Non-treaties as well as treaty Indians with close ties with them remained in the Old Village.

The problem of relocation has arisen intermittently since then, partly due to attempts to again consolidate the scattered Indian settlements in one location and partly due to the question of where to build new Indian Housing units to which the Hay River Indians were entitled.

The Indians repeatedly rejected attempts by the government to move them into the New Subdivision or build new Indian Housing units there.

In a series of meetings in 1967 the government promised that five scheduled new units would be built where ever the Indians decided. The Indians decided upon a site adjacent to the New Indian Village.

The government proceeded instead to build them on lots in the New Subdivision which, because of poor soil, nobody else would take. The Indians were told that these units would be for Indians who wished to live in the New Subdivision, and that a further 11 units to which they were entitled would be built on the east bank of the river wherever the selected tenants wanted them to go.

There was meagre demand for the New Subdivision housing units, which were finally completed late last year.

Notwithstanding defects in the buildings which might be remedied, the Indians have frequently expressed the wish that the units in the New Subdivision be moved across the river into one of the villages.

Editor's OPEN HOUSE

Anyone faced with the problem of getting a roof over his head and sheltering himself and his family from the elements has to balance a number of considerations—location, cost, facilities, etc.

But when government enters the housing field, what happens to all these factors that affect an individual's decision about where he should live? They are discarded. They are no longer considered important, or even tolerable. There is only one ultimate consideration which affects all decisions about where houses are to go when the government has anything to do about the matter. The houses must be located where they are not wanted.

If the future occupants of the housing want it to be located on high, dry, solid ground, near water or near where they are employed, then it is axiomatic that the government's housing experts will find a place for the housing in some dank, mosquito infested bog, far from the water.

The north abounds with examples of this sort of government housing expertise. While this is also true of southern Canada, the south simply cannot match the degree and invariability of government heavyhandedness. Fort Rae illustrates the procedure well because no amount of pleading or argument by the Indians of that settlement over the past five years and more has managed to diminish the determination of the government to force them to move where they do not want to go. The same situation is developing in Hay River and, indeed, in almost every community on which the bureaucrats have fixed their sights.

Until recently the government's housing experts confined most of their northern activities to the housing of treaty Indians and Eskimos who, as a result, now have the worst accommodation in the north.

Instead of permitting these native people to dwell in houses which were relatively (a) well located, (b) economical and (c) comfortable, the housing mandarins in Ottawa decreed that they were to be coaxed, tricked or otherwise forced into slum ghettos. The natives who were obstinate and would not allow themselves to be bullied and herded into the government's social leper colonies were systematically and ruthlessly deprived of the services of both government agencies and non-government agencies over whom the government was able to wield its influence. So from the day the government started meddling with their housing, the native people were fated to live in slums—either slums into which the government moved them, or else slums into which their communities were made by deprivation.

These people who make a career of mucking about with other people's homes now are turning their attention to the non-treaty Indians and whites who reside in the north. And the very first thing they are determined to do, as usual, is to move people away from the relatively suitable places where they are now living.

Why? The reasons are varied and can probably be expressed in many ways. Psychiatric examination would probably reveal that as an infant the housing expert was rejected by his mother, causing him to develop an inferiority complex. The neurosis manifests itself in later life in his passion for bullying the weak and unfortunate. In this way he can feel "wanted."

Another explanation is that their economic wellbeing depends on their activities. If they were prevented from interfering with other people's lives, they would be unemployed or much less well rewarded for their activities. While other people can manage quite well, and usually better, without them, they need someone to push about, either financially or to satisfy some hangup.

Another explanation consistent with all the known facts is that the mandarins are anxious to promote a return to the age of serfdom. They are going to be the all powerful landlords, and they expect us to swallow all their glib talk and deceptive schemes so that we will all become their obedient and humble serfs.

NORTHERN DEVELOPMENT APPOINTMENT

The Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development has appointed Dr. D. A. Munro as Assistant Deputy Minister, responsible for the Indian Consultation and Negotiation Group recently established within the Department.

The group was set up to carry out "consultations and negotiations" with Indian organizations and bands and provincial governments on the new policy proposals recently announced by Northern Development Minister Jean Chrétien.

Dr. Munro is a graduate

of the University of British Columbia and the University of Toronto. He is the author of "A Place for Everything," an illustrated outline of ecology and Canadian environments published by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. He is well known for his conservation activities and his concern for human relations. He was Director of the Canadian Wildlife Service and most recently Director of the Community Affairs Branch.

His appointment as Assistant Deputy Minister is effective immediately.

Navajo Students Threaten Lawsuit Against Ceremonial

September 11, 1969

Three Navajo students have filed suit against the Gallup Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial Assn., alleging that their civil rights were violated when they were prevented from distributing a leaflet at the recent ceremonial.

Filing the suit in U.S. District Court in Albuquerque were Michael Benson, Linda Hubbard and June Tracy. Representing them are three attorneys for DNA, the OEO legal aid service on the Navajo reservation.

The youths claim they were prohibited from distributing leaflets titled, "When Our Grandfathers Carried Guns," to visitors entering the ceremonial grounds on two occasions.

Also named as defendants are Richard Kauzlaric, president of the association; Edward S. Merry, secretary-treasurer; Chris DeGregorio, grandstand supervisor during the ceremonial; Joseph L. Rich, McKinley county assistant district attorney; and Jack Johnson, a New Mexico state policeman.

Benson, a student at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., alleged that on August 15 he was escorted from the ceremonial grounds by Officer Johnson after two ceremonial officials, DeGregorio and Kauzlaric, took his leaflets away from him.

The suit alleges that Benson went back to the grounds on August 16, and helping him distribute the leaflets were Miss Tracy and Miss Hubbard.

Miss Tracy is a 1969 graduate of Seaholm High School, Bloomfield Hills, Mich., and has enrolled at Yale University for the fall semester.

Miss Hubbard has attended Northern Arizona University and is now attending Navaho Community College.

DNA REPRESENTING THE STUDENTS DEMANDED:

A complete and public apology—The Ceremonial Association, Joseph L. Rich, Richard D. Kauzlaric, Chris DeGregorio, State Police Officer Jack Johnson, and Edward S. (Ike) Merry must publicly apologize in writing to our clients for their conduct in preventing the distribution of the leaflets during the 1969 Ceremonial and for subsequent statements by Ceremonial officials which tended to cast doubt on the maturity, clients and others associated with them; stemming from the incidents at the Ceremonial.

The statement of apology must make mention of the embarrassment suffered by our clients and the inconvenience caused them in being removed from the Ceremonial grounds.

In particular, the public apology must be given in the form of a letter, signed by the association and named individuals, to our clients which accompanied by a press release issued by the association and the named individuals must be submitted to the following newspapers and radio stations: The Gallup Daily Independent, the Albuquerque Journal, the Navajo Times and radio station KGAK Gallup.

As part of this condition, the press release must include:

1) Recognition that the Ceremonial grounds, or any other grounds which may be used for the Ceremonial in the future, are public and that any person has the right to freely assemble upon them, hand out literature or picket in a peaceful and orderly way as our clients attempted to do;

2) A promise that the association, its officers, employees and agents will in the future permit the full exercise of First

Amendment right upon the Ceremonial grounds by anyone and that such exercise will be protected by all the power and authority at their command;

3) A complete reproduction of the leaflet which Benson, Hubbard and Tracy attempted unsuccessfully to pass out during the 1969 Ceremonial; and;

4) A promise that no reprisals of any kind will be taken against our clients for their actions in this matter or against any other persons who may have assisted them in the printing or distribution of the leaflets.

Further, the association and individuals named must guarantee that the letter and press release containing all of the items listed above will be published in the Gallup Daily Independent in the form of a prominent advertisement if that newspaper refuses to publish them in a prominent news article.

The association and individuals named must return the leaflets confiscated from our clients; and the association and individuals named must pay to our clients a sum total of \$500 in damages.

The conditions were offered by DNA Inc. as a "compromise of the claims and grievances of our clients against you and other persons and organizations listed."

Haskell Reunion

A Haskell Reunion of all students of the 1920's will be held on May 27, 1970 at the Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas. Students who attended school during 1920 to 1929 are invited.

Personnel expecting to attend should notify Mr. Benjain Nelson, at P. O. Box 12, Texarkana, Texas, 75501. Also furnish names and addresses of others who should be notified.

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The Navajo Times

PUBLISHED FOR ... OWNED BY ... THE NAVAJO PEOPLE
PUBLISHED EACH THURSDAY MORNING
The Official Newspaper of The Navajo Tribe
Window Rock, Ariz.

Case For The Indian Made By Young Navajo

I believe in speaking out and being heard; not in any riot, demonstration or by causing any social unrest, but in a mature democratic manner which is characteristic of our country.

As an American citizen and American Indian, may I present a few grave and serious matters. There is in this country today a tremendous undesirable attitude of the public towards the Indians—the First Americans. The mass of the American public knows little of the Indians' history and present condition—as a result, lack of interest in his condition. It seems as though they are better informed about undeveloped people of Asia and Africa than about those in their own country. They have read or have seen white versions of Indian wars in literature and movies. They have seen paintings of "Custer's Last Stand;" and through these superficial contacts they see Indians as they learn to see Indians in schoolbook days. The movie industry has done much to discredit the once noble race. The portrayal of Indians to the American public, in my estimation, is a serious, shameful injustice.

There is a widespread sentiment among the American public of dislike to the Indian, of impatience with his presence as a "barrier to progress" and distrust of it as a possible danger. The history of the Government connections with the Indians is a shameful record of broken treaties and unfulfilled promises.

It is a history and tale of the wrongs, the oppressions and murders of the Indians by government and white settlers. Every page and every year has its dark stain. The story of one tribe is the story of all, different only by time and place. Almost without exception the first aggressions have been made by the white man and the occasional outbreak of Indians started in retaliation. Every crime committed by a white man against an Indian was concealed and every offense committed by an Indian against a white man was borne with wings and carried to the farthest corner of the land, clothed with all the horrors which any imagination or reality could throw around it.

President after president has appointed commission after commission to inquire into and report upon Indian affairs. Although some actions have been taken, a lot of these reports are bound up somewhere in the Government's annual reports and that's the end of them.

The time has come for a more positive role of government in Indian affairs. There is a real need of some circulation of "campaign document" among the right-thinking and right feeling American public so the public image of the Indians may be lessened. There is a real strong need in the area of financial assistance for those desiring to obtain a higher education. There is a real positive need for more realistic government projects in contracting with Universities, Colleges, Jr. Colleges and other organized groups to aid

Indian students for opportunities and experiences. These types of programs would place special emphasis on young people who have leadership potential. There are needs for internship programs in business, education, agriculture and law for potential Indian students. Indians need valuable experiences in these and other vital areas. Bureau of Indian Affairs as "guardian" and "trustee" need no longer make vital decisions for the Indians. Universities and colleges need to have programs—Indian-oriented curriculum. Indians need the self-development action programs. Channels of valuable professional learning experiences need to be opened up by local, state and federal institutions. Local, state and federal governments need to be exposed more to the vital Indian problems so they may pool their resources and open up opportunities for advancement of our First American.

The story of the "Trail of Tears" is unequal in the governments' treatment of the Indians. It is a story of a once progressive Cherokee Nation who invented their own alphabet, set up their own educational school system, their own government, their own newspaper, their own agricultural programs, their own court system and their own code of conduct. In the year 1838 they were invaded by government soldiers with orders from President Van Buren for forced removal with the help of Georgia. With guns and bayonets behind their backs they were forced to march to what is now Oklahoma. Thousands of men, women, and children died along the way because of abuses, diseases, colds, starvation, freezing weather. Beautiful Cherokee girls were molested by soldiers—some died of heartbreak. Thousands of bodies dotted the "Trail of Tears." The world has never seen such inhuman brutality. Their final request was to name their new land Sequoia—this was denied, instead named Oklahoma.

There were many more "Trail of Tears" among all Indian tribes in their long struggle for life with the government and land and gold seeking settlers and trappers — What could the Indian do? Nothing — there was no power in the land to help them.

How long will the blood of the innocent cry unto Heaven for vengeance? How long will the cries from the dust plea for justice? When will America practice what it preaches? Equality and justice for all.

We can no longer assume that we know what is best for the Indian without knowing what he thinks—what makes him think as he does? Abraham Lincoln once said, "If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it." The government, administrators, educators and Indian people must determine where they are and where they want to go before they can decide what to do and how to do it.

When Our Grandfathers Had Guns

The following statement was circulated at this year's Gallup Indian Ceremonial

When our grandfathers carried guns, they were free and they were people. The Anglos had to reckon with them and the Anglos were careful not to anger our People. Our grandfathers stood up for what they felt was right and they condemned what they knew was wrong. If we the Indians of today were like our grandfathers, we would not allow this Ceremonial to be held year-after-year in this manner and at this place.

The Ceremonial does not give a true picture of the Indian. Just because Indians sing and dance for you, that does not mean that they are happy. The City of Gallup calls the Ceremonial "A Tribute to the American Indian." Do not believe it. At the night performances, you will hear what a proud and happy people we are. Do not believe that either. Do not think that The City of Gallup respects the Indian because it gives them a free barbeque.

Do not let the Ceremonial let you forget that Indians have the highest unemployment rate in the country, the highest infant mortality rate in the country, the lowest average income of any group in the United States, the highest suicide rate in the country, the highest dropout rate in the U.S., and don't forget that many of the Indians you see are suffering from malnutrition. You will see many drunk Indians. Ask yourself why you see so many. Is it because they are happy and proud?

You should also ask yourself why the Ceremonial is held to benefit the City of Gallup N.M. Ask yourself why Indians are not in charge of the Ceremonial. Ask yourself why the Ceremonial is not moved to an Indian reservation, since there are so many of them in the area. If you are brave enough to see what the City of Gallup thinks of the Indian find out where the Gallup Indian Community Center is located and see it for yourself. Note that it is dirty and in need of repair. In a study made of the economy of Gallup last summer it was learned that about 72% of the business was carried on with Indians as customers. It was also learned that the merchants of Gallup contribute very little to the Indian Center.

Gallup provided little in the way of public services to the Indian. The City policeman are seen many times savagely beating helpless drunk Indians. But Gallup continues to call itself the "Indian Capital of the World." Recently Gallup decided it needed a flag. Most of the entries so far make use of Indian designs and figures and most are designed by non-Indians. The Ceremonial is only one example of how Gallup capitalizes on the Indian.

You will see many Indians at the Ceremonial and you will ask, "Why don't they protest?"

As you look at the drunk Indians and at the Indians dance and sing for you and as you hear what a happy people they are, say to yourself: "They were people...when their grandfathers had guns."



Alain Schifres discusses Claude Lévi-Strauss' interpretation of the art, life and mysterious, little-known traditions of the forgotten tribes of the northwest of Canada. * * *

THE BRAVES WHO HID 18 BEHIND THE MASK

At first sight the art of the Canadian Indians is apt to be a hard blow for our childhood dreams of befeathered redskins brandishing tomahawks, of ululating Iroquois, more docile Hurons and the trackers we read about in Fenimore Cooper. Their art, which we once thought consisted of just a few totem poles and warpaint, turns out to be something rather more consequential.

Their works are on a far higher level of sensitivity, in fact, than was once assumed. Our ignorance stemmed from the fact that people never studied the tribes of northwest Canada—the Haida of the Queen Charlotte islands, and the Tsimshian, the Kwakiutl and the Tlingit. All these names have remained unknown except to a small group of experts. These Indians, however, hunters and fishermen on the far west coast of Canada, with their archaic social structure, were amongst the most refined of all primitive sculptors.

There are some good explanations for our long-standing ignorance of these tribes which were discovered as early as the end of the 17th century. Their cousins, the Indians of the plains, the Sioux, the Apaches, Blackfeet and the rest, came into regular contact with the white man (though one could hardly term it friendly) long before the latter ever reached the west coast of Canada. Their societies, loosely organized as they were, were fairly democratic, and their way of life was essentially nomadic, for they slept in tents and hunted bison. The Canadian Indians, however, led a life almost diametrically opposed.

They lived by the sea's edge, in great wooden houses holding between fifty and 100 people, and were divided into nobles, commoners and slaves in a rigid hierarchical system. Language was the sole means of distinguishing one tribe from another; the only politically valid unit was the village. "The struggle for survival" had virtually no meaning for these people, as they lived by a Pacific Ocean teeming with whales, seals, herring, shellfish, and salmon; then there were goats and bears on the shores of the myriad fjords, creeks, and islets that etch their way into the coast all the way from southern Alaska to Washington State.

This "affluent" society was not, however, a consumer soci-

ety. Far from it. In fact, the entire structure of these tribes was founded on ceremony, the arts and celebrations. Claude Lévi-Strauss explains:

"It's quite simple really; hunting and the gathering of food were seasonal activities. During the spring, summer and early autumn there was intense activity, in the course of which the salmon had to be dried, jams were made from the berries, and so forth. Then, with the onset of winter, the snow came. With their abundant reserves, the people were released from the need to work and had the leisure to hold ceremonies. This was the time of the so-called winter ritual which was celebrated with incredible intensity. The entire social structure fell apart while a theocratic structure took over."

With the first cold weather came the mystical societies, with their masks and their magic. These were communities which saw spirits everywhere and in whose lives the supernatural played an integral part. Indians either saw visions of spirits, or made great efforts to do so, and so the *shaman*, or medicine man, held the centre of the stage throughout the winter months. This was also the time for masquerades, with closed societies organizing great spectacles, "lying somewhere between a spectacular and a puppet show," says Claude Lévi-Strauss. "These societies performed simulacra of real life—characters were seemingly decapitated, with the blood pouring forth. Then the victim began to speak (by a system of hidden pipes). It ended

with the bringing to life of the dead man. These secret societies exercised a kind of terror over the people as a whole. On occasion, they kidnapped and even murdered slaves, and they were known to practise cannibalism."

While the art of the Indians of the northwest is religious, it is also concerned with aristocratic hierarchies. The Indians have a highly complex pantheon of honoured ancestors and deities, the latter usually being bound up with the privileges of the clans and their aristocratic families. This gave rise to artistic expression in interior decoration and to totem poles which are somewhat analogous to the heraldic coats of arms of medieval Europe. Prestige, rank and precedence were involved in the practice and use of these arts; as might be expected in a society with such rigid hierarchical structures, the village chief was always the head of the house and possessed the most aristocratic lineage.

As with Orientals, loss of face was a major fear—almost amounting to an obsession—amongst these Indian nobles. As Lévi-Strauss puts it: "If a young man falls out of his canoe, if a dancer takes a wrong step, the family of the person concerned has to give a 'potlatch'—that is to say, they can only rectify the outrage by means of a liberal distribution of gifts."

This custom of the "potlatch" is most interesting. Freed from material cares for the greater part of the year by the wealth of their territory, the northwest Canadian Indians developed a culture in which festivities played a central part, and the enigmatic high point was the "potlatch." It may seem an odd way of getting rid of one's

wealth, but what one lost in fortune one gained immeasurably in prestige.

The host was honour-bound to dazzle his guests at any price; sometimes he would spend months preparing for the great day, assembling gifts and raising extravagant loans (interest rates often reached 100 per cent per annum). For their part, the guests had to retain their *sangfroid* at all costs. For example, if the host calmly went up to the fire and proceeded to pour fish oil (their equivalent of *foie gras*) over it, the guests were expected to sit and roast, while the fire was rapidly transformed into a blazing inferno—anything rather than give the slightest sign of their having noticed the host's prodigality. They would probably be thinking of their obligation to return the favour with an even more sumptuous "potlatch."

We are quite familiar with the social and religious functions of the art of the Indians of the northwest. But where did it originate? That is a

complete mystery. Lévi-Strauss admits that, for a long time, the comparative study of primitive art was unpopular because of the temptations it presented for jumping to all sorts of wild and improbable conclusions. Striking resemblances, however, between the art of these Indians and that of certain tribes all over the eastern coast of Asia—Siberia, parts of China and Japan—suggest that it was from here that this artistic tradition derived in the distant past. To support this theory there is one remarkable phenomenon common to both the East Asian and the Indian tribes; called "split representation," it is a method by which the artist mentally splits down the

middle the animal he is depicting, and then reproduces the two sides, quite symmetrically, as though he were performing a dissection. But this characteristic was also found more than 2,000 years ago, in the bronzes of the Shang dynasty. . . .

We do not know whether these two utterly different societies had a common origin. All we are left with today is the unreliable testimony of a few fisherman-princes. In many villages in northwestern Canada, there are now more gods than there are people to serve them. The Indians are quietly dying out, shrouded in ancient pride, while monuments to their former glories lie rotting in the forests. END

SEPTEMBER 15

2d Boston Tea Party Held by Pennsylvanians

Special to The New York Times

PITTSBURGH, Sept. 14—About 250 rebellious taxpayers today staged another Boston Tea Party—this time at Boston, Pa., a community about 22 miles southeast of Pittsburgh.

The citizens, including some conservative businessmen and women dressed as Indians—like their predecessors at Boston, Mass., in 1773—were complaining about a state income tax proposed by Gov. Raymond P. Shafer.

Some protesters paddled a canoe onto the waters of the Youghiogheny River, their version of Boston Harbor, and dumped cardboard containers labeled "tea" into the river.



Part of a chieftan's rich dance regalia, this small mask of the Tsimshian Indians was worn on the forehead. Reminiscent of our coats of arms, the work attests

the importance of nobiliary art among the coastal Indians.

At the end of the 19th century, their society was in full decline, and in certain regions there were more noble titles than there were men able to assume them.

Indian Gives View of 'Our Place in Society'

The INDIAN

AMERICAN INDIAN LEADERSHIP COUNCIL

19

We firmly believe that in our Indian society and religion we do have certain values that are well worth preserving and that these are important to our efforts to adapt to a new way of life, whether on or off the reservation.

As, for example, our concept of unity requires that we work individually and voluntarily with the community to sustain and perpetuate our ancestral usages.

We would devote our entire efforts and selves to this end, but in the dominant society such association is limited in some communities and totally non-existent in others.

Yet, our very social status and personal security as a people depends upon this services.

Our spiritual attachment to nature is another most significant aspect of our culture that has brought us into complete and intimate harmony with the elements--with our homeland, if you will.

This is the basic reason we go "back to the reservation" whenever we find ourselves "out of place" with society.

And, certainly, this is not an uncommon circumstance with any race of people.

It is the same feeling which swells the heart of the French-American whose heart beats a musical strains of the Marseillaise, of the English-American whose heart beats a little faster when his country's flag is raised on high.

Love for our land is not superfluous to our lives, and it is an attitude that cannot soon be changed, if ever.

Because of our Indian heritage, it is not an easy matter

to enter the mainstream of society by merely adopting certain attitudes common to non-Indian population.

In the first place, the changing policies of new administrations of the Washington government itself has been largely responsible for the Indian giving up or failing in their attempts to adopt, let alone, understand, a new culture.

Has anyone ever really tried to comprehend the inner struggles of the Indian in his desires and efforts to conform to a new way of life--to give up his religion and the most important sets of values of his very existence?

Why can not the mores of the Indian be recognized and used in helping him to plan future?

In the second place, the general public, too, lacks sufficient interest and knowledge to establish necessary and adequate programs to include the Indian in the community.

It is better informed of the undeveloped areas of the people in Europe, Africa, and Asia than those, especially the Indian citizen in this country.

These communities need programs designed to command the support of a well-informed public, sound in purpose, and adaptable in application to the ever-changing situations of a modern society.

The Indian is not without knowledge and realization of his obligations to society--he merely wants to contribute his share to the social services enjoyed by all, by making profitable the coalition of the two cultures.

He wants to share equally in society's economic and political structures--to be accepted and given the full freedom of a fellow human being to shape his destiny as all other men, but not to lose his total identity in the process.

—Edward Swick

Health Needs

Dear Mr. President:

I am writing to express the concern of the Association on American Indian Affairs at the serious threat to the health of our American Indian citizens which is presented by the current limitation on employment by the Indian Health Service.

I understand that at present the Indian Health Service is permitted to fill only sixty-five percent of its vacancies since July 1, 1969.

This has already meant the loss of 29 nursing positions, six medical and dental assistants and 29 supporting positions.

It must be remembered that because it is imperative to continue direct patient care in IHS hospitals, the major burden of this erosion process falls on IHS preventive health services.

Carl Muschenheim, M.D., Chairman, National Committee on Indian Health, Association on American Indian Affairs, Inc.

POLITICAL SYSTEMS

Editor:

I have often watched the political system on our reservation.

The problem is the conflict between the leaders and the people. I believe this conflict reveals the illness of the political system.

We are people who are desperately trying to survive. Our present leader knows the way of survival because he has somehow brought industry and housing to our reservation. The physical aspects reveal hard work and good planning.

But what I am most concerned with are the mental aspects of our reservation. Many of us with Indian hearts are ashamed of what has and is happening.

We question the reservation's future. Our mental aspects are in need of survival.

We need a dedicated leader who can reassure us of our prosperity and achievements.

Whether he be full-blood, half-breed, or mixed blood, dedication and unselfishness are the ideal aspects of a true leader.

This is what we need, a person who fights without propaganda, without a threat of righteousness and justifying wrong-doers.

Let us keep in mind the goals yet to be accomplished and the need of survival.

Let us once again unite and overcome our difficulties in our tribe. This is needed if we want to achieve an unbiased and unselfish government. Floyd K. Oliver, 19, Rosebud, S. Dak.

Co-editors of THE INDIAN are Birgil Kills Straight, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, 57770 and Frank LaPointe, Rosebud, South Dakota, 57570.

September 25, 1969



Bea Medicine, Vermillion, (third from right), explains the background of these Indian costumes to various participants in South Dakota State University's Summer Program in Cultural Enrichment.

(Spice). The costumes are from Miss Medicine's own collection.

Listening to the explanation are from left Mrs. Stephen Ansley, Brookings; Mrs. George Gulbranson, Trent; Gi-

nnie Robertson, Flandreau; Beulah Kelson, Salem; Maxine Wallum, DeSmet; Miss Medicine; Martha Rusch, Woonsocket, and Zella Larson, Winner.

Young Indians Take Challenges

If I may be allowed, at this time to use the words spoken by Tecumseh the greatest of all Shawnee which are burned into my heart, "My forefathers were warriors and their son is a warrior. From them I take only my existence, from my tribe, nothing. Oh, that I may make the fortunes of my own red people and of my country as great as the conceptions of my mind, when I think of the Great Spirit that rules this Universe."

Perhaps we are seeing a new opportunity of throwing off the shackles that have bound us for so long and will see the dawn of a new era.

An heretofore unfelt dignity and the self respect of political freedom which have been denied us for so long. As Tecumseh put it, "The being within me, communing with the past ages, tells me that once and lately, there were no white men on this land: that it then belonged to the red man, children of the parents placed on it by the Great Spirit that made them, to keep it, to traverse it, to enjoy its productions and to fill it with the same race. When the white man came we were and still are, being cheated, beaten and coerced out of what was and is rightfully ours."

But we are coming up with a new breed of young Indian, determined peoples, who know the law and their rights.

We have given our all and cannot and will not take one more backward step.

If we have to stand and be slaughtered, then you may rest assured that it will not be a one-sided affair, as our forefathers were at say, Fallen Timbers. Punished Woman

Creek, the Rosebud, the Sappa, or Medicine Hat, etc, or suffer as our people, the Cherokee did on their human Trail of Tears, Wounded Knee, or Fort Robinson.

Or as our people did led by Black Kettle, Osceola, Mangus Colorado, Chief Joseph, Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse,

INDIAN PEOPLE'S ORIGIN

Editor:

At various times in history wild guesses have been made by scholars referring to American Indians as Egyptians, Greeks, Phoenicians, Chinese, Romans, Japanese, Welsh, or Irish.

Some have guessed that the American Indians can via the Lost Continent of Atlantis and Mu, or both.

The notion that they were descendants of the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel was once very popular.

Today, modern science has proved that the American Indians are far older than any of the races they were claimed to be.

Discoveries have been made proving that the earliest Americans were here along with the animals now extinct--giant ground sloths, prehistoric horses, mammoths, and mastodons.

Tests and other evidences have set men in America back probably to 20,000 years ago and a recent find near Pueblo, New Mexico may push him back to well before 30,000 years.

At some unknown time after 100,000 years ago that the ancestors of American Indians arrived in the still untouched (by the human race), New World.

Lame White Man, Dull Knife, Big Foot, Tecumseh and Pontiac, just to mention a few.

We must speak loud and be heard when we say "THIS LAND IS OURS". These freedoms are also ours, for we had them before your people ever came to these shores.

If the American Indians can and some undoubtedly can claim from those early people of 15,000 to 20,000 years ago then they are far the oldest known race on earth.

One assumption (based on scientific facts) is that they could have crossed over via The Bering Strait from the Old World.

After entering the New World, there was a very gradual movement toward the south, where a warmer climate and plenty of game ever beckoned them finally migrating to the Pacific and Atlantic coasts.

We came from beneath the ground, the legends say.

We climbed up to the light from the bowels of our holy mountain, accompanied by different species of animals.

For all the differences in language and customs, there seemed to be some basic beliefs these people have in common.

They strongly believed in the harmony of things, with nature and divine beings.

They believed that land was something that could not be sold.

It was regarded as sacred, bringing forth multitudes of food, shelter materials, clothing materials, and other homely things.

Barbara J. Begay
P.O. Box 212
Kayenta, Arizona

The Warpath

UNITED NATIVE AMERICANS LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE - CHULCHUI (SAN FRANCISCO)
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P.O. BOX 26149
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94126

OMAHA AND WINNEBAGO - BOYCOTT

In July, 1969 a letter appeared in a number of newspapers in the State of Nebraska denouncing all Indians and stereo-typing us as a group of near "animals". This letter of hate and ill-will revealed the true feelings of the white community in this "Racist" area. The Indian has long known the true feelings of the whites in this and other areas, but this is one of the few times they have poured out their "Racist, Hate and Garbage" so openly through the white press. This letter also contained the names of many so-called leading citizens in the Walthill Community, who have made their living by exploiting the very people they condemned. Of course, the printed form of the letter did not carry the names of these "White, Christian, Bigots", just their narrow-minded views. Nebraska has long been known for its mis-treatment of Indian people, and if you doubt this, try and find an Indian who is employed in this state. Look on the state employment rolls, the county rolls and the city rolls. Check the arrest records and you will find they look like Indians are the only people in the state, "or the only offenders." The white police also find it hard to arrest other whites, but they search out Indians and dream up charges, when there are none. Police brutality, discrimination and prejudice are overflowing in this wonderful state of Nebraska.

With this final blow of degradation the Omaha and Winnebago tribes banded together in this fight and formed an "Economic Boycott" against the Walthill Community. This boycott is not the first and it won't be the last, but when word of their success and full-hearted support of the Indian people involved in this effort reaches other reservations, who knows, other boycotts may emerge.

In the early days of the boycott, much publicity was put forth by the news media. People for hundreds of square miles around the reservation areas became aware of the fact that finally the Omaha and Winnebago Indian people were going to FIGHT BACK! To FIGHT BACK against our enemies as we once did many generations past. To FIGHT BACK against our present day enemies--racism, bigotry, and prejudice. To FIGHT BACK, not with war clubs, lances, and tomahawks, but with ideas, words, and organization. To FIGHT BACK against the stereotype image that has held us back for too long. To FIGHT BACK in order to maintain a culture and ideology which we revere as our own, handed down to us from our beloved forefathers.

Now, you ask, what has happened since we started all of this?

1. The B.I.A. Winnebago Agency has curtailed all expenditures in the Walthill community.
2. The U.S.P.H.S. Winnebago Hospital has curtailed all expenditures in the village of Walthill.
3. The Macy and Winnebago Head Start Policy Advisory Committees have passed a resolution to purchase Head Start foodstuffs in other areas.
4. The Omaha Tribal Council has ceased all purchases and expenditures in Walthill.
5. The Winnebago Tribal Council had ceased all purchases and expenditures in Walthill.
6. The Winnebago Village Board has passed a motion to move all accounts (presently in the area of 7 or 8 thousand dollars, with confirmed prospects in the immediate future of some \$135,000 in EDA grant funds) out of the Walthill bank to banks in other areas.
7. Numerous other civic and social organizations on the reservations have ceased purchasing and moved their accounts to other areas.
8. Pressure is being exerted in various areas (central staff, Board of Directors, and Regional Office) to

- bring about more positive action from our local anti-poverty agency, Goldenrod Hills Community Action Council.
9. The Wichita Regional Office of the U.S. Postal Service has informed the Winnebago Tribal Council they will be sending an official to investigate the circumstances of how this controversial letter originated and came to be signed by 67 non-Indian members of the Walthill community, among them two Walthill Postal Department employees.
 10. Many Indian persons having checking accounts and saving accounts with the Walthill bank have transferred these accounts to other areas. (Example, an elderly Winnebago widow in excess of \$2,700 from the Walthill bank on August 18th.)
 11. Reports from friendly non-Indian Walthill residents indicate that orders from bakeries and dairies have been substantially reduced due to the lack of a market, some business places will have to lay off sales clerks and other personnel in the near future, sale of alcoholic beverages has been greatly reduced.
- These are just a few of our accomplishments since the boycott has gone into effect. We have been effective because we have been united.

CHOLOS & INDIANS UNITED

—Jack D. Forbes, University of California, Davis

Throughout the Americas there are 50 and 70 million people who in the past have been called all kinds of names, most of them bad ones. They have been called Mestizos, Half-Breeds, Half-Bloods, Metis, Ladinos, Coyotes, and just plain "Breeds." All of these names are either derogatory or are general names which can be applied to any kind of person of mixed race (for example, a Chinese-Filipino person is a "Mestizo" in the Philippines).

Only one Native American Indian name has ever been widely used for Indian-White mixed-bloods and that is "Cholo." Cholo refers only to Indian-White mixed-bloods and not to other kinds of mixtures. It is a unique, old Indian word. It is still used today from Mexico to Peru as a synonym for Mestizo and also to refer to an Indian who has taken up European ways to some degree. For example, an Indian woman who becomes a merchant and who begins wearing semi-white clothing comes to be thought of as a Cholo. That is, her culture or way of life has become mixed and she is no longer completely accepted by traditional Indian people.

So in the Americas today we have two kinds of Cholos, those who are physically of mixed-race and those who are all-Indian by blood but of mixed culture. In many ways these two kinds of people are the same, since they are "in-between" people. They belong fully to neither the Indian Community or to the non-Indian Community, and that is the fate of the Cholo, to be pulled back and forth by conflicting desires and to be pushed back and forth by conflicting forces.

In the United States and Canada most true Cholos (those of mixed race) have either moved in with the White population or, if living on a reservation, have tended to identify with white values and culture. Some Cholos have managed to throw off any split-personality and have become all-Indian in their identity, especially in areas such as California or Eastern Oklahoma where most members of Indian tribes are of mixed race. But on many reservations Cholos never cease to be "breeds" because the "Full-Bloods" will not accept them or because it is financially rewarding to move in a White direction.

Nowadays, many Cholos have made a de-

cision to be Indian and they are trying their best to work in the Indian liberation struggle. But many thousands (perhaps millions) of Cholos of predominantly White ancestry continue to live in a "psychological no-man's land," being neither white nor Indian.

How can these thousands or millions of Cholos be given a role in the Indian liberation struggle? How can they be given an opportunity to rediscover their Indian heritage? How can they be educated so that they do not unknowingly or knowingly harm Indian people?

Many outstanding Indian leaders of the past were Cholos (John Ross of the Cherokees was only 1/8 Cherokee by blood). Many outstanding freedom-fighters such as Henry Berry Lowrie of North Carolina and Tiburcio Vasquez of California were Cholos. But at the same time there were sell-out Cholos such as McIntosh of the Creeks and LeFlore of the Choctaws.

But can Cholos be organized and can Indians learn to work with, and accept, Cholo collaboration? We should not deceive ourselves about the past history of Cholo-Indian rivalry and antagonism, fostered by white racism and colonialist "divide and conquer" techniques. Also we should not forget that in many "Claims Cases" the off-reservation Indians and Cholos, anxious for per capita payments, represent a threat to on-reservation development. And in some termination battles, the same alliance of off-reservation Indians and Cholos sometimes seek to divide up and sell the reservation (as at Klamath Lake and Colville.)

When Cholos (and off-reservation Indians) behave in an anti-Indian manner it is usually due to ignorance or to poverty, both results of colonialism. Cholos who are liberated from white mis-education and who understand the total Cholo-Indian interest in long-range economic development will not be fooled by Claims Case lawyers and BIA terminationists. But this re-education can only be accomplished if an effort is made to reach the Cholo-people and to organize them. What is your group doing to accomplish this goal?

UNITED NATIVE AMERICANS INC.



JACK D. FORBES

Dr. Forbes, vice-president of U.N.A. and one of its founders, recently left the Far West Laboratory at Berkeley where was director of research for minority education. Dr. Forbes is now head of Indian education at the University of California at Davis. Dr. Forbes has taught at a number of major colleges around the country and is recognized as one of the leading Indian educators and historians on Native Americans.

MISS BEA MEDICINE

Miss Bea Medicine, noted anthropologist and historian, is now teaching at San Francisco State College. She was employed at the University of South Dakota with the Indian Studies Institute. Miss Medicine is a full blood "Sioux" Indian and is a credit to her tribe and people. Miss Medicine will teach courses in anthropology and in the new Indian studies department.

Congratulations, Bea. You are San Francisco's gain!

U.N.A. Warpath, Bumper Stickers, Buttons and Posters for Sale

Bumper Stickers

1. Indian Power
2. Custer Had It Coming.
3. Indians Discovered America.
4. Impeach Hickel.
5. Stop The War On Indians--Impeach Hickel.

Buttons

1. Indian Power
2. United Native American

Posters

1. Geronimo (34 by 22 inches)
 2. Custer Picture with caption, "Let's Win This War And Get The Hell Out!"
- Bumper Stickers are 50¢ each with the exception of Impeach Hickel (2 for 25¢). Buttons are 25¢ each. Posters are \$1.00 each. Warpath-25¢ each.

U.N.A. will give wholesale rates on the above items to Organizations, Businesses, and individuals who want to sell our products. Only orders of 50 or more will be entitled to this special rate. All orders must include postage.

United Native Americans

Anyone wanting to start a chapter or U.N.A., please contact the headquarters in San Francisco, California.

U.N.A. has chapters now at the following college campuses.

1. Berkeley, Calif.
2. Santa Cruz, Calif.
3. Davis, Calif.
4. Cal. State in Los Angeles.

Contact: United Native Americans Inc.
P.O. Box 26149
San Francisco, Calif. 94126

Robbing the Eskimos —

Oil companies are thick as locusts in the north country, these days, and crooked land deals are everywhere. The smell of oil has damned started this migration into the lands of the Eskimo, and the old term, "Might is Right" strikes again. If the white power structure moves the Native Americans in Alaska anymore, they should put them on "wheels" to make it easier. Because every time the government thinks there is oil under them, they move them to another place. If this keeps up, the Eskimo's will be living on Poontoons and Boat houses in the ocean. This is by far the biggest land swindle since 1887 when the U.S. Government framed the "Daves Act" or better known as the Allotment Act, in which they stole 90 million acres from the American Indians.

100 years from now, white people will look back on this land theft in Alaska and say it never should have happened. They will gush all over some Eskimo or Indian and say how terrible it was, tears will flow all over, and the crooked politicians and oil companies will build a few libraries in honor of the Eskimo's and a few other interested Native Americans.

Where are all the gushers now when they are needed, and where are all the religious groups that are constantly saving our souls? Why in the hell don't they try and save our lands, and what about the good old conservation groups? Where are they? Money talks, and we the Native American don't have any money, so evidently we can't say anything. But then again, who would listen? Recently an article came out in one of the major papers explaining how one group of Eskimo's have tried since 1950 to obtain ownership of their land. They sent countless letters asking to buy this land and filling out forms. But never any answer, this went on until the 1960's, and still no answer. Now that oil has been discovered, the land has suddenly been sold to a large oil company, and the Eskimo's will be forced off land that has been theirs for hundreds of years.

Where is the good old Bureau of Indian Affairs who is supposed to help the Native Americans, where is the Bureau of Land Management, and where are the politicians who profess their sympathy to our causes?

During this theft of Eskimo land, the loss will amount to over 262 million acres which also contains one of the richest oil finds in the world, and possibly the richest. Might is right I guess?

MANY SMOKE

Published quarterly in Reno, Nevada and dedicated to Universal Indian Brotherhood.
 Editor and Publisher SUN BEAR
 Managing Editor LAUGHING DEER
 P.O. Box 5895, Reno, Nevada 89503

SUMMER, 1969

THE CODE OF HANDSOME LAKE

Handsome Lake, the Seneca prophet, was born in 1735. The general background of his life can be guessed at by reading his code.

It is known that Handsome Lake was a victim of the white man's whisky, and that he became miserably ill from the use of it. He lay in bed for four years at the home of a married daughter who cared for him with devotion. Many times he thought he would die, and he would hope to live another day. After a close brush with death he recovered, and began to discuss the revelations he had in his illness.

At the beginning there are four things which Handsome Lake warned his people against. The very first was One'ga' (whiskey or rum). He said that it was not made for the Indian people, but for the white man for medicine, and that the white man's misuse of it was no reason for the Indians to use it. The next warning is against Got'gon' which is witchcraft, and any evil done with witchcraft. The third thing he spoke against was Gawennedus'ha, or the evil use of charms. The fourth was Yondwi'nias swa'yas (she cuts off by abortion).

Handsome Lake also had a great deal to say about the manner in which married people should live. He said that all married people should avoid quarreling, especially in front of children. He also spoke against gossip of any kind.

There are certain of the old dances that Handsome Lake spoke in favor of doing. Most of these were the dances thanking the Creator for good harvests. He encouraged people to go to the longhouses for the celebration of hearing the Great Ruler's message.

"Now another message to tell your people.

"The Creator has sanctioned four dances for producing a joyful spirit and he has placed them in the keeping of Honon'diont (overseers or keepers of ceremonies, often women) who have authority over them. The Creator has ordered that on certain times and occasions there should be thanksgiving ceremonies. At such times all must thank the Creator that they live. After that, let the chiefs thank him for the ground and the things on the ground and then upward to the heaven-world where he is. Let the children and old folk come and give thanks. Let the old women who can scarcely walk come. They may lean against the middle benches and after listening to three or four songs must say, "I thank the Great Ruler that I have seen this day." Then will the Creator call them right before him.

"It seems that you have never known that when Osto'wago'wa was being celebrated that one of the four beings was in the midst of it, but it is so. Now when the time for dancing comes you must wash your faces and comb your hair, paint your face with red spots on either cheek, and with a thankful heart go to the ceremony. This preparation will be sufficient, therefore, do not let your style of dress hold you back.

"You have not previously been aware that when a Godi'ont is appointed that you have not appointed her. No, for the Great Ruler has chosen her. A road leads from the feet of every godi'ont and hodi'ont toward heaven. Truly this is so only of they who do right before the Creator."

So they said and he said. Eniaiehuk.

Since about 1500, the Iroquois have been a highly advanced tribe and highly organized politically. They had the Iroquois Constitution, Iroquois Confederacy, or Great Binding Law which protected the Five Nations, and, in 1724, the Six Nations. The Great Binding Law never was written down com-

pletely until probably this century, but instead, it was passed down from mouth to mouth, and from heart to heart.

The tribes belonging to the Confederacy were the Seneca, Mohawk, Cayuga, Oneida, Onondaga, and the Tuscarora. Dekanawida was said to be the original founder of the Confederacy, and it is said that he was born for the purpose of a virgin mother. All parts of the Great Binding Law were designed for the benefit of all the people. There were representatives, or "lords" from each of the tribes, and there were laws regulating the behavior and actions of these "lords." These women's councils were the electing body, and they were the ones who also removed any lord who acted foolishly.

"These 'lords' or civil chiefs were nominated by certain noble women in whose families the titles were hereditary; the nominations were confirmed by popular councils both of men and of women and finally by the confederate council. Women and great power for not only could they nominate their rulers but also depose them for incompetency in office. Here, then we find the right of popular nomination, the right of recall and of woman suffrage, all flourishing in the old America of the Red Man and centuries before it became the clamor of the new America of the white invader. Who now shall call Indians and Iroquois savages?" (*Parker on the Iroquois*, ed. Wm. N. Fenton, 1968)

The Great Message, or Gai'wio', was another example of high thinking, and an advanced train of thought. Together, it and the Great Binding Law illustrate today a remarkable civilization which flourished unaided by the sophisticated white man.

RESPECT OUR
EARTH MOTHER.

DON'T BE A
LITTERBUG.

UTE LEGENDS

retold by Spotted Dog

THE CREATION

At first the Manitou, the Spirit of All, lived alone in his beautiful land in the sky, but after a while he was lonely and looked for new things to do. So he took a stone and made a hole in the floor of his land, which is our sky, and peeked through at the nothingness below. Then he poured snow and rain through the hole, and dirt and rocks from his floor. After many days he looked down and saw a big mountain of dirt and rocks and snow, and a great flat land stretching away beyond. The Manitou wanted to see what was down there, so he made the hole in our sky bigger and crawled through to the top of the mountain. He saw that the new land was vast, but it was only bare rock and dirt. So he reached down and touched the land, and wherever his fingers touched there were trees and forests and green things. The sunshine came through the hole in the sky and melted the snow; and streams and rivers flowed, and lakes and seas were formed, and grasses and flowers grew. The land was very beautiful, and the Manitou walked around and sat by the streams and was very pleased.

But after a while he was lonely and wanted to share the beautiful land he had made. So he took his staff, and with the small end he made the fishes, and he breathed life on them and put them in the streams, and they leaped and swam away. Then the Manitou went to the forest and took handfuls of dry leaves from the ground, and blew them into the air, and they grew wings and were birds. From the oak leaves came the eagles and ravens; from the aspen came the jay. The birds sang and made beautiful music for the Manitou. Then from the middle of his staff he made animals, antelope and buffalo and coyote and rabbits. He looked at all he had made, and then he sat down to rest. But pretty soon all the new life began to fight and to kill each other. When the Manitou saw this his heart was sick. So with the large end of his staff he made one more animal, and gave to it his own strength and wisdom, and made him to rule all the

Today there is a great need for communication between tribal groups, Indians, and those who would serve or help Indians. We also have a great need to get the word out to young people.

We are interested at this time in reaching the college level. I have been invited to set up an Indian studies course at one college in southern California which I will be teaching in November. It will cover the following fields: a course in the art department on Indian art, a biology class on the Indian relationship to the land and animal and plant life around him, and a history class which will give a historical background of our people and a brief word on various tribes and their encounters with the white man, treaties made and broken, and so forth. In American Indian philosophy we will discuss the *why's* and *wherefor's* behind our thinking as a people and why a people were able to function for a thousand years without a policeman on every corner. It will tell the story of Indian thinking and feeling and the sense of balance with the land. That is one need for communication.

Communication is necessary so that our people, the American Indian, will no longer be put in a position of accepting programs from federal agencies that do not really answer to his needs.

Another thing, Federal Government. What kind of experts have you always given us? The guy that is riding on a federal payroll because he's either too lazy or hasn't got the guts to get out and make a buck elsewhere. The "I can't"-type people that you've had sitting around the BIA for the last 20 years with lard in their heads and bottoms both. If the Indian is supposed to compete in a capitalistic society, well then, by God, please send us someone who's made or lost a buck or two in his time.

Sun Bear



SUN BEAR will be available as of May 1 as consultant or lecturer. Experience working with many tribes, community development, program planning, self-help projects. Interested in working with tribal groups in planning industrial, business, or recreation development. Not a desk man. Can get a job done in the field.

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THIS YEAR.

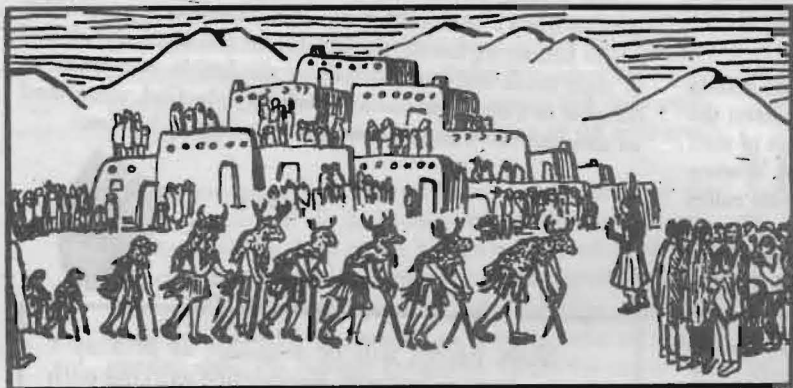
WATCHING THE DEER DANCE

by Rini de Puy

On Christmas Day, and on New Year's Day, and on January 6th, there are dances at the various Indian Pueblos. The winter is hunting season, and perhaps that is why most of the dances on these days are animal dances: the buffalo, eagle, turtle and deer have given their name to ceremonies held on these days.

The dance will start soon after dawn. It is biting cold, with the sun still behind the snowy mountains. You stand stomping your feet and blowing on your hands, feeling frozen in a warm coat. You watch other non-Indian visitors huddle in their parked cars, or stomp up and down trying to keep warm. Gradually the people from the Pueblo come out and stand on rooftops and along the sides of the plaza.

There is the sound of a drum, and towards the snowy plaza comes a line of beautiful, fantastic beings, dancing to the beat of the drum, with many voices chanting behind them. They wear the antlers and skins of deer, and carry sticks in their hands to give them the animals' front legs.



In the Deer Dance, like most of the animal dances, a group of older men stand around the drum, endlessly chanting as the drum beats and beats, and the feet of the younger men and boys pound on the cold earth. Around some dancers legs are anklets of shells that add their dry sound to the rhythm, and in their hands gourds that rattle and little spruce sprigs that show up green in the two long lines of bronze bodies and tawny skins. Two beautiful, stately women, who are said to represent the deer mothers, dance back and forth between and around the deer.

Adobe buildings rise from the earth they are made of, shining in the sun. Some Indian men wear brightly striped blankets, others use modern jackets, and the women use both shawls and modern coats; they and the visitors, too, make a mosaic of brightest colors against the background of adobe. There is at the same time tremendous peace and tremendous excitement. Everything is shared, the singing and dancing and praying, and the later visiting to other houses for feasts. (Often so many friends and relatives come that the women will serve the table three or more times, until everyone has enjoyed the feast of meat, chili, home baked bread, posole and capirotda.)

San Juan, San Ildefonso, Acoma, Jemez, Tesuque, Picuris, and Taos each year invite visitors to join them on the days of their dances. It is both pleasure and privilege to go and watch the dances; it is a visit to another time. The Indian Pueblos are islands of people whose continent has been submerged beneath centuries of time and the powerful spread of an alien culture. These islands still rise, still live, in our mountain north; they maintain ways that are hundreds and thousands of years old. And after all that the white man has done to kill the Indian, and all that he is still doing to rob and diminish the Indian, in spite of all this, they still invite us to come to the dances that mark the important times in the year's turning.

The Indians here had celebrations at this time of year even before the Spaniards brought the stories of the Virgen de Guadalupe and Christmas, and the Dia de los Tres Reyes. They have held solemn and joyful celebrations since the beginning of their time—as perhaps all men have—in these days when the sun 'leaves his winter house' and the days begin to lengthen again.

These dances are as old as the consciousness that makes men human. There is a certain triumph of the spirit in the way they have survived so long at the margin of, sometimes in opposition to, the most powerful of man's inhuman institutions. The white man has chopped and hacked and fired and sawn at Indian culture with every tool and weapon available to him. Ironical that now, (for tourism and to alleviate his own boredom), he turns his bleary patronizing eye on the fruits and flowers of Indian culture (as on certain aspects of chicano culture) and says "Oh, how nice. Come visit New Mexico. Lots of local color. Picturesque New Mexico, the Land of Enchantment!"

But the white man's system has become so cruel and bankrupt of human values that white people themselves have begun to look for change, for alternatives. The men who control that culture are so blindly caught up that they try to kill whole nations, and send their own sons to be killed killing, rather than accept living side by side with other peoples' ways.

Some of us feel that we are indeed fortunate to have other, living, cultures in New Mexico. [We do not want just to look at crafts or ceremonies for a bit of added color or something 'interesting'—we wish to learn what we can from people whose whole way of life is one of harmony with the whole world. That is why we are so deeply moved when we are able to be a small, watching part of these beautiful ceremonies.]

We do not want to go backwards. But neither do we want to exchange our right to a dignified life on this planet for a manipulated run through the plastic rat race. We do not want to celebrate Christmas by buying monopoly games for our 7-year olds and then our seventeen-year olds go to get killed defending monopolies for real.

We want to celebrate Christmas, or the time of the year's solar or calendar change, as we want to live: in our own ways, but with dignity and humanity. From the old ways of the people in the mountain north, we have much to learn.

EL GRITO

Route 2, Box 5
Española, N.M. 87532

DEL NORTE



BLA SPEAKS WITH FORKED TONGUE

In the May 19 EL GRITO, there was a story about charges of brutality against students at the Chilocco (Oklahoma) boarding school which has about 840 Indian students and is run by the BIA. The charges were brought by the BIA itself; they included "criminal malpractices" and "physical and mental perversion by school staff members, such as the handcuffing from a suspended pipe of both boys and girls who were suspected of drinking beer."

The BIA later issued a report which CONTRADICTS ITS OWN CRITICISMS. It says there isn't any brutality at the school, while cautiously admitting there was a "leadership problem." The new report doesn't mention what specific changes would be made. As far as the BIA goes, that's the end of the matter. Ignore things and maybe they'll go away is the Great White Ostrich's final word.

But some people know better. Dr. Shirley Witt of Albuquerque, an anthropologist of Mohawk background, is one of these. She said that Chilocco was "like a detention compound. It's the toughest. But that is not to say that things are good in Indian boarding schools in general."

Herb Blatchford, manager of the Gallup Indian Community Center, had this to say: "We get stories from time to time about Chilocco and other schools. We're bucking a system here that is so absorbing of the self-confidence of the students that it's very difficult to fight against, because of the overpowering resources—the manipulative powers—they have. They'll pacify almost any situation without correcting the problem."

Both Blatchford and Mrs. Witt sharply criticized

idea of taking Indian children away from the reservations to attend schools, as well as the kind of education they receive. "Anglos would not put up with boarding schools for their kids if they were of this nature—for the purpose of brainwashing their kids from the time they are 6 on." The system, Mrs. Witt said, alienates the children from their families and their people.

Benjamin Barney, a Navajo student now at St. John's College in Santa Fe, said much the same thing and told stories of how the government teachers forbade Indian children to speak their native language and urged them not to pay attention to their parents. He had been punished with floor-scrubbing assignments for talking Navajo in school with friends.

Blatchford said the purpose of the boarding schools was to educate needy Indian children from communities which have inadequate educational facilities. "Why is the building done away from the reservation?" he asked. Mrs. Witt talked about a projected "Multi-million dollar Indian school scheduled for Albuquerque as proof that the policy isn't improving. "Why Albuquerque? Why not the reservation?"

We know the answer, of course: because it is easier to take over the children's minds if they are far from home.



THE GREAT WHITE MYTH

by Paul Prensley and Joyce Gardner

There's a conflict between cultures. You get Indian kids trying to be white, and anglo kids trying to be Indians. When you see a boy like Dale Suazo, an Indian trying to be an Indian, (fighting his high school principal for the 'right' to wear his hair in the traditional Indian manner) you feel proud, whoever you are.

But then you realize how stupid it is for that kind of conflict to be what school is about. The Great White Public (compulsory) School System is just a training ground for the Great White (compulsory) Society. And it's self-evident that having to be 'integrated' into that society is not only stupid—it's tragic. Not only is it a lie, its actual function is first of all the destruction of our cultural environment. This nuclear, inhuman, middle-class war society calls itself 'normal' and those who oppose its murderous influences are punishable by imprisonment or death.

If you have any integrity at all, you realize that you and your kids are going to have to go a long way back in order to discover and live what it really means to be a Man or a Woman—simply a Human Being.

Speaking out of our own experience, we see a lot of young anglo people breaking with their past, with the 'tradition' of exploitation. They come to the country and refuse to work for money—they work instead with their hands and their bodies, and develop a deep respect for the old Indian and Chicano ways, living close to the earth, helping their neighbors, fighting in whatever ways they can for what they believe in.

And then it seems strange, and sad, to see young Chicano and Indian kids going to the white man's schools and trying to be like white men, when most of their own parents and grandparents are so much more to be respected. And as soon as you start seeing North American history like it really is, then you realize that almost none of the famous Whitemen had any integrity, any human values, any values at all besides those of money and property. The Indian people, on the other hand, lived in relative peace, without money, without private property, and with a deep respect for human individuality and a love of and holy relationship with the earth and the heavens.

But the history of the white man on this continent reads like an expose sheet. What about the great Declaration of Independence and the Constitution for instance? The people who made these 'revolutionary' documents into "the law of the land" spent weeks arguing whether black people (all slaves) were to be equal to 2/5 of a person, 4/5 of a person, or not to be legally considered people at all. They finally

compromised on 3/5 of a person, and that is what the Constitution says about black people. That is what the slave-owners Washington and Jefferson felt to be justice. Can you imagine men thinking and acting that way?

So what does all this history have to do with the present? What does it have to do with the struggle to create and re-create our own culture, free of the compulsions imposed by the United States? Well, let's take Vietnam for example. Uncle Death has dropped more bombs on tiny Vietnam than were used by all nations in the Second World War. And yet he has all but lost the war. Why is this so? He never lost one before! What is it that the people of Vietnam are doing that works to defeat the most deadly War-Machine in the world's history? It's certainly not their technological superiority. It must be that Vietnamese culture—as expressed in everyday life—is the key to the liberation of their land and lives. It must be that a peoples' culture—Vietnamese, Chicano, American Indian, or whatever—is their most important and precious heritage.

The important thing, then, is this—why should any of us have to send our children to schools where they are robbed of their own and each others' cultures? Where they are taught the false values of private property and money, of supposed "law and order,"? Where they are processed into "useful members of society," and separated from their humanity? Isn't it time we began to create our own schools and find our own teachers, in order to pass on to our children and to remember for ourselves, together, the true meaning of La Justicia y La Verdad?

These schools would have to do without the sanction of the "authorities" and would not count towards "college" as we presently know it. If they were to be real and replace the false motives that the U.S. thrives on, we would have to fight to keep them open. We ourselves would have to be united and strong in our determination that our children, the new life, grow up free of the "civilization" which has done all it can to stamp out their traditions and natural rights. We ourselves would have to recreate our communal heritage and be free in all ways of having to depend on American society, like the people of the Cooperative Agricultura de Tierra Amarilla and the Pueblo Republic of San Joaquin del Rio de Chama are beginning to be.

Self-sufficient communities and the liberation of education depend on each other. It's time we did more than join an organization, or support one. It's time we put our whole lives into the struggle, for only in that way will we win our whole lives back.

HISTORY WRITTEN IN LAKE NIPIGON'S INDIAN NAMES

Most of the more significant islands, mountains and rivers on the Lake Nipigon area once had Indian names.

No doubt because the Indian names were often quite lengthy and difficult to pronounce, the majority took on translated names and sometimes entirely new ones.

Even now, local residents often use English names for rivers and lakes which on the map continue to have Indian names. As an example, if we were to ask Lake Nipigon area residents how to get to Kaiashk Bay, few would be able to help us, because almost everyone refers to the location as Gull Bay.

Similarly, on the east side of Lake Nipigon, one could have difficulty being directed to the Manewaminikan River, because almost everyone calls it the Sturgeon River.

Much Indian history is also written into place names. An example is the Indian name for High Hill Harbour along the east side of Lake Nipigon near the present Blacklands Provincial Park. The Indian name is Tchi-bai - iag Kebakekipkishknowad which means 'dead people piled in one heap covered over with rocks and boulders.'

The dead people referred to were casualties in the Battle of Lake Nipigon, between the Sioux and Ojibway.

Some other interesting names from the Lake Nipigon area and their origins, as researched by MacDiarmid Division Ranger Joseph W. Auger, of the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests are:

Gorge Creek--Derived from the Indian name, 'Pinjtawag-bikang' meaning 'precipitous shore line' or 'rock out entrance.'

Reflection Lake--Gets its name from nearby Mefinstasin Mountain which is shortened from 'Misinatabegisin', meaning 'images reflecting over calm waters.'

Caribou Island--From 'Adik - onok' meaning 'Caribou Island.' In the earlier years caribou regularly used to yard, graze and shelter on this Lake Nipigon Island which rises to a height of 1350 feet above sea level.

Undercliff Mountain--Located on the west side of Lake Nipigon this mountain rises about 1200 feet above sea level and plunges to a depth of 40 fathoms with four feet of shore. The Indian name is 'Kichikabika' meaning 'precipitous mountain submerged under the water.'

Chisel Point--Located near MacDiarmid, the point gets its name from the Indian expression 'Eshgan-Nabik' meaning 'rock shaped like a chisel.'

Tchiatong Bluff -- Along the south shore of Black Sturgeon Bay on the southwest of Nipigon, this bluff is named in honour of an elderly Indian and his family who lived across from the Bluff.



A POEM BY ADRIAN HOPE

On the eastern shore
in the days of yore
my people did abide
with worries few
or troubles too
they'd watch the evening tide

they'd always greet
and then they'd treat
the stranger with a welcome
to eat their fare
their fortunes share
good food that was wholesome

then the white man came
seeking fortune and fame
with a culture that of hoarding
and so with speed
and a lot of greed
he took worth for storing

he claimed the lands
of all Indian bands
the lakes the forest and streams
a pittance he gave
but all must behave
and nothing was theirs so it seem

Our religion was wrong
with drum beat and song
this we were told was true
we must change our ways
to lengthen our days
no matter what happens to you

Our culture must go
our children must grow
to be like the whites we are told
now we have to strive
to deal and conive
for fortune in dollars and gold

Our speech it must change
to a language so strange
when spoken sounds odd to our ears
now we have to write
for existence to fight
for survival we have our fears

Our pride's getting low
understandings are slow
to speak with two meanings we must
so please understand
all you Indian bands
to learn them, we have to or bust
when we make a deal
be sure that you feel
what ever you do it be right
because you will find
what you had in mind
to get it you sure have to fight.

-ADRIAN HOPE

NATIVE FORUM

Dear sir:

I read this passage in 'Think Indian...The New Indian,' but I think it is appropriate.

"White Act" will be introduced to protect the people from themselves. Reservations are being set up to enable the people to learn how to live like human beings. This legislation is being put forward by Indian people of North America who are concerned that, unless the government intervenes, the WHITE MAN WILL DESTROY HIMSELF."

A Reader.



I AM AN INDIAN

They have disgraced me,
And hindered me for years,
Laughed at my speech, looks, food
clothes and home;
Laughed at my friends, and later
Became my enemies. Why?
What is your reason?

I am an Indian.
Has not an Indian eyes?
Has not an Indian hands, organs, dimensions,
Senses, affections, passions?
Fed with the same food,
Hurt with the same diseases,
Subject to the same means,
Warmed by the same summers,
Cooled by the same winters
As any other being.

If you prick us, we will bleed;
If you tickle us, we will laugh;
If you poison us, we will die;
And if you wrong us,
Shall we not revenge, as you would?
If an Indian wrongs,
What is his humility? Revenge?
The things you teach me, I will execute.
It will be hard, but I will better it for my needs.

By Naz Theriault

"I Went Down to the River to Die"

The white man and his ways
Have ended my father's days;
Today, I see my mother cry,
When she saw the lonely night go by.
The movement from the reservation
Will result into a complication.
The livelihood of my father,
My people and my grandfather,
Will probe deeper and farther
To unknown beaches, unknown to man,
The blue skies, the green forests,
Our roof and our protection.
It will sooner or later be recognized by men,
That this is our life, our resurrection.
So, today, I went down to the river to die,
On the bank under the blue sky, I will lie.
The forests all about me
Reveal my childhood,
My happiness,
And my dreams.

Ernie Wanakamik, Armstrong



Indian Recipes

Loon

Burn well the feathers off, til the skin is shiny and a clean black. Cut it up into chunks, and boil for 25 minutes. You might add a piece of salt pork. Mix a cup of flour with water, and pour into the pot while it is boiling. Cook for ten minutes.

Indian Breakfast

Fry small chunks of moose meat in hot grease, and add water and salt. After meat is cooked add rolled oats to make a thick porridge. Cook for approximately ten minutes. Serve with bannock, dipping it into the porridge.

CANADA LYNX
(TA-ON-TA-NE-KEN-
KO-WA)

PARTRIDGE
(O-KWE-SEN)

RABBIT
(TAON-TA-NE-KEN)

WEASEL
(O-NON-KO-TE)

MOUSE
(O-TSI-NO-WEN)

WOODCHUCK
(A-NON-WHA-RAO-WE-RO)

DUCK
(SO-RA)



BLACKSNAKE (SENECA)

OF INDIAN CRUELTY—"HE WAS NO MORE CRUEL THAN HIS EUROPEAN BROTHER OF THE SAME PERIOD, WHO BURNED HERETICS ALIVE, BOILED THEM OR FLAYED THEM OR IMPRESSED THEM IN "IRON MAIDENS." THERE IS BUT ONE DIFFERENCE, WE REMEMBER THE INDIAN'S SAVAGERY, BUT WE HAVE FORGOTTEN OUR OWN."—DR. A. C. PARKER



GACHIGAMEE
"WHEN I CAME POOR, OUR LANDS, AND A WHATEVER LITTLE WE AWAY, BUT THE L"

INDIAN
(ON-KWE-
NON-WE)

THOUGH THE ONONDAGAS WERE NEUTRAL, TAKING NO PART IN THE CAMPAIGNS OF THE BRITISH IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, GENERAL CLINTON MADE A SURPRISE ATTACK ON THEIR TOWNS (APRIL 19, 1779). THE INDIANS, THINKING THE WHITES WERE THEIR FRIENDS, WERE UNPREPARED. 12 ONONDAGAS WERE KILLED, 33 PRISONERS WERE TAKEN AND 3 VILLAGES BURNED TO THE GROUND. THE ORCHARDS AND FIELDS WERE DESTROYED. BLACKSNAKE SAID OF THIS SNEAK ATTACK, "THE WHITE MEN DID WRONG TO THESE PEOPLE, INJURING THEM WITHOUT CAUSE. THEY WERE INNOCENT OF WAR."

THE CREATOR HAS ORDERED THAT MAN AND WIFE SHOULD REAR THEIR CHILDREN WELL, LOVE THEM AND KEEP THEM IN HEALTH. —GANIODARIO (SENECA)

"THE MOTHERS LOVE THEIR CHILDREN WITH AN EXTREME PASSION, AND ALTHOUGH THEY DO NOT REVEAL IT IN CARESSES, IT IS NEVERTHELESS REAL." (LAFITAU, 1742)

"MIGHT IT NOT GREATLY FACILITATE THE INTRODUCTION OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AMONG THE INDIAN, IF WE COULD, SHOW THEM A BETTER SAMPLE OF CHRISTIANS THAN THEY COMMONLY SEE IN OUR INDIAN TRADERS, THE MOST VICIOUS AND ABANDONED WRETCHES IN OUR NATION." —BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

"THE FRUITS OF THEIR RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS AMONG THEMSELVES, WERE PEACE, BROTHERLY KINDNESS, CHARITY, HOSPITALITY, INTEGRITY, TRUTH AND FRIENDSHIP; AND TOWARD THE GREAT SPIRIT, REVERENCE, THANKFULNESS AND FAITH." —L. H. MORGAN, HISTORIAN

WHITE MAN
REN-NA-RA-
KEN

SNAKE
O-SA-RI-STA

MUSKRAT
(A-NO-KIEN)

BEAVER
(JA-NI-TO)

SKUNK
(A-NI-TAS)

FOX
(JIT-SO)

DEER
(O-SKE-NON-
TON)

FLYING
SQUIRREL

CAT
(TA-KOS)

MOOSE
(SKA-NION-
SA)

RACCOON
(A-TI-RON)

DOG
(ER-HA)

WOLF
(O-KWA-HO)

(O-NON-SA)
MASK

TOPIAHAWK
(NI-WA-SE-RA-A)

TURTLE-
SHELL RATTLE
(A-STA-WEN-SERA)

BARK-
RATTLE

SIXTY IROQUOIS CHIEFS, ON A PEACE MISSION TO CANADA WERE TREACHEROUSLY SEIZED AND SENT TO FRANCE. THERE THEY WERE CONDEMNED TO SHARE THE HORRORS OF THE ROYAL GALLEYS WITH CONVICTS AND RELIGIOUS DISSENTERS. THE IROQUOIS WERE WILD WITH RAGE, AND FOR THE CLERGY TO HAVE SANCTIONED THIS PUT THE LIVES OF THE BLACKROBES IN JEOPARDY. ACTUALLY, THE IROQUOIS DID NOTHING TO THE JESUITS, BUT VIGOROUSLY PROSECUTED A WAR THAT BROUGHT CANADA TO HER KNEES, IN RETALIATION.



CANASATEGO (ONONDAGA) "THE ENGLISH HAVE COME FROM LANDS ACROSS THE SEA BUT THE SIX NATIONS HAVE COME OUT OF THIS GROUND."

KING LOUIS OF FRANCE (1684): "AS IT TENDS TO THE GOOD OF MY SEARANTS TO DIMINISH, AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE THE NUMBER OF THE IROQUOIS, AND MOREOVER, AS THESE SAVAGES, WHO ARE VERY STRONG AND ROBUST, WILL SERVE USEFULLY IN MY GALLEYS, I WILL THAT YOU (GOV. DE LA BARRE) DO EVERYTHING IN YOUR POWER TO MAKE A GREAT NUMBER OF THEM PRISONERS OF WAR, AND HAVE THEM EMBARKED BY EVERY OPPORTUNITY THAT WILL OFFER, IN ORDER THAT THEY BE CONVEYED TO FRANCE."



OUR GOVERNMENT WAS PATTERNED AFTER THE IROQUOIS CONFEDERACY AND UNDER THE ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION WE MANAGED OUR AFFAIRS FOR A DOZEN YRS. PRACTICALLY ON THE IROQUOIS PLAN, WITH THE EXCEPTION THAT THE IROQUOIS GAVE WOMEN THE RIGHT TO VOTE WHILE OUR OWN GOVERNMENT DENIED THIS RIGHT FOR NEARLY A CENTURY AND A HALF.

THE IROQUOIS ACHIEVED A SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ORGANIZATION THAT HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALLED OR SURPASSED IN ITS WORKING VALUE OF JUSTICE, DEMOCRACY, AND BROTHERHOOD OF SPIRIT. —M. POWERS (HISTORIAN)

"THE PEOPLE OF THE CONFEDERATE REPUBLIC (IROQUOIS) WERE A LIBERTY-LOVING PEOPLE, WHO HARNESSED THEIR FREEDOM WITH TRADITION AND CEREMONY TO KEEP IT UNDER CONTROL. IMPATIENT OF RESTRAINT YET MASTERS OF THEMSELVES, THEY COULD ENDURE ANY HARD-SHIP EXCEPT SLAVERY. IN CAPTIVITY THEY DIED." —DR. PAUL WALLACE (HISTORIAN)

ON ALL OCCASIONS AND AT WHATEVER PERIL, THE IROQUOIS SPOKE THE TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT HESITATION. DISSIMULATION WAS NOT AN INDIAN HABIT. IN FACT, THE LANGUAGE OF THE IROQUOIS DOES NOT ADMIT OF DOUBLE SPEAKING, OR THE PERVERSION OF THE WORDS OF THE SPEAKER. —MORGAN (HISTORIAN)

THAYENDANEGA (MOHAWK) BOLD AND DARING, SAGACIOUS AND WILY, HE OFTEN STRUCK WHEN LEAST EXPECTED BUT THE AUTHOR HAS IN VAIN SOUGHT FOR AN INSTANCE OF WANTON CRUELTY OF TREACHERY OR OF THE MURDER OF PRISONERS, OR OTHERS, BY HIS OWN HAND, OR BY HIS PERMISSION, IN COLD BLOOD. —STONE (HISTORIAN)



IN HONOUR

Some years ago, Ray Fadden students to draw charts su room did not have the text learn the Indian ways, so the help of the old people the Mohawk language, on hi events. They were printed

Since then, many of those help build a strong Iroquo a student of Ray Fadden's, of the North American Indi Hundreds of others -- and owe much to the tireless w

Today, he continues -- ret active as owner of the Six New York near Akwesasne. Christie, and his son, Jo these illustrations.

This chart is reprinted so as a poster or on a bullet an example of what any Ind can do -- today -- to prep for their children to lear Indian young people to mak

We honour Ray Fadden. His

HERON
(O-HA-KWA-RONT)

PORCUPINE
(A-NEN-TAKS)

SQUIRREL
(A-RO-SA)

SNAPPING TURTLE
(A-NO-WA-RA)

MINK
(A-IO-HA)

CHIPMUNK
(OR-HIO-KON)

PANTHER
(KEN-REKS)

BEAR
(O-KWA-RI)

GREY SQUIRREL
(ON-KWE-TA-KON)

RED SQUIRREL
(A-RO-SA)

BAT
(TSI-KE-RA-WIS-TAK)

OTTER
(TAWINE)

BUFFALO
(TSIS-TE-RI-IA-KON)

SPRING PEEPER
(TO-TIS)

FROG
(OT-SKWA-HE)

WOODCHUCK
(A-NON-WHA-RAO-WE-ROM)

BULL FROG
(MA-RA-RUM)

WOLVERINE
(A-NIN-HET-SO-TAR-HON)

CHIPMUNK
(OR-HIO-KON)

ADODOW(CAYUGA) 1744-
THE WHITE PEOPLE
FIRST HERE, THEY WERE
BUT NOW THEY HAVE GOT
BY THEM BECOME RICH.
RECEIVE GOES SOON
AND LASTS FOREVER."

"THEY WERE FAITHFUL TO THEIR FRIENDS. THE EARLY RECORDS OF THE COLONY GLOW WITH THE TALES OF THE DEVOTION OF THE IROQUOIS, WHO THROUGH RIGOROUS WINTERS, KEPT THE SETTLERS FROM STARVATION OR RESCUED THEM CAPTIVITY AMONG DISTANT FOES, AND HISTORY HARDLY CONTAINS A PARALLEL TO THE SACREDNESS WITH WHICH THEY OBSERVED THEIR TREATIES WITH THE ENGLISH, AND THROUGH GOOD AND EVIL REPORT, REMAINED FAITHFUL ALLIES IN THEIR INCESSANT WARS WITH FRANCE" ~ MAJOR D. CAMPBELL, N.Y.C. (1879)

MANY HISTORIANS SPEAK OF THE INDIAN AS A BLOOD-THIRSTY SAVAGE, AND THE EARLY SETTLERS AS PATRIOTS DEFENDING THEIR HOMES AND COUNTRY, WHILE IN REALITY, IT WAS THE INDIAN THAT WAS THE PATRIOT DEFENDING HIS HOME, HIS COUNTRY, AND HIS HONOR.

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON (JULY 10, 1766)
"I DAILY DREAD A RUPTURE WITH THE INDIANS OCCASIONED BY THE RECENTIOUS CONDUCT OF THE FRONTIER INHABITANTS WHO CONTINUE TO ROB AND MURDER THEM."

OF RAY FADDEN
encouraged young Mohawk
ch as these. His class
books to help his students
they made their own with
Charts were made on
story, on important
inexpensively by offset.
students have grown up
is people. Mad Bear was
So was Ernie Benedict
an Travelling College.
their grandchildren --
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Nations Museum in Onchiota
he is aided by his wife,
nn, who drew many of

that you may use it
in board. It is also
ian person or group
are inexpensive materials
n from, or better, for
for themselves.
strong influence is felt.

HORN RATTLE
(O-STA-WA)

LACROSSE STICK
(TE-WA-A-RA-TON)

WAR CLUB
(O-TSI-KWA)

BOWL
(ION-TSO-RIA-TA)

CORN
(O-NEN-STE)

BY
KA-NON-HE



THE PENNSYLVANIA GOVERNOR, WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE COUNCIL, SIGNED THE PROCLAMATION (JULY 7, 1764) FOR SCALPS OF INDIAN ENEMIES, EVEN THE SCALPS OF BOYS AND GIRLS DOWN TO THE AGE OF TEN YEARS. "FOR THE SCALP OF EVERY MALE INDIAN ENEMY ABOVE AGE OF TEN, THE SUM OF 134 PIECES OF EIGHT AND FOR THE SCALP OF EVERY FEMALE INDIAN ENEMY ABOVE THE AGE OF TEN YEARS PRODUCED AS EVIDENCE OF THEIR BEING KILLED, THE SUM OF 50 PIECES OF EIGHT."



HECKEWELDER, MORAVIAN MISSIONARY (OF THE IROQUOIS), WITH THEM, HOSPITALITY IS NOT A VIRTUE, BUT A STRICT DUTY. HENCE THEY ARE NEVER IN SEARCH OF EXCUSES TO AVOID GIVING, BUT FREELY SUPPORT THEIR NEIGHBOR'S WANTS FROM THE STOCK PREPARED FOR THEIR OWN USE. THEY GIVE AND ARE HOSPITABLE TO ALL, WITHOUT EXCEPTION, AND WILL ALWAYS SHARE WITH EACH OTHER AND WITH THE STRANGER, EVEN TO THEIR LAST MORSEL. THEY RATHER WOULD LIE THEMSELVES ON AN EMPTY STOMACH, THAN HAVE IT LAID TO THEIR CHARGE THAT THEY HAD NEGLECTED THEIR DUTY BY NOT SATISFYING THE WANTS OF THE STRANGER, THE SICK OR THE NEEDY."



SA-SE-HA-WA (SENECA), "THE GREAT SPIRIT WHEN HE MADE THE EARTH NEVER INTENDED THAT IT SHOULD BE MADE MERCHANDISE, BUT HIS WILL IS THAT ALL HIS CREATURES SHOULD ENJOY IT EQUALLY. YOUR CHIEFS HAVE VIOLATED AND BETRAYED THEIR TRUSTS BY SELLING LANDS. NOTHING IS NOW LEFT OF OUR ONCE LARGE POSSESSIONS SAVE A FEW SMALL RESERVATIONS. CHIEFS AND AGED MEN, YOU, AS MEN, HAVE NO LANDS TO SELL. YOU OCCUPY AND POSSESS THESE TRACTS IN TRUST FOR YOUR CHILDREN. YOU SHOULD HOLD THAT TRUST SACRED, LEST YOUR CHILDREN ARE DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES BY YOUR UNSAFE CONDUCT. WHOEVER SELLS LAND OFFENDS THE GREAT SPIRIT, AND MUST EXPECT A GREAT PUNISHMENT AFTER DEATH."





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Childhood in an Indian Village

WILFRED PELLETIER

GOING BACK as far as I can remember as a child in an Indian community, I had no sense of knowing about the other people around me except that we were all somehow equal; the class structure in the community was horizontal. There was only one class. Nobody was interested in getting on top of anybody else.

You could see it in our games. Nobody organized them. There weren't any competitive sports. But we were involved in lots of activity (I was not like I am now; I was in pretty good shape at that time) and we were organized, but not in the sense that there were ways of finding out who had won and who had lost. We played ball like everyone else, but no one kept score. In fact, you would stay up at bat until you hit the ball. If somebody happened to walk by on the street, an old guy, we'd tease him and bug him to come over and try to hit the ball, and he would come over and he'd swing away. If they threw us out on first, we'd stay on first anyway. We ran to second, and they would throw us out there, and sometimes we'd get thrown out all the way around.

We had a number of other games we used to play. There was one where we used to try and hit each other between two lines with a ball. It didn't really make any difference if you got hit or whether you stayed in the centre and tried to hit the other guy or not. But it was very, very difficult to hit these guys. I remember standing between these two lines, and all of a sudden the guys would take off, and you could be two or three feet from them, and you would have to throw the ball at them, and you just couldn't hit those guys. They were really terrific.

It was later on in life that I began to realize that what we were really doing was playing. Very much like animals play. When you observe the bear, the adult, the male and female are always playing with the cubs. The otters do the same thing. None of the kind of play we had was really structured and organized. That came after the recreation directors from the outside world came in and told us that we had a problem in the community, that we were not organized, and they were going to introduce some.

They introduced them all right, and the tremendous competitiveness that went with them. It's not as bad on Manitoulin Island, where I'm from, as it is a lot of other places where competitiveness is rolling in. I'm glad I can remember that as a kid I was able to become involved with a community with others and nobody was competing. Even if we did formally compete in the games we did, no one was a winner though someone may have won. It was only the moment. If you beat someone by pulling a bow and arrow and shooting the arrow further, it only meant that you shot the arrow further at that moment. That's all it lasted. It didn't mean you were better in any way whatsoever. It just meant that at that particular time the arrow went further; maybe it was just the way you let the bow go. These kinds of things are very important to me and that is why I am talking about them and, probably, exploring while I'm talking, now. When I get the opportunity to listen to myself the odd time I try to explore those kinds of things that I can remember as a child.

One of the very important things was the relationship we had with our families. We didn't always live at home. We lived wherever we happened to be at that particular time when it got dark. If you were two or three miles away from home, then that is where you slept. People would feed you even if they didn't know who you were. We'd spend an evening, perhaps, with an old couple, and they would tell us stories. Most of these stories were legends, and they were told to us mostly in the winter-time. In the summer people would generally take us out and we would do a number of things which in some way would allow us to learn about life and what it was all about: that is, by talking about some particular person and demonstrating what that person did. At no time, in all the years I spent there, do I ever remember anyone teaching us anything.

I have been to numerous communities across Canada and I still do not find where Indians teach. All young children were allowed to grow, to develop, to learn. They didn't teach you that this was mommy, daddy, desk, ash-tray, house, etc. We learned about these things by listening to the words adults spoke, what they said when they were talking, and built our own kind of relationship with the article. If you observe your children now you will see a child turn a chair over cover it with a blanket and use it for a house. He can relate many ways to a chair. As we get older we have only one relationship and that is to stick our rear ends on that chair. It's for no other purpose, and, in fact, we tell our kids that that is what it is, and it belongs in a corner and don't move it out of there.

These things I remember very well. We were brought up to have a different relationship to a house and to all the things that surrounded us. That is, the values that adults placed on things in the community did not necessarily carry over into their child and lead him to place the same values on them. Children discovered the values of these things on their own, and developed their own particular relationship to them.

This is very closely related to the religion of the community, which centred entirely on man. One of the practiced ethics of the community was non-interference. No one interfered with us, and this way of living still exists today. If you go to an Indian home the kids don't come up and bug you while you are talking to someone else. They might come and stand by you quietly, just as an adult might. If you observe Indians someplace, they will stand quietly, and only when they are acknowledged, will they speak. If they get into a group session, they will act the same way. They will sit and listen to people talk, and when they get the opportunity they will speak, but they won't cut you off or interfere. There are some who do this now, but not very many. Most of them will just wait. The whole background in the educational system was that of observing and feeling. This is how they learned.

It was a very different kind of learning situation that we were in as children. In fact, all of the things we did related to our way of life. Everything had to fit into the whole; we didn't learn things in parts. As an example: if we watched someone running an outboard motor, we would learn everything that was involved in working that motor. If someone taught someone here to do that, after he was finished he might add a safety program on top of it. This would be an additional thing. The way Indians learned it, they built in a safety program while they were learning through their observations and because their very lives depended on their doing it right.

And just as we didn't separate our learning from our way of life, we didn't separate our work from it either. The older women, for example, who used to work all day at whatever—tanning hides, etc., didn't really think of it as work. It was a way of life. That's the real difference between the kind of society we have now where we equate these kinds of things with work and yet will go out and play sports and enjoy it and the kind of society I'm talking about. Here we go and work and use maybe half or a quarter of the energy we spend playing sports, but we call it work and we feel differently about it altogether. These are the kinds of differences that exist. Indian people who had a way of life and who felt it was their way of life didn't call it work. It was part of the way they provided for their families; and they "worked" very hard.

One of the reasons, of course, why they didn't call it "work" was that they didn't have any foremen. As I mentioned before, there wasn't any kind of a vertical structure in the community. In these communities what existed was a sharing of power. In spite of what everybody says, we really didn't have chiefs, that is, people who were bosses. We had medicine men, who were wise men. The rest were leaders in particular ways. They weren't leaders as we look at them today. It was a different kind of leadership in that the person who was leader had special abilities, say in fishing or hunting. He took the leadership that day, and then

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SCHOOLS

discarded the leadership when he was finished with the job. He had power only for the time he wanted to do something. That power came in all forms of all the things he did in the community, so that he used power only for the things he wanted to do, and then he immediately shed it so that someone else could pick it up and it could change hands several times in the community in a day or a week or whatever.

Only in times of war and disaster was a vertical structure used. The war chief would designate various jobs to various people and use that vertical structure. This was only in times of danger. Otherwise, it was horizontal. My grandfather one time told me this, although it didn't sink in until just a few years ago, that to have power is destructive. You'll be destructive if you have power because if people don't join you, then you will destroy them. I forgot this and dug around for power and began to lose friends. I was making decisions for people even with the background I have. Now I have such a problem fighting this thing off, because people are always putting me in a position where I have power. They say I am director of the Institute of Indian Studies. This is not true. I'm just at Rochdale College. Where I am everyone makes up their own minds in terms of what they want to do, and they do those things, and if I can be of assistance, then I assist. I've got my own thing that I hope to do. One of the things that I'm interested in is the kind of lives that the young Indian people now at Rochdale live—what is happening to them in the city.

The city has special problems for them as it had for me. For many of them were raised in Indian homes, where the attitude is that no child ever should be rejected. In an Indian home, if a child's face is dirty or his diaper is wet, he is picked up by anyone. The mother or father or whoever comes into the house. He is never rejected. And they don't stick children in cribs, where they can only look in one direction—up. The child generally sits or stands (often tied in), so he can relate to the world in all directions. And children are fed whenever they are hungry. They are never allowed to be in want. Whatever is wanted is given to them. If a child wants to play with something, it is always placed in his hand. No one would think of putting a rattle slightly out of reach, so he would try to grab it and be aggressive. No one would think of feeding the baby only at set times. What follows this approach in terms of attitudes and way of life is immense. The child's nature is very strongly influenced in the first four or five years. The children become very non-competitive. They have no need to compete.

The whole situation changes, however, when they go out into the world, where the attitudes and values are totally different. A world, further, in which their values are not acceptable. Where for many of us as children we were not even permitted to speak our own language. Of course, we still tried to speak our own language, but we were punished for it. Four or five years ago they were still stripping the kids of their clothes up around Kenora and beating them for speaking their own language. It is probably still happening in many other institutions today. I was punished several times for speaking Indian not only on the school grounds but off the school grounds and on the street, and I lived across from the school. Almost in front of my own door my first language was forbidden me, and yet when I went into the house my parents spoke Indian.

Our language is so important to us as a people. Our language and our language structure related to our whole way of life. How beautiful that picture language is where they only tell you the beginning and the end, and you fill in everything, and they allow you to feel how you want to feel. Here we manipulate and twist things around and get you to hate a guy. The Indian doesn't do that. He'll just say that some guy got into an accident, and he won't give you any details. From there on you just explore as far as you want to. You'll say: "What happened?" and he'll tell you a little more. "Did he go through the windshield?" "Yep!" He only answers questions. All of the in-between you fill in for yourself as you see it. We are losing that feeling when we lose our language at school. We are taught English, not Indian, as our first language. And that changes our relationship with our parents. All of a sudden we begin saying to our parents "you're stupid." We have begun to equate literacy with learning, and this is the first step down. It is we who are going down and not our parents, and because of that separation we are going down lower and lower on the rung because it is we who are rejecting our parents; they are not rejecting us. The parents know that, but they are unable to do anything about it. And we take on the values, and the history of somebody else.

A part of the reason our parents say so little is that that's their way. They don't teach like white people; they let their children make their own decisions. The closest they ever got to formal teaching was to tell us stories. Let me give you an example. We had been out picking blueberries one time, and while sitting around this guy told us this story. The idea was that he wanted to get us to wash up—to wash our feet because we had been tramping through this brush all day long. He talked about a warrior who really had a beautiful body. He was very well built, and he used to grease himself and take care of his body. One day this warrior was out, and he ran into a group of other people whom he had never seen before. They started to chase him. He had no problem because he was in such good shape. He was fooling around and playing with them because he was such a good runner. He ran over hills and over rocks, teasing them. Then he ran into another group. The first group gave up the chase. But now he had to run away from this other group, and he was fooling around doing the same thing with them. All of a sudden he ran into a third group. He ran real hard and all of a sudden he fell. He tried to get up and he couldn't. He spoke to his feet and said "What's wrong with you? I'm going to get killed if you don't get up and get going." They said: "That's alright. You can comb your hair and grease your body and look after your legs and arms but you never did anything for us. You never washed us or cleaned us or greased us or nothing." He promised to take better care of the feet if they would get up and run, and so they did.

This is one of the stories we were told, and we went up and washed our feet right away and then went to bed. Maybe this happens among other ethnic groups, I don't know, but this is the kind of learning we had. I will never forget the kinds of things we learned, because to me it all belongs to me. It isn't something that someone says is so; it's mine. I'd want to go hunting, and the guys would know I couldn't get across the stream because it was flooded, but they wouldn't say anything. They'd let me go, and I'd tell them I'd see them later where the rocks are, and they'd say O.K. knowing all this time I couldn't get through. But they wouldn't tell me that. They'd let me experience it. And I'm grateful to these people for allowing me to have this kind of exploration/learning situation. Secondly, of course, the fact is that maybe I could have gotten across where they couldn't, discovered something different, a method that was new. I think this kind of learning situation is one of the really important things that Indians have today and which could contribute to the society we have today. That is, a learning situation for people, instead of teaching or information giving.

All these things—the various ways Indian life differed from that in our present society—I didn't learn until after I left the reserve community later on in life. Then I could understand how very differently structured the two communities are. While it didn't have a vertical structure, our community was very highly structured. So highly structured that there wasn't anything that could happen that somebody could almost immediately, in some way, solve, whatever problem arose. Without any given signals or the appearance of any communication whatsoever (there were no telephones) the most complex social action used to happen. If somebody died in that community, nobody ever said we should dig a grave. The grave was dug, the box was made, everything was set up... the one who baked pies baked pies. Everyone did something in that community, and if you tried to find out who organized it, you couldn't.

It's exactly the same way today. You cannot find out who organizes these things. In 1964 Prime Minister Pearson came up to the reserve. We had a cocktail party in the hall, and at the same time there was a big buffet organized for him. This was organized by a woman from Toronto. She went up there and set this whole thing up. He had been coming there every year. This was his riding. Every year they turned out a beautiful meal for him, and he never knew who to thank because it was just all of a sudden there; it was done. The people just got together. There was no foreman or boss. There was no vertical structure, and it just happened. You should have been there in '64. It was chaotic. There were no knives, no deserts, nobody had cut up the heads of lettuce that were all over, because this woman came there and gave orders, and the people wouldn't do anything until she told them what to do. She got so busy that she couldn't tell everybody what to do, and she had four or five turkeys all over the town in different people's ovens, and that's where they sat. They had to go and tell the women to bring the turkeys down because they wouldn't do it on their own. There was someone in charge. Had there not been anyone in charge it would have gone off fine. It was a real mess. This is the difference. Here you organize, and you know those kinds of structures, and they mean something to you. You instinctively behave in certain ways to those things.

But it's more than that too. As I see it, organization

comes out of a need for immediate order—say in war. When it develops this way so that people say let's organize, and they get together and create a vertical structure, and place somebody up at the top and then it becomes a power group, and from there on it filters on down until after a while you have somebody running that organization, two or three people or maybe eventually just one, and all the rest of the people get suppressed, pushed down, and held down by that very thing they formally sought. You give power to someone and suppress others.

I don't know if a different kind of structural organization can exist today. I know some people are trying to make a different one—some people in Rochdale College and I suspect in many places where people are getting together and trying to live communally. I remember as a child a different kind of organization existing, and I have come to call it now "community consciousness." That community can exist and function and solve all its problems without any kinds of signals, like a school of fish. All of a sudden you see them move: they shift altogether. That is exactly the way most Indian communities function. And yet we have the Department of Indian Affairs coming and telling us we have no organization. The



Francis Kagige

local priest or minister will come and tell us we have to be organized. The Recreation Department will come along and say there's no organization in this community. And when they come it's like shooting a goose in a flock of geese. When you hit him you disrupt the pattern. So every time somebody comes into the community they disrupt the pattern. Every time you remove a resource person from the community you disrupt the pattern. You break it up, and they have to reorganize. But in a lot of communities this is very hard to do, and some of them have been too hurt to make it. Indian resource people begin to drop out of sight and white organizers take over, making it even more difficult for Indian people to function. I know that in one community where there are 740 people (about two-thirds of them children) there are 18 organizations. There are 3 churches that all have 2 or 3 organizations, and there is also a community development officer who has a number of organizations behind him, and they are in such conflict that the community cannot function. It's just sitting there, with people at each other's throats. The people who come in can't understand that if a guy is sitting under a tree and doing nothing but observing the stars or the clouds in the daytime or the birds flying, he is running through a recreational pattern and at the same time he is learning. These are all parts of a whole. Most Indian people deal with wholeness. It is much different than the way we deal with things where we segment them and deal with them only in parts.

It is also very difficult to know what to do now—now that the organizers have come in. The dependency is so great and government and outside resources have created this dependency. They have removed most of the human resource and certainly all the economic base from most Indian communities and there is very little left. Yet the Indian relationship to that dependency is much different from ours in this society. Indians may receive welfare, but most of them feel it is a right. They don't look down on people who are on welfare. Drawing welfare doesn't change the nature of the person. In the same way, if they walk into a room that is messy they don't say the woman is sloppy. They say the room is sloppy. A lot of them don't paint their houses. That is because they don't have the same relationship to that house that we in this society do.

Clothes don't make the man. Relationships are built on something that is not materialistic. The same thing applies to money. If you observe your children when they have money, they want to get rid of it right away. How long do children stay mad at one another? A moment. All of these behaviour patterns that you observe in children are very much related to adult Indians. Your history books say that when the white men first came here they noted that the Indians were very child-like. That is very true in many ways. But if you look at it, how beautiful to be child-like and yet be mature. Here we say that you mustn't show feelings. I don't agree with that. If a man can cry, then he has feelings. Indians cry all the time. We get together and sing songs, and we cry in these songs. But this society is very machine-like, and so we begin to act like machines and then we become machines.

Because of this approach Indians don't really want to fight for their rights. They really don't want to get into the society at all. In this way they are probably different from the black people on this continent who are a much larger group, and have no choice but to fight for their rights. When they get these rights, what they are doing in essence is moving into society. When they do get in, they might make the changes they want in terms of their cultural background or how they look at things, or whatever, and these changes may give them the freedom to practice or do those things they want to do.

But the Indians have fundamentally rejected society as it now is. The Indians are expert at making all programs that the Indian Affairs Branch has ever come up with a failure by withdrawing. The Indians embrace everything that comes into a community. If you want to build a church, that's fine. We'll help you build that church, etc. Then once they see that they can't relate to that church in any way, they withdraw and the thing falls apart. If you want to build a road, they'll help you build one, with the result that some reserves have roads running all over the place, but nobody uses them. The Branch has a history of complete failure. The Indians have always rejected it. We have a society here where we must win. For everything you do you must end up fighting—fighting for your rights, good against evil, war against poverty, the fight for peace. The whole base of the western culture has an enemy concept. What would happen if you remove the enemy? How then do you defeat somebody who is on your side? I suspect that if you remove the enemy the culture might collapse. The Indian can't fight on your terms. For a start he doesn't even have the numbers, much less the inclination. So he withdraws. And he pays a certain price. He suffers poverty in many ways.

But maybe the future is with the Indian. Marshall McLuhan says that the only people living in the 21st century are the Indians, the Eskimos, some French people and the Japanese. All the rest, because they deal with history, live in the 19th century because they deal with the past and not the present. The pan-Indian movement, with the Native American Church, recognizes this and there are various Indian cultures that are moving closer and closer together. It's a spontaneous thing that just happened. It's just growing and there isn't anyone who is heading it up. It's a movement. And it's made me much more hopeful.

Wilfred Pelletier is an Odawa Indian, born in the village of Wikwemikong on Ontario's Manitoulin Island. He has been an Executive Director of the Canadian National Indian Council and Director of Indian Programs for the Company of Young Canadians. He is currently at the Institute For Indian Studies at Rochdale College in Toronto.

Francis Kagige is from the same village as Wilfred Pelletier. He has lived there all his life and makes only occasional trips to the outside world. Most of his paintings and drawings come out of the stories and legends he heard as a child and from observation of the animal life in the woods of his reserve.



Francis Kagige

Upon one wall of our home among the red rocks on the Navajo Indian Reservation in northern Arizona there hang two calendars. Together they perhaps describe the total past and future of the Navajo people, a story rich in culture and Beauty, yet accompanied by oppression, heartbreak, and great misunderstanding.

On the left is a large Centennial calendar, designed to acquaint the observer with the history of the Navajo, especially since the Long Walk to freedom in 1868 but including reproductions of centuries-old sandpaintings describing their prehistory. The calendar is rich in detail, every page a rather thorough record of the events in previous times. But it fails to tell that most Americans know nothing of the Navajo story, and that of the few who do know something all but a handful have misunderstood. This calendar ends on December 31, 1968.

To the right of the 1968 Centennial calendar is another for 1969 and the days ahead. While this calendar is laid out in typical fashion, it is written in a language foreign to the English-speaking tongue. In place of January are the words *Yas Nilt'e'es*, meaning "the thawing of snow for water." In place of February the calendar reads *Asta 'Biyaa'zh*, meaning "the eagle, its little ones," or, conceptually, the hatching of young eagles. So it reads on, using the age-old Navajo terms for the phenomena of nature's cycle to denote the months of the year.

This calendar can be seen as a significant clue to the character of the Navajo people. In taking the non-Navajo calendar the Navajo may have accepted the five-day work week and along with it such things as schedules, organization, the deadline, the numbered existence. But the calendar also shows a determination to preserve the significant features of the Navajo way of life, especially their ties to nature and their traditional belief that the Navajo people are part of the total creation.

We mean to explore this aspect of the character of the Navajo people and the limitations placed upon it. Throughout the article we defer to the Navajo understanding of their history and prehistory as contained in their legends and stories, avoiding the often-popular anthropological approach. Above all, we hope to promote an accurate sense of understanding about the Navajos themselves. While this comes best through intimate association, perhaps in this limited space we can relate some of the more meaningful aspects of their history, beliefs, and hopes as we know them.

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The Emergence and the Creation

These are the people whom the Spanish called "The Navajo." If they had only asked, the Spanish would have learned their true name, for they call themselves "The People."

There are living today on the fifteen-million-acre Navajo Reservation in northern New Mexico, Arizona, and part of Utah, approximately 120,000 Navajos. Yet, the Medicinemen tell us that according to the legends there was a time when there were only two; from them came all the rest.

As The People know of their birth, in the beginning there was nothing but darkness and void. Then, from the moving, changing waters, the First World appeared. This was a red world, and twelve insects were the first to occupy the land.

Next came the dawn, the day, the evening, and again the darkness. After a time of peaceful living, the ants and the beetles began to quarrel. To end their quarrel they appealed to the Water Monster of the eastern ocean to judge them. He advised them to leave the First World and fly to another one above them. Doing so, they flew up and around until they found a small opening to the east through which they managed to crawl, whereupon they emerged in the Second World, the blue world of the Swallow People.

As the legends relate, this was a wonderful world of Beauty and harmony, until strife developed among the animal creatures and the Swallow People ordered the Insect People to leave. They did so in a fashion similar to their first departure: crawling through an opening at the south part of the sky, they came into the Third World, the yellow world of the Grasshopper People.

As before, they went through periods of peace and happiness, then conflict and promiscuity, whereupon the Insect People were ordered to leave. They did so as in the past, but some of the Grasshopper People went with them (that is why we have grasshoppers in our world today). Through a cleft in the western skies they emerged into the Fourth World—known as black, white, or black-and-white in variations of the legend.

When they came to the surface they saw four great mountains, one standing at each of four directions, covered with snow. As they were to learn later, these were the dwelling places of the Holy People.

The messengers sent to explore the four mountains reported seeing other animals and, at the northern mountain, strange beings called the Kisani. As the Kisani were friendly toward them they decided to remain, and soon the Kisani were showing them how to travel about their new world and live off the land.

Late in the autumn they heard strange sounds from the eastern mountain. As the sounds began to approach them, they saw for the first time four strange and very tall beings known as the Yei. The first of these Holy People had a white body, the second blue, the third yellow, and the fourth black. For four days these Holy People made strange gestures and seemed to want them to become more like the Holy Ones.

One of the Holy People, Black Body, indicated that the Holy Ones desired them to become human-like. While the Holy Ones were away for twelve days, they were to cleanse themselves with Yucca suds and dry themselves with cornmeal (a custom still practiced today).

The Holy People returned with buckskins and corn. They laid the new white buckskin on the ground and placed two ears of corn upon it—one a perfect ear of white corn and the other a perfect ear of yellow corn—with their tips pointing to the east. Under the white corn they placed a white eagle feather and under the yellow corn they placed a yellow feather. Placing the other buckskin over the top, they instructed everyone to stand aside.

As the Holy Winds blew into that place, the White Wind from the east, the Blue Wind from the south, the Yellow

Wind from the west, and the Black Wind from the north, eight strange beings called the Mirage People came and walked around the skins. The buckskin was lifted, and a man and a woman lay there together in place of the corn: the white corn had become a man and the yellow corn had become a woman.

It was the Holy Wind which gave them life, and it is the wind which fills us and gives us life today. We can see the marks on our own skin, especially at our finger tips, where there are signs of how the winds first blew over our ancestors. So it was that First Man and First Woman were born.

When children were born to First Man and First Woman, they all journeyed to the eastern mountain with the Holy Ones, where they learned the sacred songs, prayers, and ceremonies, including how to make the rain come and the crops grow. Later the children married and went to live in the different directions.

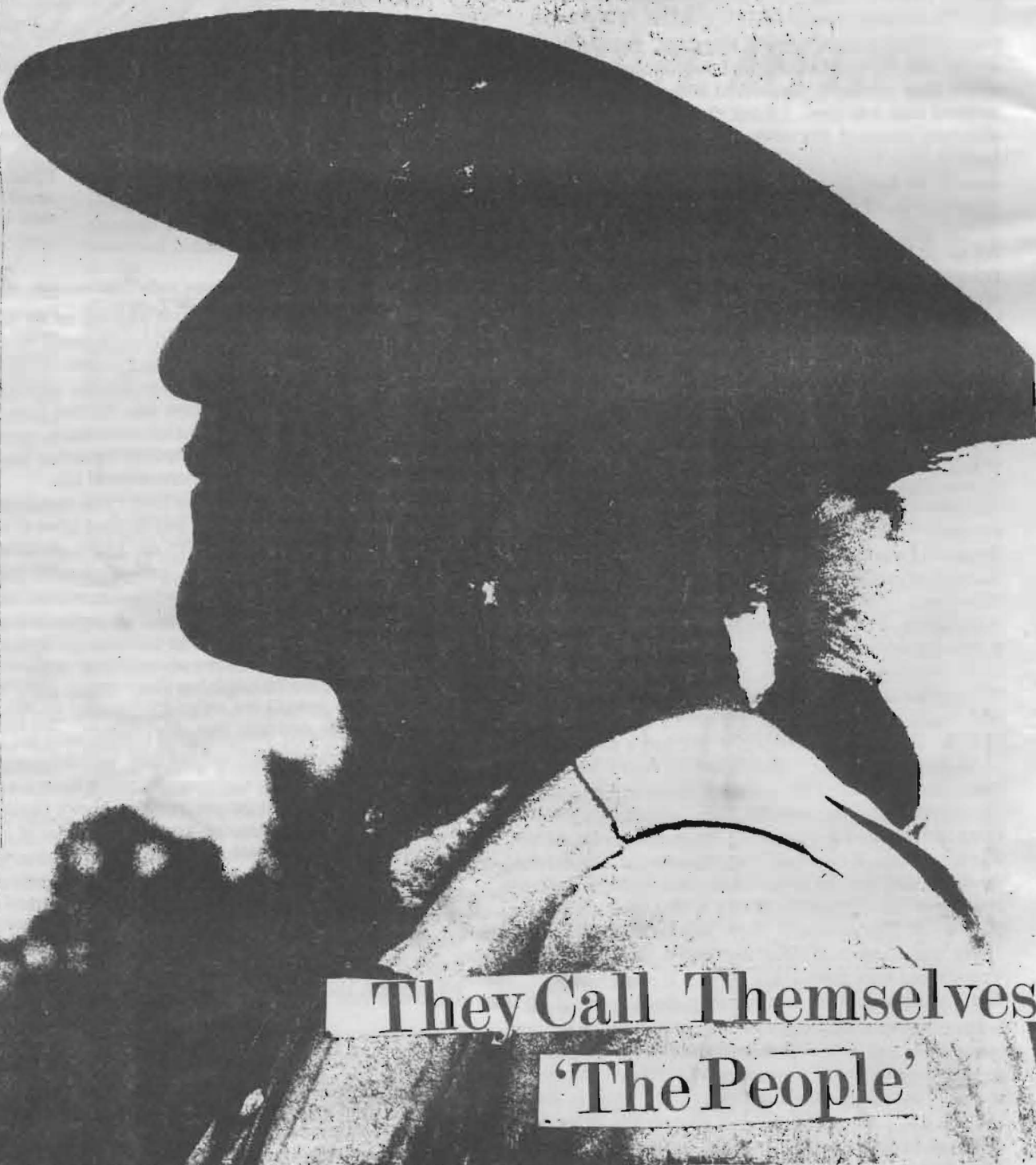
*At the foot of the black mountain,
There amid the encircling mountains,
the holy young man laid down his child,
At the foot of the blue mountain,
There amid the encircling mountains,
the holy young woman laid down her child.
Atop each mountain there were two gods,
Who spoke aloud as They watched.
"Who learns our songs
shall be our child."*

Song from the Mountain Chant

Sometime later there was trouble. While two little girls had

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They Call Themselves
'The People'

disappeared into the water and were later retrieved, Coyote hid two little Water Babies under his skin. Then strange things began to happen, and the animals scurried around to discover the nature of the calamity and to learn the nature of the white line along the eastern horizon. It was a wall of water, even higher than the mountains, and it was engulfing the whole world.

As The People rushed to the top of the highest mountain, the Squirrel People planted juniper and pinon seeds, and as the trees grew tall they climbed upon them. But after a while the trees stopped growing and the water surged all around. Then, as The People all were gathered at the very top of the mountain, an older man planted seeds from among the seeds and earth in his buckskin bag. They watched as little reeds began to grow and soon became one giant reed with an opening on the eastern side, into which they all crawled.

After they were inside, the entrance was closed just in time. As the turkey was the last to enter, his tail feathers were caught in the foaming waters and are white to this day. While the reed swayed, The People climbed to the top, high above the waters and into the sky, crawling through a hole discovered by the hawk and emerging on an island in the middle of a lake. Lynx, bear, badger, and coyote had clawed the hole large so The People could crawl through it, but badger got his feet stuck in the black mud, and his feet are black to this day.

First Man and First Woman led the way into the New World, the present world, which still had the sacred mountains of the Fourth World. It was beautiful, and the Fifth World was colored white. First Man liked to give names, so he named the four mountains.

Tsinmajinnie was to the east, and it was white because they found white shell and stone upon it. We know this today as Mount Blanco in Colorado's Sangre de Cristo Range. Here Rock Crystal Boy and Rock Crystal Girl lived, along with the white animals like the dove. *Tso d'tzil*, the Great Mountain, was in the South (Mount Taylor, New Mexico). It was blue because turquoise and blue stone were upon it. Turquoise Boy and Turquoise Girl lived there, and so did the bluebirds.

In the west stood *Doko'slid* (Humphrey's Peak, tallest of the San Francisco Mountains in Arizona). It was yellow. White Corn Boy and White Corn Girl lived there, as did yellow warblers. And in the north stood *Dibensta* (Mount Hesperus of Colorado's La Plata Range), named for the sheep with large horns which lived there. Black was its color, and Grasshopper Girl and Pollen Boy went there to live.

*In the place of their emergence,
In the place where The People came up,
In the Holy Mountains, in the place,
where The People came up from the lower world
to this world,
There were four mountains standing aright.
In the east there stood a white mountain,
In the south there stood a blue mountain,
In the west there stood a yellow mountain, and
In the north there stood a black mountain.*

Song from the Mountain Chant

A Time of Beauty

In the Fifth World, the present world, The People made their way according to the lessons of their ancestors and the Holy People. Their children, their children's children, and their descendants lived according to the way that they knew. This was the Way of Beauty.

It has been told that The People lived as their ancestors before them lived, within sight of the four sacred mountains and forever surrounded by rainbows and Beauty. It was here that they lived and planted their crops. In times of need they called the Holy People for protection and guidance, and they saw their protectors arrive standing upon a rainbow. Here they lived as the Holy People had first showed them, at peace with all the animals and nature because all were in harmony one with another. This made everything Beautiful.

But the Way of Beauty was not necessarily an easy way. The People lived in a harsh land, moving from region to

region in search of food. What they had they shared. Sometimes they would do without. But throughout the day The People would sing prayers of praise wherever they went. In a sense, their life was a total religious experience.

Sometimes The People would wander from the Way of Beauty and they would suffer sickness, disease, famine, even death. To correct these maladies and reorient themselves in the way of their ancestors, The People would perform the rituals, ceremonies, prayers, and songs which the Holy People had passed down through the ages. If these ceremonies were enacted perfectly, The People would be restored to the Way of Beauty. Many were very elaborate, requiring years of study for an aspiring Medicineman. The ceremonies had names such as The Shootingway, The Mountainway, the Red Ant Way, The Beautyway, the Enemyway (referring to the enemy of disease, not war), The Starway, The Hailway, the Waterway, and others.

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*O, I wish not the end,
Of all the nights!
O, I wish not the end,
Of all the nights!
May the last night
Of all time endure forever!*

Song of the owl, as sung in the Beautyway story of the night-day shoe game.

In the prayers and songs, the prehistory of The People is passed from generation to generation in great detail. These songs contain both serious and humorous elements, including such legends as the Emergence, the Creation, even the time when the animals, who had supernatural powers also, played the shoe game. This game was played to decide if the night animals would have their way and make the world dark forever, or whether the day animals would have the world be light forever. At the last moment in a close match, amid much singing by each animal singing his own song—so the Beautyway story goes—the night animals cheated by withholding the stone. But, suspecting a cheat, the day animals sent gopher to tunnel under the moccasins to ascertain the presence of the stone. Confirming their suspicions, the day animals scored their points with the help of gopher, only to have the game end in a tie at daybreak. Thus, light and darkness remained forever alternating, as it was in the beginning.

*Slender and striped,
Slender and striped,
Look at him standing up there!
He stands up there,
So slender in his stripes,
The squirrel in his little white shirt!*

Song of the ground squirrel as sung in the Beautyway story of the night-day shoe game

So it was that The People lived from year to year, tending their flocks of sheep and farming small fields of squash and corn amid the red rocks. Their daily living and, indeed, their total existence was infused with their religion and their culture, passed on to them through their ancestors from the original lessons of the Holy People.

The People . . . spread out over the land and ranged from high mountain to parched mesa, from broad valley to deep canyon. Here was a country free and open, but also harsh and unrelenting. But it was our land and our forefathers challenged it with their strength, their patience, their adaptability and their endurance.—Martin Link, editor of The Navajo Centennial commemorative publication, "Navajo: A Century of Progress"

They lived in small bands or groups known today as camps. Theirs was a matrilineal society, and great respect was paid by all members to their kinship responsibilities and to assisting those among themselves who were less fortunate. Since they were related to everyone and everything, according to their religion, it was their duty to care for all things and all persons, taking for self or family only according to need.

They also were an adventurous people, traveling into the regions of the Paiute, Ute, and Apache tribes. The older people tell us that, just as there were times of prosperity and Beauty, so there were times of struggle. Surrounding tribes sometimes would raid—or be raided—for livestock or women. Some say the Navajo acquired a reputation for their raiding prowess. At other times The People would trade for shells, turquoise, and other precious items with the same tribes and people whom they had fought. And they became skillful at farming: the Tewa Indians called them the "cultivators of the soil."

Some say it was through such excursions in war and peace that The People acquired the skill of weaving from the Pueblo Indians to the east. But many Medicinemen have told us that, according to Navajo legend, First Lady herself learned the art from the Holy People, who told her that weaving was life itself and that through weaving one could understand the meaning of life as well as how to achieve self-sufficiency. Through weaving one could help his children to understand



Francis Nakai and Family

the way of life as well as help care for and feed them. So it was that the art of weaving Navajo rugs, blankets, and clothing has passed on to the present generation.

It was during the period of intermittent encounters with hostile bands that the Spanish people arrived in the Southwest, bringing with them new ideas and the noble horse, the animal which surely must have been viewed as a gift from the Holy People. Stories of innumerable raids were left in the wake of the Spanish, but the visitors also left the art of fine silver-smithing and certain cooking arts, both widespread in favor and skill among the Navajo today.

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Prologue To A Century of Progress

As Anglo-Americans view the past, it was perhaps not until the 19th century that any significant history was made or even recorded among The People. About that time the Spanish were roaming the southwest in their search for gold and lost souls. Also, it was the beginning of the time when white settlers began moving westward across Indian country, and United States Government troops were deployed to protect these land-hungry innocents from the savages of the wild regions west of the Mississippi.

Of the slaves captured I have distributed, among little ones and wounded ones, 11 to individuals of this province and of that of Sonora.—Report to Governor of New Mexico by Lt. Narbona during the War of 1804 between the Mexican Government and the Navajo People.

By the beginning of the 1800's Spanish intentions for Navajo lands became quite clear to The People. But because this was the ancestral land between the four sacred mountains, the Navajo people resisted fiercely. Time and time again fighting broke out, causing great damage to the Navajo but never bringing victory to the Spanish.

Senor Commandante General: I have just returned from 49 days of campaign, v. y painful due to the fury of the weather, always cruel here and more so in the present season. The results have been the killing of seven of the [Navajo] tribe, the capturing of two thousand and three hundred head of sheep and 73 saddle and pack animals, including three mules.—Letter, Interim Governor of New Mexico to Commanding General, December 18, 1818.

Then, in 1846, during a war with Mexico, United States troops moved into the vicinity of Santa Fe to oversee the settlements along the Rio Grande River. But raids against the settlers were continued by the Navajo. Also, just as in the past with the Mexican and Spanish governments, the United States did not know how to deal effectively with The People.

An attempt to bring peace was made with the signing of a treaty at Bear Springs between Colonel Doniphan and various Navajo headmen. But, following the return of the troops to Santa Fe, the raids continued. Like the Spanish and the Mexicans before them, the American soldiers knew nothing of Navajo social organization, nothing of the importance of their ancestral land to The People, nothing of the wrath aroused in The People by the presence of a foreign military force.

The headmen who signed the treaty were not the leaders of The People, who were not a unified tribe and knew no central organization. The People shared the same heritage, customs, and beliefs, but lived in small bands, separate from one another. In each band there usually were some Medicinemen and other individuals who were looked to for wisdom and leadership. These persons did not have special authority, nor was their informal position one of election or birth. Thus, even if these headmen understood what they signed—and there is some evidence that they did not—they could only speak for the few in their bands. Any overall tribal authority attributed to these headmen by the United States government when the treaties were signed was purely fictional. Navajo social structure in those times simply had no mechanism by which all The People could be represented in the signing of a binding document. Communication was imperfect, the situation could not be explained, and the United States government never understood.



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Typical Navajo signature, commonplace even today—thumbprint with census number.

In 1849 another treaty was signed, with similar misunderstanding and similar post-treaty results. That document referred to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, signed by the

Mexican and United States governments in 1848, wherein Navajo and other Indian lands in the ceded territories were placed under the jurisdiction of the United States. Naturally, the Navajo people had no part in those proceedings. It was in the twenty-year period before and after this date that the sovereign authority of the Navajo Indian Nation was offended, denigrated, whittled away, and eventually contained. never again to be fully restored to its original state.

A fort—appropriately named Fort Defiance—was built in the heart of Navajoland, and for the next twenty years The People and the land knew no rest from their oppressors. Navajo resistance continued and, finally, government officials decided that The People should no longer live in the land of their birth amid the four sacred mountains. Soldiers under the command of Colonel "Kit" Carson moved into the countryside, burning fields of corn, destroying homes and sheep, and driving The People to flee, surrender, or be killed.

The massive slaughter in Canyon Del Muerto is but one example of the ruthless military tactics used. In one cave alone, high up the canyon wall, over ninety women and children were killed as the soldiers ricocheted bullets off the cave roof down onto The People. Finally starved into submission, the surviving Navajos surrendered in the winter and spring of 1864.

It is said by the older people that nearly 7,000 Navajos made the 300-mile trek from their homeland to Bosque Redondo, a reservation in New Mexico where Fort Sumner was shortly thereafter built. The People suffered greatly there, wounded in spirit and subjected to a foreign diet, disease, and Comanche raids. Nearly 2,000 died of pneumonia and dysentery. The dry, alkaline soil resisted cultivation. Malnutrition was widespread. Firewood had to be back-packed for six to twelve miles. Some who ran away were captured and enslaved by the Mexicans. All were deeply homesick. By the time The People

were able to communicate their plight to Washington, their outdoor prison had deeply scarred their heritage.

After more than four years of confinement at Bosque Redondo, The People learned that a delegation known as the Peace Commission was on its way from Washington to discuss the possibility of permitting their return to their homeland. One of the headmen, Barboncito, was appointed to speak for all The People.

Barboncito and other headmen met with General W. T. Sherman and Samuel F. Tappan at Fort Sumner on May 28, 1868. Sherman asked for a briefing on life at Bosque Redondo and Barboncito responded with a moving description of the years of struggle, desperation, and shame. His plea for the right to return home was eloquently simple.

Barboncito: Our grandfathers had no idea of living in any other country except our own and we do not think it right for us to do so as we were never taught to. When the Navajos were first created four mountains and four rivers were pointed out to us inside of which we should live; that was to be our country and was given to us by the First Woman of the Navajo Tribe. . . .

General Sherman: Our proposition now is to send some of you at the Government's expense to the Indian Territory south of Kansas or if you want to go to your own country you will be sent but not to the whole of it, only a portion which must be well defined.

Barboncito: I hope to God you will not ask me to go to any other country except my own.

The next day all The People were asked to assemble at the fort, where the Peace Commission instructed them to choose their first tribal leaders. Barboncito was elected chief—or, more



They Call Themselves 'The People'

accurately, chief spokesman—and delegates were appointed to conclude the treaty. On the following day the commission and the delegates met to determine the boundaries of the new reservation in their homeland, and the day after that, June 1, 1868, the treaty was signed. The United States Senate ratified the treaty on July 25, and President Andrew Johnson signed it on August 12. The People at last were to return to their homeland between the four mountains.

The Navajo is no doubt the best material in the country for rapid progress in agriculture. As history proves that for several centuries they have been engaged in planting and they are far in advance of other tribes in manufacturing blankets, bridles, saddles, and other articles. Yet they are savages and extremely superstitious.—Theodore H. Dodd, U.S. Indian Agent for Navajo Lands, Report of May 30, 1868 to the Peace Commission.

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A Century of Progress

The 300-mile journey across the desert country is indelibly recorded in Navajo history: The People refer to it as the Long Walk. What horses and wagons were available carried the young, the aged, and the infirm. The rest travelled on foot. The hardships were severe, but, despite their weakened condition, The People had a strength of spirit they had not known for years. They were going home. And their new spirit was the beginning of a century of progress.

The first fifty years following the Treaty was a period without fanfare, glamour, or special development, but it was a formative era. Times were not easy, and The People could no longer roam the countryside as they had done in the past. The reservation contained far less land than they had previously known. Some could not even return to their homes when these were outside the new boundaries. It was then The People realized that if they were to survive, they had to adjust themselves to the new conditions while clinging to the useful from among the old. They continued their traditional social organization, living in extended family groups, but they were more settled and made attempts to farm the soil, while receiving certain supplies from the federal government according to the terms of the Treaty.

Also in accordance with the Treaty terms, schools were established in various parts of the reservation, the first in 1869 at Fort Defiance. At the same time, an Indian Agent became resident at Fort Defiance, to assist both the Government and The People.

To many, the Indian Agent was but a symbol of an unwelcome government and its equally unwelcome ideas. There were incidents of resistance and bloodshed. Yet, the period was a kind of harsh but uncomplicated living according to the Navajo way.

Slowly the federal government permitted the expansion of the reservation by the Navajo people. Today their lands comprise an area larger than West Virginia, totaling more than fifteen million acres in Arizona, Utah, and New Mexico—but still less than the Navajo claims to the land once occupied by their ancestors. Admittedly, the Navajo situation is unique: most tribes were given far less consideration with respect to their land claims.

The reservation on the west borders the Grand Canyon, and includes within its boundaries many national and tribal parks, including 34 trout lakes and over 2,500 cliff dwellings. The many tourist sites include Monument Valley, with its towering red rock formations; Canyon de Chelly, its towering walls containing more than 2,000 cliff dwellings (where the *Anasazi*, the old people, lived); the cliff dwellings at Betatakin, a chamber large enough to house our national Capitol building; famous Rainbow Bridge; and Shiprock, a 2,100-foot lava ghost-ship riding a sea of sand.

A major portion of Navajoland lies within the scenic, although barren, Painted Desert. A significant part of the population still resides in this inhospitable region, living the old life, where, as The People say, you "live with your sheep," meaning to stay a considerable distance from others so that one's sheep do not graze on another's use area. In other regions, however, mountains and plateaus are thick with forests and wildlife, with elevations ranging to nearly 11,000 feet.

The 1920's saw the beginning of many new developments. In 1927 a system of local community organizations were established, resembling in nature and achievement the township organization of early America. This system has grown reservation-wide and is today the fundamental unit of the Navajo governmental structure.

The reservation is divided into 100 Chapters, geographical areas with six hundred or more inhabitants, each with supervisory officials and a delegate, or a shared delegate, to the Tribal Council. With the discovery of valuable mineral resources, it became apparent that The People would need representatives to act upon matters pertaining to the entire Tribe. With this impetus, an attempt was made to form an assembly according to Article X of the Treaty, which states that the agreement of three-fourths of the adult male population is required for action on matters relating to reservation property. When these attempts failed, a business council was established. Although the council was operationally clumsy and of

questionable authority, it was a step forward and the Secretary of the Interior established a set of rules to help guide it.

With some refinement, the business council continued until 1937 when it was reorganized to be an instrumentality of the Secretary of the Interior and not primarily an official tribal organization. The action of the Secretary was part of an attempt to establish a constitutional type of government under the Indian Reorganization Act, but the effort failed. Thus the Navajo Tribal Council, with seventy-four elected members, still operates as the governmental authority of the Navajo Tribe. A sample constitution has been prepared, but they are still without a governing body acting at the wish of the people at large and according to the limitations of a written constitution.

To be sure, the entire concept is non-Navajo. The very idea of "tribe" in any organizational sense is Anglo-imposed. The Navajo are simply The People, with one heritage, bound to live and act as one. When fair representation and intimate knowledge of constituent needs are taken for granted, many see little need for constitutional guarantees.

The People seldom take any public action without a strong consensus of opinion. In group deliberation of any matter they talk endlessly, until every voice has been heard. Only then is in action proposed, one acceptable to all. If factions develop they rarely resort to the device of passing a motion by a slender majority. The matter is simply shelved until further developments or new information suggest the likelihood of wider agreement. This system appears unwieldy and agonizingly slow to the Anglo observer, but it is the Navajo way. Moreover, as one of the purer examples of participatory democracy, it may bear lessons for the more frenzied and faction-ridden legislative bodies of the Anglo world.

Some have indicated that the federally-established Council has done well enough what had to be done. With the discovery of sizeable mineral deposits—oil in 1907 and 1921, and later gas, helium, coal, and uranium—the Council has skillfully negotiated the lease of mineral rights. Presently in operation are two of the nation's largest open-pit coal mines, supplying enough coal to operate three large power plants in the Upper Colorado Basin which sell power to nine states. The western

region of the reservation has yet to be fully explored and tested for mineral deposits, although some are suspected.

Primarily as a result of royalty payments, the Tribe, like other governmental authorities, has at long last acquired a major source of income. With some of these revenues the Tribe has established itself in business and has made capital investments throughout the reservation to create new opportunities for employment: dams, roads, modern housing projects, schools, a college. Other revenue is used to build supermarkets, motels, and factories—such as the Fairchild Electronics Assembly Plant at Shiprock. The plant employs 850 Navajos and expects 1,500 by 1970; while a General Dynamics plant employs 250 in Fort Defiance.

With still other revenues the Tribe has established an endowment fund to provide college scholarship and loan assistance. Recently the Secretary of the Interior approved the investment of this \$10 million education fund in common stocks and other securities, under the management of professional investment counselors. The plan is working and an additional \$20 million investment is being requested.

The Tribe has established enterprises such as the Navajo Housing Authority, the Navajo Tribal Utility Authority, various restaurants and motels, and the Navajo Forest Products Industries (NFFI), which is harvesting 50 million board feet of lumber annually from the nearly 500,000-acre forests of the reservation's high plateaus and mountains. Operating a modern and highly-automated sawmill, NFFI provides fair profit, stumpage payments, and over 350 jobs.

Largely due to the guidance of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the United States Public Health Services, the Tribe has established its own welfare programs, including probation and parole services. The Navajo Police force is exceptionally efficient and has jurisdiction and responsibility throughout the entire reservation. As part of an education program, the Tribe annually supplies two outfits of clothing to each child enrolled in school. To assist The People improve their homes the Tribe has its own construction and design department, and it supplies heavy equipment for road maintenance and construction. A legal aid service also is available.

Neither are the Tribe's resources neglected. Livestock pro-



Irene Yazzie

grams are provided. Hunting and fishing is supervised by a Parks and Recreation Department, along with a forestry program. Water, minerals, land, and agriculture departments supervise the use of these valuable assets.

Supplementing Tribal and Federal programs, the Office of Navajo Economic Opportunity sponsors anti-poverty programs throughout the reservation, including 120 Head Start centers and a Home Improvement Training Program in each of the 100 Chapters. Additional programs include the Local Community Development Program, a Migrant Agricultural Workers Program, a nationally-famous community alcoholism workers program, a business loan assistance center, a concentrated employment program, a legal aid services program, VISTA, and others.

In the next few years there are plans for expanded utility systems, supermarket facilities, power plants, major airports, additional roads, irrigation systems, dams, tourist facilities, community centers, and others. Especially with the supplemental funds from various federal programs, some parts of Navajoland are as active as a boomtown. The Tribe's affairs have become so complex that a computer is used in their administration.

Personal income from on-reservation sources comes mainly from tribal and federal payrolls, mining and forestry employment, electronics factory employment, agricultural production, and the sale of native arts and crafts products. However, only a minority works in the more skilled and lucrative areas first described, while most Navajos receive only a meagre and occasional income from agriculture and arts and crafts.

The attitude of The People toward the federal government during the century of progress has been, at best, a mixed one. Bitter memories of the loss of the war, Bosque Redondo, the Treaty, and the Long Walk remained vividly alive in the Navajo mind long after these become forgotten pages in the national archives. Although the government agencies were staffed with some dedicated personnel, their policies and programs for the Navajo were characterized largely by paternalism and misunderstanding.

The stock reduction program of the 1930's is an example of a government plan that hardly could have been calculated for a more negative or bewildering impact upon The People. The program was based on the premise that limited reservation land could graze only a limited number of sheep and livestock without causing excessive erosion. Hence, the reasoning went, the herds must be reduced. Now to The People, land and sheep are the Navajo way. Sheep especially were vital and were valued more than money in the mostly-barter economy, for they provided both food and clothing. Even today it is not possible to explain the program to the old people, who shake their heads as they recall seeing herds of thousands reduced to hundreds when the stock were rounded up, shot, burned in great heaps, and buried in long trenches. With better understanding, the program might instead have been an effort to improve the grazing land. But the understanding was lacking, and so the program, to the Navajo, was a disaster.

With the exception of the education program provided for in the Treaty, it was not until the final decades of the long century of progress that federal agencies began to offer health, welfare, and other social services to any significant degree. These services were strange to The People and the struggle to convince the Navajo to accept them is a long page in their history. For her leadership and her work in pioneering this campaign among The People, Mrs. Annie D. Wauneka, daughter of the first Navajo Tribal Chairman, Mr. Chee Dodge, was awarded the President's Freedom Medal by the late John F. Kennedy in 1963. Today the Indian Health Service has established many hospitals and clinics upon and near the reservation.

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Today

Statistics on the Navajo are grim. Unemployment ranges from 60% to 70%. Literacy among adults is still uncommon: the average level of education is approximately fifth grade. While experiencing the highest birth rate in the nation, The People also experience a tragically high rate of infant mortality. The average life expectancy is approximately 45 years, or roughly the same figure for the United States a century earlier. Perhaps 80% of the population live in a one-room hogan—or what the government would call substandard housing. Approximately 90% of The People have incomes below the poverty level as determined by the Office of Economic Opportunity. Why?

Perhaps it would be helpful to look back for a moment. Slightly more than a century ago the Navajo were a strong people, living a hardy but idyllic existence on their own land according to the dictates of their own culture and with their own special hopes and dreams. Suddenly they lost a war, suffered terrible hardship and tragedy, and were forced into a debilitating dependency relationship with a foreign culture that not only misunderstood them but pressured them to adopt alien ways. The People measured life's values in one way, the Navajo way, while the federal government insisted on another, the Anglo way. A handful succeeded in adjusting to a

compromise way, but most fell victim to spiritual, cultural, and economic impoverishment.

The pressure to adapt was relentless. Contained within the reservation, The People could not simply move on when the earth was unyielding to traditional agricultural practices. When they at last looked to non-Navajo skills for help, they did so for one reason only: they had no choice.

In a way, the children suffered the most. Sent to the white man's school—generally a boarding school far from home—they were taught only the white man's education and the white man's ways. They were given an Anglo name, had their hair cut short (contrary to tradition), and were punished if they spoke Navajo. The Anglo concept of classroom discipline could not have been more out of place. In the Navajo way one remains reserved in public, and it is unthinkable to subject someone to embarrassment. To be sure, many learned their lessons, but at bitter expense.

We know the story of one Navajo boy who some years ago appeared at school with mud on his face and hands and bits of feathers and mud in his hair. The teacher, in predictable Anglo fashion, ordered him to get cleaned up. The boy, knowing only a few words of English, stood in silent shame, whereupon the teacher dragged him to a sink and scrubbed him clean. It turned out that the boy had participated in a special religious ceremony for his sister, who was near death. He and other participants wore mixed clays and other ritual paraphernalia, applied to restore the health of the little girl. In prematurely removing these elements the ceremony was negated. The girl died, and neither the boy nor any of his family ever returned to an Anglo school.

Today many teachers are better prepared, and at least in some schools there is a greater understanding—although it might more accurately be described as perfunctory tolerance.

By being away from their families the children were denied the opportunity to learn their own culture and to learn the lessons of the Holy People, simply because the ceremonies were almost always performed in the winter months, the time when the children were away at school. Neither did they learn their responsibility toward their kinfolk and toward their own people. With this there was suddenly the beginning of a new problem: a growing distance between the ways of the old and the young.

The erosion of the old way is seen vividly in the diminishing number of Medicinemen. The demands of formal education and regular employment make it increasingly difficult for an aspiring young Navajo to invest the five, ten, or even fifteen years necessary to learn the complex lessons and ceremonies. But without the Medicinemen to perform the Holy ceremonies there will be no Navajo religion and the heart of Navajo culture will die.

Modern medical technology is making inroads too, as more and more of The People accept the routine use of hospital facilities, where available. However, even the professional medical personnel on the reservation recognize the capabilities of the Medicinemen in treating certain cases, particularly incurables or those with emotional problems. A psychiatrist spends a great deal of time building a relationship with his patient. A Medicineman, however, has the patient's lifetime of faith immediately available to help fight the disease. The jargon differs, but it matters little if an ailment is blamed on evil spirits or anxiety neurosis, so long as the patient is restored to health. Those interested in psychosomatic medicine will perhaps not be surprised to learn that accounts of cures such as the arrest of cancer or the disappearance of gallstones following treatment by a Medicineman are not rare.

Today, a great many of The People suffer the dilemma that began when they were school children: they vacillate both in mind and geography between the Navajo and the Anglo worlds. A good many of the Navajo people have told us that they are uncertain about their identity. They speak and act like the Anglos who taught them. They try to keep a job and a new car. Yet they cherish the rural existence and the older way of life; they still participate in the old ceremonies.

*I am the child of Yei-ie.
Turquoise for my body. Silver for my soul.
I was united with beauty all around me.
As turquoise and silver, I'm the jewel of brother
tribes and worn with pride.
The wilds of the animals are also my brothers.
The bears, the deer, and the birds are a part
of me and I am a part of them.
As brothers, the clouds are our long and sleek hair.
The winds are our pure breath.
As brothers, the rivers are our blood.
The mountains are our ourselves.
As brothers, the universe is our home, and
in it we walk with Beauty in our minds,
with Beauty in our hearts and with
Beauty in our steps.
In Beauty we were born.
In Beauty we are living.
In Beauty we will die.
In Beauty we will be finished.*

Charles C. Long, "Yei-ie's Child"

To meet their spiritual needs, some of The People have turned to the Native American Church, the onetime controversial religion incorporating the ceremonial use of peyote. The mild-by urban "drug-culture" standards—consciousness-expanding properties of the bud of the peyote cactus have been known in the Southwest for centuries. However, its religious use by Indians did not become significant until after 1900, the time when the decay of the old culture first was strongly felt. A 1960 state court decision legalized the use of peyote for N.A.C. members in Arizona, and the Navajo Tribal Council legalized it on the reservation in 1967. The subject of the Native American Church remains a sensitive matter among The People. It may have helped some avoid the tragedy of alcoholism. It clearly has helped others deal with the anguish felt in the void between two worlds.

In many ways, the two worlds are incompatible. During World War II many Navajo men entered military service or worked in war industries away from the reservation. (An all-Navajo communications unit provided invaluable service to the war effort. Serving on the front lines in the Pacific theater, they transmitted top-secret radio messages in their native tongue, a "code" that enemy intelligence was unable to decipher throughout the war.) As expected, in their training and in their travels they acquired considerable familiarity with the non-Navajo world and acquired habits of the outside culture. When they returned to the reservation they were confused and had serious questions about their identity. Among their families they were looked upon as having lost part of the Navajo way. Sometimes the very worst that can possibly be said of anyone was said to describe their condition: "He acts as if he has no family."

Tomorrow

What tomorrow will bring The People is not easy to foresee. It is significant that they have no word for time in their native language, no concept in this regard. In the Navajo way, one does not worry about tomorrows. Perhaps neither should we.

If they do not deliberate and develop at a rate familiar to the Anglo world, The People would say that these are simply imposed values. The Navajo very much desire the opportunity to develop in their own manner and at their own pace, preserving the values of their proud heritage and, above all, preserving unto their children the opportunity to become whatever they are capable of becoming, whether oriented to the Navajo or the Anglo way of living.

As the emergence myth relates, this is a new world for the Navajo just as it is a new world for the millions of immigrants who have made this land the America of today. In the old days, long before the Treaty of 1868, The People encountered other cultures, exchanged arts and skills and ideas with them, and emerged enriched. In their encounter with Anglo culture

and its force-feeding ways, they have been injured and impoverished. Hopefully, they will some day again feel enriched.

With the confidence that The People will seize whatever meaningful opportunities are available to them, we anticipate a Beautiful tomorrow. But if that day should come it will likely be only when the full context of the Navajo way of life is

*All the things that have harmed me,
they will leave me.
I walk with a cool body after they leave me.
Inside of me today I will be well,
all fever will have come out of me,
and go away from me,
and leave my head cool.
I will hear today
I will see today
I will be in my right mind today.
Today I will walk out
Today everything evil will leave me
I will be as I was before
I will have a cool breeze over my body
I will walk with a light body.
I will be happy forever,
nothing will hinder me,
I will walk with Beauty before me.
I will walk with Beauty behind me.
I will walk with Beauty above me.
I will walk with Beauty below me.
I will walk with Beauty all around me.
I will walk and speak Beautiful words.
I will forever be one,
Everything is Beautiful.*

Part of the Prayer to Big Snake Man at Dropped-out Mountain, from the Beautyway Chant.

understood by those around them. The People seek and, perhaps more than anything else, need honest respect for their basic human dignity. With such respect it is to be hoped that understanding and coordination will come, which together will orchestrate a development of The People into a Beautiful tomorrow, beyond even our most wonderful dreams, where the rainbows will forever shine and bring to all people everywhere that sense of Justice, Harmony, Peace, and Beauty which is part of the common heritage of mankind. □

Bennett County Booster II

Thursday, October 2, 1968

Published at Martin, Bennett County, South Dakota, every Thursday morning by Booster Publishing Company, Wendell E. Long and Mary E. Long, owners and publishers.

Baxter Berry Is Acquitted

Returning with a decision after slightly less than two and a half hours, a circuit court jury in White River Thursday found Baxter Berry innocent of murder.

Berry, son of former South Dakota Gov. Tom Berry, was cleared in the death of Norman Little Brave, a 28-year-old Indian who lived near the Berry ranch.

The 63-year-old Belvidere rancher said he shot Little Brave twice at "point blank" range when the Indian man said he was going to kill him.

Berry claimed self defense in the shooting.

The murder charge was brought by Little Brave's widow after a coroner's jury cleared Berry earlier.

Vine Deloria jr. Book Published

Vine Deloria jr. has written a book, entitled "Custer Died for Your Sins," which has been published and was released by the Macmillan Co., Monday, September 15.

Deloria urges the black men of America to get a homeland where you can withdraw, drop the facade of integration, be yourself and you'll get the backing of the exploited American Indian who'll finally understand you and believe you understand him.

But the 35-year-old former executive secretary of Congress of American Indians, who was born in Martin, has no complaint about denial of integration into white society for the Indian. He points out, in fact, that a major problem foisted upon the Indian by white man has been efforts to force the Indian to accept white values, for which the Indian has contempt.

It is for this reason, Deloria writes, that the Indian has not been able to understand the quest of the black man for integration into a white society with nothing to offer him but white culture, which, he says, is "not really a culture but a cancer."

But how would tribalism help the black man? Deloria points out that "Indian people have the opportunity to deal officially as a corporate body with the rest of the world."

Deloria offers the paradox that "in order to keep the country from complete divisiveness, separatism must be accepted as a means to achieve equality of personality both for groups and individuals."

"Separatism," he continues, "can be the means by which blacks gain time for reflection, meditation, and eventual understanding of themselves as a people."

Because blacks did not, until recently, seem to sense their salvation in respect for their own mores, Deloria says Indians could not identify with their problems.

However, Deloria writes, Indians will be able to join with blacks in an alliance of oppressed, but dissimilar, minority groups if black militancy leads to "nationalistic philosophies which relate to the ongoing conception of the tribe as a nation extending in time and occupying space."

READERS LETTER

Urges Sioux To Choose Right Leaders

September 15, 1968

Recently when the astronauts went to the moon and landed on it, my mother and I watched their achievement on TV. Previous to this I had told my mother that they were to land on the moon and would even walk around on it. She said, matter of factly, that they probably would see Hokay, while they were on the moon. I asked her who was this Hokay? She said "Hokay is the man on the moon. He is rather short and broad-shouldered, with a prominent chest and abdomen. He has long hair. He stands there on the moon looking on."

So when the two astronauts stepped out on the moon, I half expected to see Hokay come, walking up to the two men and saying, "What. You here again?" (As such a thing took place in 1492) but nothing of this sort happened and I was relieved to realize that there was no living beings on the moon.

More than that, I was proud of the great American achievement of being the first human beings on the moon. But let's not kid ourselves. We know who has access to the moon as well as any planet or star in the whole universe. He is the one who hung the earth and all other planets on nothing. He organized the whole universe so that each terrestrial body knows its place and carries on the way it's supposed to.

This great God also created us, the Indian people. Columbus named us Indians, but we are the true native Americans. Learned people theorize that we migrated from the East or China, etc., via the Aleutian Islands.

But to our knowledge we were here and we have been here for a long, long time. North America was our hunting ground. We lived off of the land making use of everything Mother Nature, Mother Earth provided. We derived our sustenance from her and she also furnished the herbs with which we made medicine. We had herbs that took care of our sicknesses and disease. This has been lost since the advent of MD's and modern drugs and pills.

We took from Mother Earth the things she provided and treated her with great respect. We did not consider it a sin to go into enemy camps and drive off their horses. We did not fight over territory. To become a chief, a man did not have to overcome a member of his own tribe but rather he was chosen to be a chief because of his courage and bravery in the face of the enemy and for his charity towards those of his own tribe.

My mother said, "The people in those days were real men and real women. They lived by their might and cunning. They respected the things they could not understand, i.e., thunder and lightning, sun, moon and stars, the four winds, the Great Spirit and Mother Earth. They were 'Wankan' and they were 'nagi ksapa.' They had compassion

for one another and charity abounded within the tribe." After saying this, she gazed about sadly. I thought about those bygone days and thought, "But we don't live like that anymore."

No. Our way of life is vastly changed and now we have a way of life that goes forward sometimes advantageously and sometimes in a sorry mess, depending on who are our tribal leaders.

It was with great hopes and expectations that the Indian Stockgrowers worked to put in this present tribal administration. The result? The council they put in has passed legislation on them that they should pay a tax of \$1.50 per head of stock. This is only one of the things that has affected members of the tribe.

As for the Indian landowner, he still has to give up 5% of his land income to support a tribal administration whose ever increasing greed for more money is becoming the talk of the Pine Ridge Indian reservation.

There is an election coming off again in November.

Dear Oglala Sioux People! Please choose your next tribal leaders with care. Choose an Indian. By this I mean one who does not think and act as a white man. As I said, charity abounded within the tribe in the old days. Of course, those days cannot come back. But at least choose one who is Indian in his way of thinking.

No doubt there will be some candidates for tribal office who have become too materialistic and have become indifferent to the needs of us Oglala Sioux.

But I shall have more to say in future articles if this paper is willing to print it or if they suffer me to submit articles from time to time. I believe that we Indians should be heard. Surely we would have no complaints if all was well within our reservation.

So, in closing I will say: Cante wasteya nape ciyuzape.

Mildred Young,
Box 481,
Pine Ridge, South Dakota

Indians and Playboy

Playboy Magazine published an article by Vine Deloria Jr. in its August issue called "Custer Died For Your Sins."

Tribal Chairman Cato Valandra asked Clyde Dollar, historical consultant for the tribe, to comment on the article. His comments:

"I feel like I have just been handed a hot potato."

"Vine Deloria's article contains a much greater percentage of truth than it does fiction--I would say about 99.9 percent worth."

"He has given form and substance to a problem that is very real (i.e., the validity of anthropological research among Indian People) and he very rightfully has voiced a plea to be free of this plague."

"Visiting anthropologists, on our reservation at least, are considered something akin to a seasonal source of income, albeit irritation, but I know of not one single individual in this profession who has managed to assist in a permanent economic betterment of our people."

"Mr. Deloria has unintentionally done us a great disservice; without the prospect of the annual summer's fun and games with Those-Who-Come-With-Taperecorders, our winters will be long needed."

BOYCOTT SET FOR TOURIST

A \$17,699 grant to conduct a campaign aimed at a tourist boycott of South Dakota because of racial discrimination, has been favored by the Episcopal Convocation meeting at Lower Brule on July 24-27.

The grant would go to the American Indian Civil Rights Assn. of Mission headed by Robert Burnette Sr.

It would be given by the Executive Council of Episcopal Church.

DICTIONARY FOR SIOUX

Editor:

The Dakota-English Dictionary is now for sale from the Working Indians Civil Assn., Box 537, Pierre, S.D. The price is \$6 per copy.

WICA is a non-profit organization representing nation-wide membership.

The purpose of the dictionary is to import cultural appreciation, an interest in our American heritage.

A study of Siouan will reveal the culture, beliefs and soul of these people because a people's language is its very life.

-- Ramona O'Connor
Box 537
Pierre, S.D. 57501

Indians Are Killed Or Kill Themselves

More Indians are dying every year from homicide and suicide than ever before in recent history.

This is the trend disclosed by the U.S. Public Health Service in its annual report for 1967.

The Indian Health Service said homicide (killings) is number 8 in the leading causes of death for Indians and Alaskan Natives.

Suicide, formerly number 13, rose to number 10, the IHS said.

"Until 1967, suicides were only slightly more common among Indians than among the general population," the IHS report said.

The Indian suicide rate rose to 1.6 times that of the general population.

"Suicide deaths by age indicated that up to age 45, Indian suicide deaths are greater than the general population," the report continued.

After age 45, the Indian suicide rate is considerably less than the general population which has its highest rate in older adulthood.

"In the young to middle adult years, Indian suicide rates are two to four times higher than corresponding age-specific rates for the general population," the report commented.

Copies of the report, "Suicides and Homicides Among Indians," is available from Indian Health Service, 7915 Eastern Ave., Silver Spring MD 20910.

The leading cause of death among Indian people is accidents.

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Let's Be Frank

Who's running the show?

We can ask this of the white-dominated groups or the Indian organizations.

There are several reports on American Indians that may have far reaching effect on the grassroots level of Indian people.

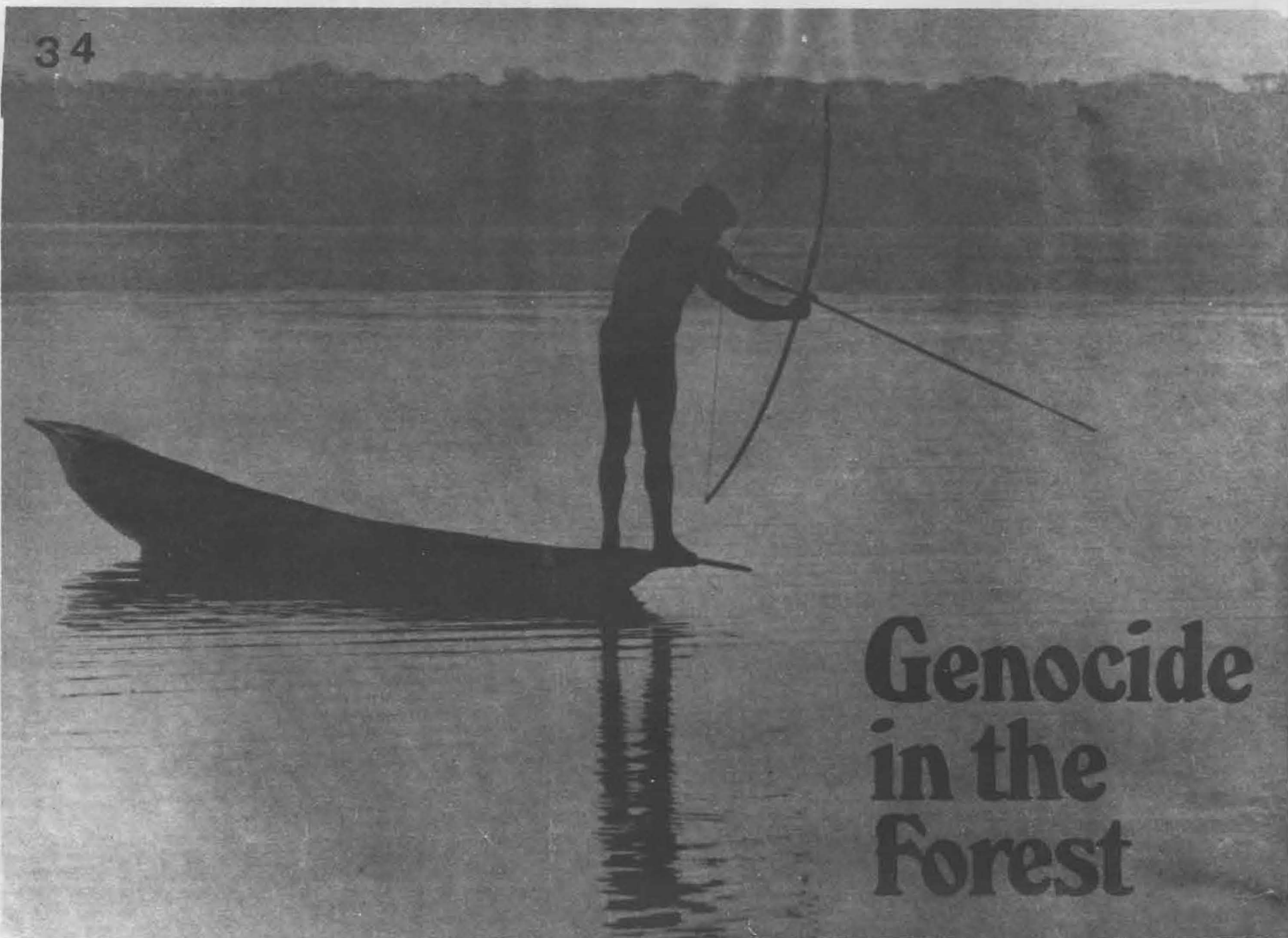
For example, there are: the Cahn Report, the Josephy Report, the preliminary and uncompleted report by the Senate Subcommittee on Indian Education, the Rough Rock Report and its counteraction reply (the Tax Rebuttal, the Havighurst Study, and perhaps others making the rounds.

We have no doubt these reports are in part, if not totally, dominated and influenced by non-Indians.

Yet people who can get things done will use them to come up with answers to the so-called Indian problem.

It's coming to a point where we on the grassroots level are confused about who's representing whom on the white and Indian soap boxes.

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Genocide in the Forest

Conquerors and 'protectors' have sadistically ravaged and exploited a simple, trusting people almost to extinction. Four centuries ago there were millions of Indians in Brazil; by 1980 — thanks to the civilized — there may be none

If you happen to be one of those who feel affection for the gentle, backward civilizations—the shy, primitive peoples daunted and overshadowed by the juggernaut advance of our ruthless age — then 1968 was a bad year for you.

By the descriptions of all who had seen them, there were no more inoffensive and charming human beings on the planet than the forest Indians of Brazil, and brusquely we were told they had been rushed to the verge of extinction. The tragedy of the Indian in the United States in the last century was being repeated, but it was being compressed into a shorter time. Where a decade ago there had been hundreds of Indians, there were now tens. There was one report on a tribe of which only 135 members had survived, too gentle almost to hunt. They lived as naked as Adam and Eve in the nightfall of an innocent history, catching a few fish, collecting ground nuts, playing their flutes, making love, waiting for death. We learned that it was due only to the paternal solicitude of the Brazilian government's Indian Protection Service that they had survived until this day.

In all such monitory accounts—and there had been many of them—there was a blind spot, a lack of candor, a defect in social responsibility, an evident aversion to pointing to the direction from which doom approached. It seemed that we were expected to suppose that the Indians were simply fading away, killed off by the harsh climate of the times, and we were invited to inquire no further. It was left to the Brazilian government itself to resolve the mystery, with brutal frankness and with little attempt at self-defense. The tribes had been virtually exterminated, not *despite* all the efforts of the Indian Protection Service, but with its *connivance*—often its ardent co-operation.

The Service, admitted General Albuquerque Lima, the Brazilian Minister of the Interior, had been converted into an instrument for the Indians' oppression, and had therefore been dis-

BY NORMAN LEWIS

solved. There was to be a judicial inquiry into the conduct of 134 functionaries. A full newspaper page in small print was required to list the crimes with which these men were charged. Speaking informally, the Attorney-General, Jader Figueiredo, doubted whether 10 of the Service's employees out of a total of more than 1,000 would be fully cleared of guilt.

The official report was calm—phlegmatic almost—and the more effective therefore in its exposure of the atrocity it contained. Pioneers leagued with corrupt politicians had continually usurped Indian lands, destroyed whole tribes in a cruel struggle in which bacteriological warfare had been employed, by issuing clothing impregnated with the virus of smallpox and by poisoned food supplies. Children had been abducted and mass murder gone unpunished. The government itself was blamed to some extent for the Service's increasing starvation of resources over a period of 30 years. The Service had also had to face "the disastrous impact of missionary activity."

The huge losses sustained by the Indian tribes in this tragic decade were catalogued in part. Of 19,000 Munducurus believed to have existed in the Thirties, only 1,200 were left. The strength of the Guaranis had been reduced from 5,000 to 300. There were 400 Carajas left out of 4,000.

The proud and noble nation of the Kadiweus, "the Indian Cavaliers," had shrunk to a pitiful scrounging band of about 200. A few hundred only remained of the formidable Chavantes who prowled in the background of Peter Fleming's Brazilian journey, but they had been reduced to mission fodder—the same melancholy fate that had overtaken the Bororos, who helped to change Claude Lévi-Strauss' views on the nature of human evolution.

Many tribes were now represented by a single family, a few by one or two individuals. Some, like the Tapaiunas — in this case from a gift of sugar laced with arsenic—had disappeared altogether. It is estimated that between 50,000 and 100,000 Indians survive today. Brazil's leading social historian believes that not a single one will be alive by 1980.

Figueiredo estimated that property worth \$62-million had been stolen from the Indians in the past 10 years; cattle and personal possessions. He added: "It is not only through the embezzlement of funds but by the admission of sexual perversions, murders and all other crimes listed in the penal code against Indians and their property, that one can see that the Indian Protection Service was for years a den of corruption and indiscriminate killings." The head of the Service, Major Luis Neves, was accused of 42 crimes, including collusion in several murders, the illegal sale of lands, and the embezzlement of \$300,000. The documents containing the evidence collected by the Attorney-General weighed 103 kilograms, he informed the newspapermen, and amounted to a total of 5,115 pages.

In the following days there were more headlines and more statements by the ministry:

"Rich landowners of the municipality of Pedro Alfonso attacked the tribe of Craos and killed about 100."

"The worst slaughter took place in Aripuana, where the Cintas Largas Indians were attacked from the air with sticks of dynamite."

"The Maxacalis were given firewater by the landowners who employed gunmen to shoot them down when they were drunk."

"Landowners engaged a notorious *pistoleiro* and his band to massacre the Canelas Indians."

"The Nhambiquera Indians were mown down by machine gun fire."

"Two tribes of the Patachós were exterminated by giving them smallpox injections."

All the accounts suggest that when the Europeans first came on the scene four centuries back, they found a dense and lively population. Fray Gaspar, the diarist of Orellana's expedition, claims that a force of 50,000 once attacked their ship. At that time the experts believed that the Indians may have numbered between three and six million. By 1900, the same authorities calculate, there may have been a million left. But in reality it is all a matter of guesswork.

The first Europeans to set eyes on the Indians of Brazil came ashore from the fleet of Pedro Alvares Cabral in the year 1500 to a reception that enchanted them, and when the ships set sail again they left with reluctance.

Pero Vaz de Caminha, official clerk to the expedition, sent off a letter to the King that crackled with enthusiasm. It was the fresh-eyed account of a man released from the monotony of the seas to miraculous new experiences, that might have been written to any crony back in his home town. Nude ladies had paraded on the beach splendidly, indifferent to the stares of the Portuguese sailors—and Caminha took the King by the elbow to go into their charms at extraordinary length. The Indian girls were fresh from bathing in the river and devoid of body hair. Caminha describes their sexual attractions with minute and sympathetic detail, adding that their genitalia would put any Portuguese lady to shame. In those days Europeans rarely washed (a treatise on the avoidance of lousiness was a bestseller), so one supposes that the Portuguese were frequently verminous in these regions. Caminha cannot avoid coming back to the subject again before settling down to prosaic details of the climate and produce of the newly discovered land. "Sweet girls," he says . . . "like wild birds and animals. Lustrous in a way that so far outshines those in captivity—they could not be cleaner, plumper and more vibrant than they are."

The Europeans were overwhelmed, too, by the magnificence of the Indians' manners. If they admired any of their necklaces or personal adornments of feather or shells these were instantly pressed into their hands. In other encounters it was to be the same with golden trinkets, and temporary wives were always to be had for the taking. The bolder of the women came and rubbed themselves against the sailors' legs, showing their fascination at the instant and unmistakable sexual response of the white men.

Such openhandedness was dazzling to these representatives of an inhibited but fanatically acquisitive society. The official filled page after page with a catalogue of Indian virtues. All that was necessary to complete this image of the perfect human society was a knowledge of the true God. And since these people were not circumcised, it followed that they were not Mohammedans or Jews, and that there was nothing to impede their conversion. When the first mass was said, the Indians, with characteristic politeness and tact, knelt beside the Portuguese and, in imitation of their guests, smiled and kissed the crucifixes that were handed to them. As discussion was limited to gestures the Portuguese suspected their missionary labors were incomplete, and when the fleet sailed, two convicts were left behind to attend to the natives' conversion.

It was Caminha's letter that encouraged Voltaire to formulate his theory of the noble savage. Here was innocence—here was apparent freedom, even, from the curse of original sin. The Indians, said the first reports, knew of no crimes or punishments. There were no hangmen or torturers among them; no poor. They treated each other, their children—even their animals—with constant affection. They were to be sacrificed to a process that was beyond the control of these admiring visitors. Spain and Portugal had become parasitic nations which could no longer feed themselves.

The fertile lands at home had been abandoned, the irrigation systems left by the Moors were fallen into decay, the peasants dragged away to fight in endless wars from which they never returned. Economic forces the newcomers could never have understood were about to transform them into slavers and assassins. The natives gave gracefully, and the invaders took what they offered with grasping hands, and when there was nothing left to give the enslavement and the murder began. The American continent was about to be overwhelmed by what Claude Lévi-Strauss described 400 years later as "that monstrous and incomprehensible cataclysm which the development of Western civilization was for so large and innocent a part of humanity."

Caminha and his comrades landed at Porto Seguro, about 500 miles up the coast from the present Rio de Janeiro, and it is no more than a coincidence that a handful of Indians have somehow succeeded in surviving to this day at Ita-

buna, which is nearby. The continued presence of these Tapachos is something of a mystery, because for four centuries the area has been ravaged by slavers, belligerent pioneers and bandits of all descriptions. The survivors are found in a swarthy, austere landscape, tied together by ligaments of bare rock in the crevices of which they have developed an aptitude for self-concealment, furtive creatures in tropical tatters, scuttling for cover as they are approached. One sees them in patches of wasteland by the roadside or railway track, which they fertilize with their own excrement to grow a few vegetables before moving on.

Otherwise they eke out a sub-existence by selling herbal recipes and magic to neurotic whites who visit them in secret, by a little prostitution and a little theft. They suffer from tuberculosis, venereal disease, ailments of the eye and from epidemics of measles and influenza, the last two of which adopt particularly lethal forms.

Two of their tribes held on through thick and thin to a little of their original land until 10 years ago when a doctor—now alleged to have been sent by the Indian Protection Service of those days—instead of vaccinating them, inoculated them with the virus of smallpox. This operation was totally successful in its aim, and the vacant land was immediately absorbed into the neighboring white estates.

The atrocities of the conquistadors described by Bishop Bartolomeo de Las Casas, who was an eye-witness of what must have been the greatest of all wars of extermination, resist the imagination. There is something remote and shadowy about horror on so vast a scale. Numbers begin to mean nothing as one reads with a sort of detached, unfocused belief of the mass burnings, the flayings, the disembowelings and the mutilations.

Twelve million were killed, Las Casas says, most of them in frightful ways. "The Almighty seems to have inspired these people with a meekness and softness of humor like that of

lambs, and the conquerors who have fallen upon them so fiercely resemble savage tigers, wolves and lions . . . I have seen the Spaniards set their fierce and hungry dogs at the Indians to tear them in pieces and devour them . . . They set fire to so many towns and villages it is impossible I should recall the number of them

. . . These things they did without any provocation, purely for the sake of doing mischief."

Wherever they could be reached, in the Caribbean islands and on the coastal plains, the Indians were exterminated. Those of Brazil were saved from extinction by a tropical rain forest, as big as Europe, and to the south of it, the half million square miles of thicket and swampland—the Mato Grosso—that remained sufficiently mysterious until our days for explorers like Colonel Fawcett to lose their lives searching in it for golden cities.

For those who pursued the Indians into the forest there were worse dangers to face than poison-tipped arrows. Jiggers deposited their eggs under their skin; there was a species of fly that fed on the surface of the eye and could produce blindness; bees swarmed to fasten themselves to the traces of mucus in the nostrils and at the corners of the mouth; fire ants could cause temporary paralysis, and worst of all, a tiny beetle sometimes found in the roofs of abandoned huts might drop on the sleeper to administer a single fatal bite.

Apart from that there were the common hazards of poisonous snakes, spiders and scorpions in variety, and the rivers contained not only the ferocious piranha, electric eels and sting-rays, but also a tiny catfish with spiny fins which wriggled into the human orifices and could not be removed without a mutilating operation. Above all, the mosquitoes transmitted not only malaria, but yellow fever endemic in the blood

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After a heavy meal, it's time for a nap. Father and daughter are of the Waura tribe on the Upper Zingu River



Kamaiura father instructs son in art of fishing. As soon as they are able, boys must help feed the family

'Sword and iron rod are the best kind of preaching' 36



The Indians were like lambs and the conquistadors like wolves, wrote Bishop Las Casas, an eye-witness

of many of the monkeys. The only non-Indians to penetrate the ultimate recesses of the forest were the Negroes of later invasions, who escaped in great numbers from the sugar estates and mines to form the *quilombas*, the fugitive slave settlements. But these, apart from helping themselves to Indian women where they found them, followed the rule of live and let live and they merged with the surrounding tribes and lost their identity.

The processes of murder and enslavement slowed down during the next three centuries, but did so because there were fewer Indians left to

murder and enslave. Great expeditions to provide labor for the plantations of Maranhão and Pará depopulated all the easily accessible villages near the main Amazonian waterways, and the loss of life is said to have been greater than that involved in the slave trade with Africa. Those who escaped the plantations often finished in the Jesuit reservations—religious concentration camps where conditions were hardly less severe and trifling offenses were punished with terrible floggings or imprisonment. "The sword and iron rod are the best kind of preaching," as the Jesuit missionary José de Anchieta put it.

By the Nineteenth Century some sort of melancholy stalemate had been reached. Indian slaves were harder to get, and with the increasing rationalization of supply and the consequent fall in cost of Negroes from West Africa—who in any case stood up to the work better—the price of the local product was undercut. As the Indians became less valuable as a commodity it became possible to see them through a misty Victorian eye, and at least one novel about them was written, swaddled in sentiment, in the mood of *The Last of the Mohicans*.

A more practical viewpoint reasserted itself at the time of the great rubber boom at the turn of the century, when it was discovered that the harmless and picturesque Indians were better equipped than Negroes to search the forests for rubber trees. While the eyes of the world were averted, all the familiar tortures and excesses were renewed, until with the collapse of the boom and the revival of conscience, the Indian Protection Service was formed.

In the raw, abrasive vulgarity it displayed in its consumption of easy wealth, the Brazilian rubber boom surpassed anything that had been seen in the Western world since the days of the Klondike. It was centred on Manaus which had been built where it was at the confluence of two great navigable rivers, the Amazon and the Rio Negro, for its convenience in launching slaving expeditions, a city that had fallen into a decline that matched the wane in interest in its principal commodity.

With the invention of the car and the rubber tire, and the recognition that the *hevea* tree of the Amazon produced incomparably the best rubber, Manaus was back in business, converted instantly to a tropical Gomorrah. Caruso refused a staggering fee to appear at the opera house, but Madame Patti accepted. There were Babylonian orgies of the period in which courtesans

took semi-public baths in champagne, which was also awarded by the bucketful to winning horses at the races. Men of fashion sent their soiled linen to Europe to be laundered. Ladies had their false teeth set with diamonds, and among exotic importations was a regular shipment of virgins from Poland. These, averaging 13 years of age, might cost up to \$260 (about \$1,300, modern equivalent) for the first night, because intercourse with a virgin was regarded as a certain cure for venereal disease. After that the price would drop to one-twentieth of this figure.

The most dynamic of the great rubber corporations of those days was the British-registered Peruvian Amazon Company, operating in the ill-defined northwest frontier of Brazil, where it could play off the governments of Colombia, Peru and Brazil against each other, all the better to establish its vast, nightmarish empire of exploitation and death.

A young American engineer, Walter Hardenburg, carried accidentally in a fit of wanderlust over the company's frontier, was immediately seized and imprisoned for a few days during which he was given a chance to see the kind of thing that went on. Several thousand Huitoto Indians had been enslaved and at the post where Hardenburg was held, El Encanto (Enchantment), he saw the rubber tappers bringing back their collection of latex at the end of the day. Their bodies were covered with great raised weals from the overseers' tapir-hide whips, and Hardenburg noticed that the Indians who had managed to collect their quota of rubber danced with joy whereas those who had failed to do so seemed terror stricken, although he was not present to witness their punishment. Later he learned that repeated deficiencies in collection could mean a sentence of 100 lashes, from which it took six months to recover.

An element of competition was present when it came to killing Indians. On one occasion 150 hopelessly inefficient workers were rounded up and slashed to pieces by *macheteiros* employing a grisly local expertise which included the *corte do bananeiro*, a backward and forward swing of the blade which removed two heads at one blow, and the *corte maior*, which sliced a body into two or more parts before it could fall to the ground. High feast days, too, were celebrated by sporting events when a few of the more active—and therefore more valuable—tappers might be sacrificed to make an occasion. They were blindfolded and encouraged to do their best to escape while the overseers and their guests potted at them with their rifles.

Barbadian British subjects were recruited by the Peruvian Amazon Company as wild Indian hunters, being sent on numerous expeditions into areas where the company proposed to establish new rubber trails. These were paid on a basis of piecework and were obliged to collect the heads of their victims and return with them as proof of their claims to payment. Stud farms existed in the area where selected Indian girls would breed the slave labor of the future, when the wild Indian had been wiped out. Some

rubber companies have been suspected, too, of not stopping short of cannibalism, and there were strong rumors of camps in which ailing and unsatisfactory workers were used to supply the tappers' meat.

The world-wide scandal of the Peruvian Amazon Company, exposed by Sir Roger Casement, coincided with the collapse of the rubber boom caused by the competition of the new Malayan plantations, and a crisis of conscience was sharpened by the threat of economic disaster. The instant bankruptcy of Manaus was attended by spectacular happenings. Sources of cash suddenly dried up, and the surplus population of card-sharps, adventurers and whores pouring into the river steamers in the rush to escape to the coast paid for their passages with such possessions as diamond cuff-links and solitaire rings. Merchant princes with their fortunes tied up in unsaleable rubber committed suicide.

The celebrated electric street cars—first of their kind in Latin America—came suddenly to a halt as the power was cut off, and were set on fire by their enraged passengers. A few race-horses found themselves between the shafts of converted bullock carts. The opera house closed, never to open again.

When Brazilians had got used to the idea that their rubber income was substantially an end, they began to examine the matter of its cost in human lives in the light of the fact, now generally known, that the Peruvian Amazon Company alone had virtually murdered 30,000 Indians. Brazil was now Indian conscious again and its legislators reminded one another of the principles so nobly enunciated by José Bonifácio in 1823, and embodied in the constitution. "We must never forget," Bonifácio said, "that we are usurpers in this land, but also that we are Christians."

It was a mood responsible for the determination that nothing of this kind should ever happen again, and an Indian Protection Service—unique and extraordinary in its altruism in America—was founded in 1910 under the leadership of Marshall Rondon, himself an Indian, and therefore, it was supposed, exceptionally qualified to be able to interpret the Indian's needs.

Rondon's solution was to integrate the Indian into the mainstream of Brazilian life—to educate him, to change his faith, to break his habit of nomadism, to change the color of his skin by intermarriage, to draw him away from the forests and into the cities, to turn him into a wage earner and a voter. He spent the last 30 years of his life trying to do this, but just before his death came a great change of heart. He no longer believed that integration was to be desired. It had all been, he said now, a tragic mistake.

The conclusion of all those who have lived among and studied the Indian beyond the reach of civilization is that he is the perfect human product of his environment—from which it should follow that he cannot be removed without calamitous results. Ensnared in the forest in which his ancestors have lived for thousands of years, he is as much a component of it as the tapir and the jaguar: self-sufficient, the artificer of all his requirements, at terms with his surroundings, deeply conscious of his place in the living patterns of the visible and invisible universe.

It is admitted now that the average Indian Protection Service official recruited to deal with this complicated but satisfactory human being was all too often venal, ignorant and witless, and it was natural that he should call to his aid the missionaries who were in Brazil by the thousand and were backed by resources that he himself lacked. But the missionary record was not an imposing one, and even those incomparable colonizers of the faith, the Jesuits, had little to show but failure.

In the early days they had put their luckless converts into long white robes, segregated the sexes and set them to "godly labors," lightened by the chanting of psalms in Latin, mind developing exercises in mnemonics, and speculative discussions on such topics as the number of angels able to perch on the point of a pin. It was offered as a foretaste of the delights of the Christian heaven, complete with its absence of marrying or giving in marriage, and many of the converts died of melancholy.

After a while demoralization spread to the fathers themselves and some of them went off the rails to the extent of dabbling in the slave trade. When these settlements were finally overrun by the bloodthirsty pioneers and frontiersmen from São Paulo, death can hardly have

been more than a happy release for the listless and bewildered Indian flock.

When the Indian Protection Service was formed the missionaries of the various Catholic orders were rapidly being outnumbered by non-conformists, mostly from the United States. These were a very different order of man, no longer armed only with hellfire and damnation, but with up-to-date techniques of salesmanship in their approach to the problems of conversion.

As soon as Indians were attracted to the neighborhood a mission store might be opened, and the first short step toward the ultimate goal of conversion be taken by the explanation of the value and uses of money, and how with it the Indian could obtain all those goods which it was hoped would become necessary to him. The missionaries are absolutely candid and even self-congratulatory about their methods. To hold the Indian, wants must be created and then continually expanded—wants that in such remote parts only the missionary can supply. A greed for unessential trifles must be inculcated and fostered.

The Portuguese verb employed to describe this process is *conquistar* and it is applied without differentiation to subjection by force or guile. What normally happens is that presents—usually of food—are left where the uncivilized Indians can find them. Great patience is called for. It may be years before the tribesmen are won over by repeated overtures, but when it happens the end is in sight. All that remains is to encourage them to move their village into the mission area, and let things take their course.

In nine cases out of 10 the local landowner has been waiting for the Indians to make such a move—he may have been alerted by the missionary himself—and as soon as it happens he is ready to occupy the tribal land. The Indians are now trapped. They cannot go back, but at the time it seems unimportant because for a little longer the missionary continues to feed them although now the matter of conversion will be broached. This usually presents slight difficulty and natural Indian politeness—and in this case gratitude—accomplishes the rest.

From now on the orders and the prohibitions will flow thick and fast. The innocence of nudity is first to be destroyed, and the Indian who has never worn anything but a beautifully made and decorated penis sheath to suppress unexpected erections must now clothe himself from the mission's store of castoffs, to the instant detriment of his health. He becomes subject to skin diseases, and since in practice clothes once put on are never taken off again, pneumonia is the frequent outcome of allowing clothing to dry on the body after a rainstorm.

The man who has hitherto lived by practicing the skills of the hunter and horticulturist—the Indians are devoted and incomparable gardeners of their kind—now finds himself, broom or shovel in hand, as an odd-job man about the mission compound. He shrinks visibly within his miserable, dirty clothing, his face becomes puckered and wizened, his body more disease ridden, his mind more apathetic.

Officially it is the Indian Protection Service and 134 of its agents that are on trial, but from all these reports the features of a more sinister personality soon emerge—the *fazendeiro*—the great landowner, and in his shadow the IPS agent shrinks to a subservient figure, too often corrupted by bribes.

One would have wished to find an English equivalent for this Portuguese word *fazendeiro*, but there is none. Titles such as landowner or estate owner which call to mind nothing harsher than the mild despotism of the English class system will not do. The *fazendeiro* by European standards is huge in anachronistic power, often the lord of a tropical fief as large as an English county, protected from central authority's interference by vast distances, the traditions of submission and the absolute silence of his vassals. All the land he holds—much of which may not even have been explored—has been taken by him or by his ancestors from the Indians, or has been bought from others who have obtained it in this way. In most cases his great fortress-like house, the *fazenda*, has been built by the labor of the Indian slaves, who have been imprisoned when necessary in its dungeons.

In the past a *fazendeiro* could only survive by his domination of a ferocious environment, and although in these days probably has had a university education, he may still sleep with a loaded rifle beside his bed. Lonely fazendas are still occasionally attacked by wild Indians (i.e., Indians with a grievance against the whites), by gold prospectors turned bandit, by downright professional bandits themselves, or by their own mutinous slaves. The *fazendeiro* defends himself by a bodyguard enrolled from the toughest of his workers—many of them, in the backwoods,



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"There we were sipping daiquiris at this posh hotel, surrounded by primitive Amerindians doing their fire dance."

Just upriver from Paramaribo in Surinam (formerly Dutch Guiana), on South America's north coast you can see primitive Amerindian and Bush-negro villages, where they still use dugout canoes, fish with bows and arrows, perform ritual fire dances. Back in Paramaribo you see a panorama of 12 exotic cultures—Moslem mosques, ancient synagogues, East Indian bazaars, Old Dutch architecture, Javanese, Hindustani, Creole handicrafts, and much more. Meanwhile you stay at our place—completely air-conditioned, luxurious rooms, enormous pool, orchid gardens, casino, cocktail lounge, entertainment, French cuisine. Only a few jet hours away via Pan Am, KLM or Air France.

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fugitives from justice.

It has often been hard by ordinary Christian standards for the *fazendeiro* to be a good man, only too easy for him to degenerate into a Gilles de Rais, or some murderous and unpredictable Ivan the Terrible of the Amazon forests. It can be Eisenstein's Thunder Over Mexico complete with the horses galloping over men buried up to their necks—or worse. Some of the stories told about the great houses of Brazil of the last century in their days of respectable slavery and Roman licence bring the imagination to a halt: a male slave accused of some petty crime castrated and burned alive; a pretty young girl's teeth ordered by her jealous mistress to be drawn, and her breasts amputated, to be on the safe side; another, found pregnant, thrown alive into the kitchen furnace.

An extract from the report by the president of last year's inquiry commission into atrocities against the Indians corrects the complacent viewpoint that we live in milder days.

"In the Seventh Inspectorate, Parana, Indians were tortured by grinding the bones of their feet in the angle of two wooden stakes, driven into the ground. Wives took turns with their husbands in applying this torture."

It is alleged, as well, in this investigation that there were cases of an Indian's naked body being smeared with honey before leaving him to be bitten to death by ants.

Why all this pointless cruelty? What is it that causes men and women probably of extreme respectability in their everyday lives to torture for the sake of torturing? The revenge of the weak man for his weakness?

It is the beginning of the rainy season, and



In a dark hut of the Eripagata, where the only furnishing is a hammock, manioc root is prepared for eating

from an altitude of 2,000 feet the forest smokes here and there as if under sporadic bombardment, as the sun sucks up the vapor from a local downpour.

The Mato Grosso seen from the air is supposed to offer a scene of monotonous green, but this is not always so. At this moment, for example, a pitch-black swamp lapped by ivory sands presents itself. It is obscured by shifting feathers of cloud which part again to show a great gorge of lugubrious reds. The forest returns, pitted with lakes which appear to contain not water but brilliant chemical solutions: copper sulphate, gentian violet. The air taxi settles wobbling to a scrubbed patch of earth and vultures go by like black rags.

All these small towns in this meagre earth are the same. An unpronounceable Guarani name for a street of clapboard tapering off to mud and palm thatch at each end; a general store; a hotel, Laramie-style, with men asleep on the veranda; a scarecrow horse, bones about to burst through the hide, tied up in a square yard of shade; hairy pigs; aromatic dust blown up by the hot breeze.

The only entertainment the town offers is a cartomancer, operating largely on a barter basis. He tells fortunes in a negative but realistic way, concerned not so much with good luck as the avoidance of bad. All the children's eyes are rimmed with torpid, hardly moving flies. The *fazenda*, some miles away, has absorbed everything, owns the whole town, even the main street itself.

This is a place where cruelty is supposed to have happened, but the surface of things has been patched and renovated and the aroma of atrocity has dispersed. Everything can be explained away now in terms of extreme exaggeration, or the malice of political enemies, and all the witnesses for the defense have been mustered. Finally, the everyday violences of a violent country are quoted to remind one that this is not Europe.

For a half century rubber had been the great destroyer of the Indian, and then suddenly it changed to speculation in land. Rumor spread of huge mineral resources awaiting exploitation in the million square miles that were inaccessible until recently—and the great speculative rush was on. Nowhere, however remote, however sketchily mapped, was secure from the surveyors sent by the *fazendeiros*, the politicians and the real-estate companies to measure out their claims. Back in São Paulo, the headquarters of the land boom, the *grileiro*—specialist in shady land deals—went into secret partnerships with his friend in the government, who was in a position to see that the deals went through.

A great deal of this apparently empty land was only empty to the extent that it contained no white settlements, and the map makers had not yet put in the rivers and the mountains. There might well be Indians there—nobody knew until it had been explored—but this possibility introduced only a slight inconvenience. In theory the undisturbed possession of all land occupied by Indians is guaranteed to them by the Brazilian constitution, but if it can be shown that Indian land has been abandoned it reverts to the government, after which it can be sold in the ordinary way. The *grileiro's* task is to dis-

cover or manufacture evidence that such land is no longer in occupation—a problem, if sincerely confronted, complicated by the fact that most Indians are semi-nomadic, cultivating crops in one area during the period of the summer rains, then moving elsewhere to hunt and fish during the dry winter season.

A shortcut to the solution of the problem is simply to drive the Indians out. Other *grileiros* quite simply ignore its existence, offering land to the gullible by map reference, sight unseen, and hoping to be able to settle the legal difficulties by political manipulations at some later date.

A massive promotional assault was launched on the U.S. market with lavishly produced and cunningly worded brochures offering glamor as well as profit and phrased in the poetic style of American car advertisements. Amazon Adventure Estates were offered, and there were allusions to monkeys and macaws and the occult glitter of gems in the banks of mighty rivers.

The promoters had some success. A number of film stars took a gamble in the Mato Grosso. In April 1968, in fact, a Brazilian deputy, Haroldo Veloso, revealed that most of the area of the mouth of the Amazon had passed into the hands of foreigners. He mentioned that Prince Ranier of Monaco had bought land in the Mato Grosso 12 times larger than the principality, whereas someone, stabbing presumably with a pencil point at a map, had picked up the highest mountain in Brazil—the Pico de Nieblina—for an old song, although it would have taken a properly equipped expedition a matter of weeks to reach it.

This was Doomsday for the tribes which had been pacified and settled in areas where they could be conveniently dealt with. Down in the plains on the frontiers with Paraguay it was the end of the road for the Kadiweus. In 1865 in the war against Paraguay they had taken their spears and ridden naked, bare-backed but impeccably painted—a fantastic Charge of the Light Brigade—at the head of the Brazilian army to rout the cavalry of the psychopathic Paraguayan dictator Solano Lopez.

For their aid in the war the Emperor Pedro II had received their principal chief, clad for the occasion in a loincloth sewn with precious stones, and granted the Kadiweu nation in perpetuity 2 million acres of the borderland. Here these Spartans of the West—poets and artists who practiced infanticide, adopting the children of other tribes when they were old enough to ride horses—were reduced now to 200 survivors, working as the cowhands of *fazendeiros* who had taken all their lands.

It was Doomsday, too, for Lévi-Strauss' Bororos. The great anthropologist had lived for several years among them in the Nineteen Thirties and they had led him to the conclusions of "structural anthropology," including the proposition that "a primitive people is not a backward or retarded people, indeed it may possess a genius for invention or action that leaves the achievements of civilized people far behind." He had said of the Bororos: "Few people are so profoundly religious . . . few possess a metaphysical system of such complexity. Their spiritual beliefs and everyday activities are inextricably mixed." They had been living for some years now far from the complicated villages where Lévi-Strauss studied them, in the Teresa Cristina reserve in the South Mato Grosso given them "in perpetuity," as ever, in tribute to the memory of the great Marshall Rondon, who had been part Bororo himself.

Life in the reserve was far from happy for the Bororos. They were hunters and fishermen, and in their way excellent agriculturists, but the reserve was small and there was no game left and the rivers in the area had been illegally fished out by commercial firms operating on a big scale, and there was no room to practice cultivation in the old fashioned semi-nomadic way.

The government had tried to turn them into cattle raisers, but they knew nothing of cattle. Many of their cows were quietly sold off by agents of the Indian Protection Service who pocketed the money. Others—as the Bororos had no idea of building corrals—wandered out of the reserve, and were impounded by neighboring *fazendeiros*. The Indians ate the few cows that remained before they could die of disease or starvation, after which they were reduced to the normal diet of hard times—lizards, locusts and snakes—plus an occasional handout of food from one of the missions.

They suffered, too, from the great emptiness and aimlessness of the Indian whose traditional culture has been destroyed. The missionaries,

Lizards and locusts for a hard times diet

upon whom they were wretchedly dependent, forbade dancing, singing or smoking and while they accepted with inbred stoicism this attack on the principle of pleasure, there was a fourth prohibition against which they continually rebelled, but in vain.

The Indians are obsessed by their relationship with the dead and by the condition of the souls of the dead in the after-life—a concern reflected in the manner of the ancient Egyptians by the most elaborate funerary rites, orgies of grief and intoxication, sometimes lasting for days. The Bororos, seemingly unable to part with their dead, bury them twice, and the custom is at the emotional basis of their lives.

In the first instance, as if in hope of some miraculous revival, the body is placed in a temporary grave, in the centre of the village, and covered with branches. When decomposition is advanced, the flesh is removed from the bones, which are painted and lovingly adorned with feathers, after which final burial takes place in the depths of the forest. The outlawing of this custom by an American missionary reduced the Bororos to despair, but the missionary was able to persuade the local police to enforce the ban and the party of half-starved tribesmen who dragged themselves 200 miles on foot to the state capital and presented themselves, weeping, to the *comissario* were turned away.

Final catastrophe followed the devolution by the federal government of certain of its powers, particularly those relating to the ownership and sale of land, to the Legislative Assembly of the Mato Grosso State. This at once invoked a law by which land that, after a certain time limit, had not been legally measured and demarcated, reverted to the government. It was a legal device which saddled Indians, many of whom did not even realize that they were living in Brazil, with the responsibility of employing lawyers to look after their interests.

It had been employed once before, and with additional refinements of trickery, in an attempt to snatch away the last of the land of the unfortunate Kadiweus. On this occasion it seems that only two copies of the official publication recording the enactment were available. One of them had been lodged in the state archives and the other taken the same day to the reserve by the persons proposing to share the land between them.

Hardly less haste was shown in the occupation of the Teresa Cristina reserve. It was a muddled, untidy operation, and it turned out in the end that considerably more land had been sold on paper than the actual area of the reserve. This was before the final demoralization and collapse of the Indian Protection Service, and local officials not only challenged the legality of the sale but called in vain for state troops to be sent to repel an invasion of *fazendeiros* supported by their private armies carrying sub-machine guns.

The state of affairs that had come to pass at Teresa Cristina only five years later, in 1968, is depicted in the testimony of a Bororo Indian girl. "There are two *fazendas*, one called Teresa, where the Indians worked as slaves. They took me from my mother when I was a child. Afterwards I heard that they hung my mother up all night . . . She was very ill and I wanted to see her before she died . . . When I got back they thrashed me with a rawhide whip . . . They prostituted the Indian girls . . .

"One day the IPS agent called an old carpenter and told him to make an oven for the farmhouse. When the carpenter had finished the agent asked him what he wanted for doing the job. The carpenter said he wanted an Indian girl, and the agent took him to the school and told him to choose one. No one saw or heard any more of her . . . Not even the children escaped. From two years of age they worked under the whip . . . There was a mill for crushing the cane, and to save the horses they used four children to turn the mill . . . They forced the Indian Otaviano to beat his own mother . . . The Indians were used for target practice."

Thus were the Indians disarmed, betrayed and hustled down the path toward final extinction. Yet in the heart of the Mato Grosso and the Amazon forests there were tribes that still held out. Classified by the government manual on Indians as *isolados* they are described as those that possess the greatest physical vigor. Nobody knows how many such tribes there are. There may be 300 or more with a total population of 50,000, including tiny, self-contained and

apparently indestructible nations having their own completely separate language, organization and customs.

Some of these people are giants with herculean limbs, armed with immense longbows of the kind an archer at Crécy might have used. A few groups are ethnically mysterious with blue eyes and fairish hair, provokers of wild theories among Amazonian travellers, and there is one tribe, supposed by some to have migrated to these forests some 2,000 years ago from the island of Hokkaido in Japan.

One common factor unites them all, a brilliant fitness for survival—until now. For 400 years they have avoided the slavers and lived through the epidemics. They have armed themselves with constant alertness. They have been ready to embrace a new tactical nomadism. They have made distrust the greatest of their virtues. Above all, their chieftains have had the intelligence and the strength to reject those deadly offerings left outside their villages by which the white seek first to buy their friendship, then take away their freedom.

The Cintas Largas were one such tribe living in magnificent if precarious isolation in the upper reaches of the Aripuaná River. There were about 500 of them, occupying several villages.

They used stone axes, tipped their arrows with curare, caught small fish by poisoning the water, played four-foot-long flutes made from gigantic bamboos, and celebrated two great annual feasts: one of the initiation of young girls at puberty, and the other of the dead. At both of these they were said to use some unknown herbal concoction to produce ritual drunkenness. They were in a region still dependent for its meagre revenues on wild rubber, and this exposed them to routine attacks by rubber tappers against whom they had learned to defend themselves. Their tragedy was that deposits of rare metals were being found in the area. What these metals were, it was not clear. Some sort of a security blackout has been imposed, only fitfully penetrated by vague news reports of the activities of American and European companies and of the smuggling of plane-loads of these rare metals into the United States.

It is cheap and sometimes effective, besides being the quite normal procedure where a tribe's villages are beyond reach, to bribe other Indians to attack them, and this was tried in the first instance with the Cintas Largas. The Kaya-bis, neighbors both of the Cintas Largas and the Beijos de Pau, had been dispersed when the State of Mato Grosso sold their land to various commercial enterprises, part of the tribe migrating to a distant range of mountains while a small group that had split off remained in the Aripuaná area, where it lived in destitution. This group took the food and guns that they were offered in down payment and then decamped in the opposite direction and no more was seen of them.

Later a *garimpa*—an organized body of diamond prospectors—appeared in the neighborhood. They were all in very bad shape through malnutritional disorders. They had attacked an Indian village and had been beaten off and then ambushed and several of them were wounded. The intention had been to capture at least one woman, not only for sexual uses, but as a source of supply of the fresh female urine believed to be a certain cure for the infected sores from which *garimpeiros* habitually suffer and which are caused by the sting-rays abounding in the rivers in which they work.

Garimpeiros are organized under a captain who supplies their food and equipment and to whom they are bound, under pain of being abandoned in the forest to die of starvation, to sell their diamonds. Like the rubber tappers who are their traditional enemies, they are mostly wanted by the police. The feud existing between these two types of desperado is based on the rubber tappers' habit of stalking and shooting the lonely *garimpeiro*, in the hope that he may be found with a diamond or two. In this case emissaries arranged a truce, and the *garimpeiros* were brought into town, given food, and a company doctor patched up the wounded men.

Common action against the Cintas Largas was then proposed, and the captain fell in with the suggestion and agreed to detach six men for this purpose as soon as everyone was fully rested. In the condition in which he found himself he may have been ready to agree to anything, but by the time the *garimpeiros* had put on a little flesh and their wounds had cleared up, there was an abrupt cooling in the climate of amity.

Aripuaná was not a big enough town to contain two such trigger-happy personalities as the *garimpa* captain and the overseer of the rubber tappers. For a while the poverty stricken rub-

Sugar first, then the dynamite

ber tappers put up with it while the affluent *garimpeiros* swaggered into bars and monopolized the town's prostitutes. Then, inevitably, the *entente cordiale* foundered in gun-play.

A series of expeditions were now organized under the leadership of Francisco de Brito, general overseer of the rubber extraction firm of Arruda and Junqueira of Juina-Mirim near Aripuaná, on the river Juruana.

De Brito was a legendary monster who kept order among the ruffians he commanded with a .45 calibre automatic and a five-foot tapir-hide whip. He was a joker with Indians, and when one was captured he was taken on what was known as "the visit to the dentist" and ordered to "open wide," whereupon De Brito drew a pistol and shot him through the mouth. There was a lively competition among the rubber men for the title of champion Indian killer, and although this was claimed by De Brito, local opinion was that his score was bettered by one of his underlings who specialized in casual sniping from the river banks.

The expeditions mounted by De Brito were successful in clearing the Cintas Largas from a considerable area, but there remained a large village considered inaccessible on foot or by canoe and it was decided to attack this by plane.

It was seen as essential to produce the maximum number of casualties in one single, devastating attack, at a time when as many Indians as possible would be present in the village, and an expert was found to advise that this could best be done at the annual feast of the *quarup*. This great ceremony lasts for a day and a night, and under one name or another it is conducted by almost all the Indian tribes whose culture has not been destroyed. The *quarup* is a theatrical representation of the legends of creation interwoven with those of the tribe itself, both a mystery play and a family reunion.

A Cessna light plane used for ordinary commercial services was hired for the attack and its normal pilot replaced by an adventurer of mixed Italian-Japanese birth. It was loaded with sticks of dynamite—"bananas" they are called in Brazil—and took off from a jungle airstrip near Aripuaná. The Cessna arrived over the village at about midday. The Indians had been preparing themselves all night by prayer and singing, and now they were all gathered in the open space in the village's centre. On the first run packets of sugar were dropped to calm the fears of those who had scattered and run for shelter at the sight of the plane. They had opened the packets and were tasting the sugar 10 minutes later when it returned to carry out the attack. No one has ever been able to find out how many Indians were killed, because the bodies were buried in the bank of the river and the village deserted.

But even this solution proved not to be final. Survivors had been spotted from the air and were reported to be building fresh settlements in the upper reaches of the Aripuaná, and once again De Brito got together an overland force.

They were to be led, in canoes, by a man called Chico, a De Brito underling. The full story of what happened was described by a member of the force, Ataíde Pereira, who, troubled by his conscience and also by the fact that he had never been paid the \$15 promised him for his bloody deeds, went to confess them to a Padre Edgar Smith, a Jesuit priest, who took his statement on a tape recorder and then handed the tape to the Indian Protection Service.

"We went by launch up the Juruana," Ataíde says. "There were six of us, men of experience commanded by Chico, who used to shove his Tom-

my gun in your direction whenever he gave you an order." (Chico, it was to turn out, was no mere average sadist of the Brazilian badlands, but one of those terrifying human beings for whom cruelty is sex. For this kind of Latin American—and they have been the executioners of so many revolutions—the ultimate excitement lies in the maniac use of the machete on their victims, and it was to use his machete that Chico had gone on this expedition.)

"It took a good many days upstream to the Serra do Norte. After that we lost ourselves in the woods, although Chico had brought a Japanese compass with us. In the end the plane found us. It was the same plane they used to massacre the Indians, and they threw us down some provisions and ammunition. After that we went on for five days.

"By this time we were fed up and some of us wanted to go back, but Chico said he'd kill anybody who tried to desert. It was another five days after that before we saw any smoke. Even then the Cintas Largas were days away. We were all pretty scared of each other. In this kind of place people shoot each other and get shot, you might say without knowing why. When they drill a hole in you, they have this habit of sticking an Indian arrow in the wound, to put the blame on the Indians."

This expedition breathed in the air of fear. Ataíde reports that there were diamonds and gold in all the rivers, and the shadow of the *garimpeiro* stalked them from behind every rock and tree. A violent death would claim most of these men sooner or later. Premature middle-age brought on by endless fever, malnutrition, exhaustion, hopelessness and drink overtook rubber tappers in their late twenties, and few lived to see their 30th birthday. An infection turning to gangrene or blood poisoning would carry them off, or they would die in an ugly fashion, paralyzed, blind and mad from some obscure tropical disease, or they would simply kill one another in a sudden neurotic outburst of hate provoked by nothing in particular, for a bet, or in a brawl over some sickly prostitute picked up at a village dance.

Hacking their way through this sunless forest a month or more's march from the dreadful barracks that was their home, they were dependent for survival on the psychopathic Chico and his Japanese compass. It was the beginning of the rainy season when, after a morning of choking heat, sudden storms would drench them every afternoon. They were plagued with freshly hatched insects, worst of all the myriads of almost invisible piums that burrow into the skin to gorge themselves with blood.

"We were hand picked for the job," Ataíde says, with a lacklustre attempt at *esprit de corps*, "as quiet as any Indian party when it came to slipping in and out of trees. When we got to Cintas Largas country there were no more fires and no talking. As soon as we spotted their village we made a stop for the night. We got up before dawn, then we dragged ourselves yard by yard through the underbrush till we were in range, and after that we waited for the sun to come up.

"As soon as it was light the Indians all came out and started to work on some huts they were building. Chico had given me the job of seeking out the chief and killing him. I noticed there was one of these Indians who wasn't doing any work. All he did was to lean on a rock and boss the others about, and this gave me the idea he must be the man we were after. I told Chico and he said, 'Take care of him, and leave the rest to me,' and I got him in the chest with the first shot. I was supposed to be the marksman of the team, and al-

though I only have an ancient carbine, I can safely say I never miss. Chico gave the chief a burst with his Tommy gun to make sure, and after that he let the rest of them have it . . . all the other fellows had to do was finish off anyone who showed signs of life.

"What I'm coming to now is brutal, and I was all against it. There was a young Indian girl they didn't shoot, with a kid of about five in one hand, yelling his head off. Chico started after her and I told him to hold it, and he said, 'All these bastards have to be knocked off.' I said, 'Look, you can't do that—what are the padres going to say about it when you get back?'

"He just wouldn't listen. He shot the kid through the head with his 45, and then he grabbed hold of the woman—who by the way was very pretty. 'Be reasonable,' I said. 'Why do you have to kill her?' In my view, apart from anything else, it was a waste. 'What's wrong with giving her to the boys?' I said. 'They haven't set eyes on a woman for six weeks. Or failing that we could take her back with us and make a present of her to De Brito. There's no harm in keeping in with him.' All he said was, 'If any man wants a woman he can go and look for her in the forest.'

"We all thought he'd gone off his head, and we were pretty scared of him. He tied the Indian girl up and hung her head downward from a tree, legs apart, and chopped her in half right down the middle with his machete. Almost with a single stroke, I'd say. The village was like a slaughter-house. He calmed down after he'd cut the woman up, and told us to burn down all the huts and throw the bodies into the river. After that we grabbed our things and started back. We kept going until nightfall and we took care to cover our tracks. If the Indians had found us it wouldn't have been much use trying to kid them we were just ordinary backwoodsmen.

"It took us six weeks to find the Cintas Largas, and about a week to get back. I want to say now that personally I've nothing against Indians. Chico found some minerals and took them back to keep the company pleased. The fact is the Indians are sitting on valuable land and doing nothing with it. They've got a way of finding the best plantation land and there's all these valuable minerals about, too. They have to be persuaded to go, and if all else fails, well, then, it has to be force."

De Brito, the man who organized this expedition, was to die within a year of it in the most horrific circumstances. When he found cause for complaint in one of his men he would normally tie him up and thrash him until the blood ran down and squelched in the man's boots, but in an aggravated case he would have one of his henchmen use the whip while he raped the culprit's wife as the punishment was being inflicted.

An Italian called Cavalcanti, who tried to attack the overseer after receiving the more serious punishment was promptly shot dead and his body burned. A revolt of the rubber tappers followed in which nine men were killed. De Brito when cornered was, like Rasputin, very difficult to disable and absorbed several bullets and a thrust in the stomach with a machete before he went down. After this he was stripped, the bowels plugged back with a tampon of straw, then dragged still alive into the open and left "for the ants."

How many Indian hunts of the kind mounted against the Cintas Largas must have gone unnoticed in the past, condemned at worst as a necessary evil?

Denunciations of the kind made by Ataíde lie forgotten in police files by the hundred, simply because the police have learned not to waste their strength in attempting the impossible. Nine major crimes out of 10

probably never come to light. The problem of the disposal of the body—so powerful a deterrent to murder—does not exist where it can be thrown into the nearest stream where, if a cayman does not dispose of it, the piranhas will reduce it to a clean skeleton in a matter of minutes.

39.

In all such countries as Brazil where a middle class is only just emerging, the landed aristocracy and the heads of great commercial firms are almost impregnably protected from the consequences of misdeemeanor by dynastic marriages, interlocking interests and the mutual security pacts of men with powerful political friends. This is by no means an exclusively Latin American phenomenon, even, and is equally prevalent in Mediterranean Europe.

What is to be done?

Of the present excellent intentions of the Brazilian government there can be no doubt. The investigations begun in 1967 are still going on and it is expected that many persons will now be brought to trial.

One reads the history of the four years' legal battle against the firm of Arruda and Junqueira, and the imagination reels at the thought of what lies in store for the champions of justice for the Indians—the practiced and methodical wasting of time, the pleas for exemption, the demands for re-trials, the appeals and the counter-appeals, while the months run into years and the years into decades and the Indian slowly vanishes from the earth.

And when, if ever, after all the lawsuits are settled, a little land is wrested back from the great banks, the corporations, the *fazendeiros*, the timber and mining concessionaires that now hold it—still what is to be done? Can the mission hanger-on, miraculously refurbished in body and spirit, return once again to the free life of the *isolado*? Does any remedy exist for the Indian, who, when the great day comes for the repossession of his land, finds the forest gone, choked with scrub? Can a happy, viable, self-sufficient people be reassembled from those few broken human parts?

The new protective body, the National Foundation for the Indian, finds some cause for hope in the Xingu National Park. This is the magnificent and almost single-handed creation of two dedicated Indian fundamentalists, the Vilas Boas brothers, who believe that it will remain for all eternity an unchanging redoubt of the old Indian way of life, a view it is hard to discover anyone who shares.

The park shelters perhaps a dozen tribes, and there they live cheerfully obsessed with their Stone Age rituals, absorbed in perfectionist handicrafts, body painting, keeping precious fires alight. The Vilas Boas brothers believe that even aspirin is detrimental to the Indian's self-sufficiency, they exclude missionaries and do not particularly welcome visitors of any kind. There are dotted lines on the map of the park in the Foundation's office, showing the extensions they propose to make, which will allegedly double its present area.

At best, and should this growth in the park's area ever take place, a total of 4,000 *isolados* will have been salvaged, plus a few hundred in a new reserve just created in the Tumucumaç mountains in the far north, and these will be guarded like rare birds of prey in the Highlands of Scotland. The future of the 50,000 or 100,000 Indians—whatever the figure is—left outside these reserves seems obscure indeed.

At the moment they are to some slight extent protected by a national mood of self-recrimination, which is almost certain to calm once again to indifference. There are only 100,000 pure Indians at most out of a total population of 80 million, and it is un-

realistic to believe that their welfare can ever become an obsession in a country in which such multitudes are thrown together in the pit of destitution. It is more unrealistic still to imagine that whenever "strategic" metals are found some means will not be devised to exploit them, whether or not they happen to be in an Indian reserve.

If any final and comprehensive plan for the Indians' salvation is to be evolved, some decision must be reached about the missionaries. As it is, the government's attitude remains ambiguous. On the one hand a ministry issues a report that says, without any attempt to beat about the bush, that "the confrontation with religious catechism proved disastrous for the (Indian Protection) Service." White missionaries have even been charged by the authorities with such venal activities as trafficking with the Indians in semi-precious stones and in furs. They are endlessly attacked, too, in the press, and one supposes with government approval, for their "conscientious destruction of indigenous culture, while offering nothing in its place." Yet at the same time pacification teams are constantly being sent out to deal with isolated tribes, and each of these contains two missionaries who will initiate a process shown by all the evidence to be deadly in its ultimate effects.

Whatever is decided—even, for example, should Brazil be induced to take the step of permitting only medical missionaries to work among the tribes—an uncomfortable fact has to be recognized. This is that tens of thousands of Indians have now been reduced to total dependence upon the missions, and the withdrawal of their economic subsidies would transform present misery and squalor into outright starvation. Reforms in this direction would call for vastly more funds than appear to be available at present.

As it is, the impression one gets of the National Foundation for the Indian is that the task it is tackling with so much evident enthusiasm is beyond its strength. Its offices in the roaring tropical Manhattan of Rio de Janeiro are small and cramped, occupying about a tenth of the floor space of one of the innumerable banks that surround it. The feeling is of something being attempted on a shoestring. The Foundation has a million dollars a year to spend. It is nothing.

It is hard to see how the Foundation can be effective in its battle with the strength, the cunning, and the influence of the commercial interests it is bound to confront, and reports so far give no reason for optimism. After nine months of the new broom the news from Indian country remains depressing. A party of university students returning from a field study at Areítes in Mato Grosso found nothing but hunger and exploitation of the Indians by the whites. The Foundation's inspector of the Seventh Region was alleged to have deserted his post, leaving the Indians there abandoned. On the very same day that these other two items appeared in the press, a deputy testified to the Congressional Committee for Indian Affairs that slavers entering Brazil from Surinam were carrying off Indians of the Tirios tribe—who were supposed to be safe in their new National Park of Tumucumac.

Early in the year Professor Darci Ribeiro, the leading authority on the Indians of Brazil, published a gloomy prediction. He calculated that in accordance with a survey of data collected over the past 50 years, there would not be a single Indian left alive in Brazil in 1980.

What a tragedy, what a reproach it will be for the human race if this is allowed to happen.

Whites Still Grabbing Brazil Indian Lands

Sept. 28, 1969

RIO DE JANEIRO — Tensions between primitive tribesmen and tough, white land-grabbers have again underlined the plight of Brazil's forgotten Indians.

On the upper Xingu River, deep in the Mato Grosso, colonists recently moved in on the ancestral lands of the recently pacified Gavião Indians and beat up their chief, Pombo.

Indians Retaliate

The Indians retaliated by killing six whites, declaring war and retreating deep into the jungle, with arrows left on their trail as a warning against any followers.

Peace talks were started, but at the same time a posse of whites left a nearby town on a punitive expedition. This was stopped by the government just as the posse was entering the jungle.

The Indian Foundation is now thinking of moving
STANDARD-FREEMAN, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 10, 1969

Building Indian Federation

EDMONTON (CP) — Dr. Theodor Binder, founder of a hospital for Indians in Peru, is trying to set up a federation of all North and South American Indians.

In Canada to raise funds for his hospital through the Binder Amazonico Hospital Foundation, he spoke to Indian groups here about the federation.

Dr. Binder said the problems of Canadian Indians are not as extreme as those of some Indians in South America. "But the situation is worse here than in the United States. You do not have a system which allows Indians to be humans with dignity."

Canadians have a paternalistic attitude to Indians, he said.

He feels a pan-American Indian foundation could act as a catalyst to spark more awareness among Indians of their common problems and identity. "Too little is known of what the Indians have contributed to our way of life."

Indians retain a basic behavior and philosophy which the white man lost thousands of years ago, he said.

"They don't destroy; they respect whatever is alive around them."

SEES LITERARY OUTLET

A federation could give legal and medical assistance to Indians, emphasize the education of leaders and set up a central agency where news from all tribes could be published, he said. He foresees a newspaper in which Indians active in literature and art would be able to publish their work.

Dr. Binder recently spent eight months in the United States meeting with both Indians and non-Indians to generate support for the idea.

Dr. Binder, born in Germany, spent most of the Second World War in Switzerland as a political refugee. Then he was hired by the Peruvian government to work for the health ministry. His first pioneering effort was founding a hospital in Peru.

With co-workers, he cleared a jungle area on the east side of the Andes on the Ucayali River, one of the headwaters of the Amazon. The first patients were admitted in 1960.

Los Angeles Times

the Gavião to another part of the jungle where wild life, which they hunt with bows and arrows, is more abundant. White hunters have killed off animals in the areas where they now live.

White Invasions

Whites were also reported invading the ancestral land of the Nhamiquaras, Mamaindes, Galeras and Parecis tribes.

Missionaries working in Amazonia recently met experts from the Indian Foundation to discuss the problem. The group charged that many land invasions were led by "politicians as unscrupulous as they are powerful."

Some said they bought the land from swindlers, not knowing it belonged to the Indians.

But they said they had invested too much time and money in cattle ranches there to give the land back to the tribesmen.

TIME, JULY 25, 1969

ANTHROPOLOGY

The Original Affluent Society

Imagine a society in which the work week seldom exceeds 19 hours, material wealth is considered a burden, and no one is much richer than anyone else. The trespasser is unknown, there are no clear-cut property lines, merely undefined boundaries that stand open to visitors—who are welcomed with refreshment. Unemployment is high there, sometimes reaching 40%—not because the society is shiftless, but because it believes that only the able-bodied should work, and then no more than necessary. Food is abundant and easily gathered. The people are comfortable, peaceable, happy and secure.

This idyllic community actually exists. Its habitat is Africa's Kalahari Desert, a region so harsh and inhospitable that Western man would be hard put to eke out a living. But in that unforgiving neighborhood, the Bushmen,

a golden-skinned, short-statured and cheerful people, have been living contentedly for thousands of years as hunter-gatherers subsisting on what nature provides without resort to agriculture. In *Man the Hunter* (Aldine Publishing Co., \$6.95), a recent symposium of studies on primitive societies, Harvard Anthropologists Irvén DeVore and Richard B. Lee note that "cultural Man has been on earth for some 2,000,000 years. For over 99% of this period he has lived as a hunter-gatherer. To date, the hunting way of life has been the most successful and persistent adaptation man has ever achieved."

Noble Savages. Until recently, anthropology accepted the myopic judgment of Philosopher Thomas Hobbes

that life in a state of nature was "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short." Primitive peoples were construed as somewhat stupid living fossils, stalled in the path of progress. Today, though, experts seem more inclined to endorse Jean Jacques Rousseau's vision of the noble savage living in a Golden Age. And they go so far as to suggest that present civilization, despite its vast artistic and material advances, is in some ways no real improvement on the past. "It is still an open question whether man will be able to survive the exceedingly complex and unstable ecological conditions he has created for himself," write Lee and DeVore. "If he fails in this task, interplanetary archaeologists of the future will classify our planet as one in which a very long and stable period of small-scale hunting and gathering was followed by an apparently instantaneous efflorescence of technology and society leading rapidly to extinction."

During the period that ended about 10,000 years ago with the discovery of agriculture, all of the seeds of civilization were sown. Out of the sharing and reciprocity demanded by the hunt, and out of the division of labor between male and female, arose the human family. The hunter's first symmetrical weapons were the antecedents of technology. By domesticating the dog for the chase, the hunter may have opened his eyes to the possibility of domesticating the prey. "Grinding and boiling may have been the necessary preconditions to the discovery of agriculture," write Anthropologists Sherwood L. Washburn and C. S. Lancaster of the University of California's Berkeley campus. "One can easily imagine that people who were grinding seeds would see repeated examples of seeds sprouting or being planted by accident."

From Tierra del Fuego to Hudson Bay, if the world's 3,000,000 surviving hunter-gatherers provide any clue, man's distant past probably was more placid and, in some ways, more rewarding than his present. In their hostile environment, the Kalahari Bushmen find enough to eat with less effort than most civilized peoples. Anthropologist Lee estimates that the Bushman's daily diet averages 2,140 calories and 93.1 grams (3.26 oz.) of protein—well in excess of the estimated daily allowance for people of their vigor and size (1,975 calories, 60 grams of protein). The Bushmen have about the same proportion of people over 60 in their society as are found in Western nations.

"This was, when you come to think of it, the original affluent society," says University of Michigan Anthropologist Marshall D. Sahlins. He credits the hunter-gatherers with a Zen-like philosophy about scarcity and plenty. Implicitly, they accept as a fact of the human condition that "material ends are few and finite and technical means unchanging but on the whole adequate. Adopting the Zen strategy, a people can enjoy an unparalleled material plenty, though perhaps only a low standard of living."

End of Innocence. Happy, gentle and accepting, the hunter-gatherer asks of life only what it provides, and his manner of existence suggests that, for uncounted thousands of years life provided more than enough. Unfortunately, the hunter-gatherer is doomed. Of the 45,000 Bushmen in the Kalahari, only 5,000 or so follow the ancient ways; and the number dwindles each year. Like many Eskimos, Australian aborigines and other surviving hunter-gatherers, the rest have attached themselves to the new ways of civilization.

By surveying this primordial and dying form of society, anthropologists hope to learn what the hunter-gatherer can tell of man's earliest history. Writes University of Chicago Anthropologist Sol Tax: "We should study the reasons for the persistence of these peoples in light of all the conditions militating against their persistence. I think that the case of the North American Indians is especially significant. They seem to be waiting for us to go away."



DEVORE & BUSHMEN
Elysian fields in the desert.



THE NATION

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WHITEY'S ON THE MOON NOW

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake's latest book is *The Bamboo Bed*, to be published this fall by Simon & Schuster. He is the author also of *The Bronx People* (Harcourt, Brace) and *Castle Keep* (Simon & Schuster).

Tucson

I had a Papago Indian intellectual friend over to watch the first man on the moon.

The Papago Indian intellectual brought over a Papago Indian cowboy to watch too.

"They are about to land," I said.

"You said something about beer."

"Wait."

"What for?"

"Till they get on the moon."

"Are they on the moon yet?"

"Yes."

"Can I have the beer?"

"The white man on the moon said one small step for a man and one giant step for mankind."

"That's nice," the Papago cowboy said. "Can I have the beer now?"

"What he means," my friend the Papago Indian intellectual said, "is that his people are starving. He's not interested in the white man on the moon."

I got the Papago cowboy the beer.

The Papago cowboy, now that he had the beer can, smiled and said, "How much did it cost to go to the moon?"

"Twenty billion."

The Papago cowboy smiled and shook his head at the white man on the moon.

"What he means," the Papago intellectual said, "is that he hopes they are happy on the moon."

"Who that?" the Indian cowboy said.

"President Nixon."

"Why?"

"He says it's the biggest thing since creation."

"Why?"

"What he means is he hopes President Nixon is very happy on the moon."

"Would you like some more beer?"

"Yes."

When the Papago Indian cowboy got the beer he thought a while and then said, "No."

The intellectual Papago said, "He means why do you want to destroy another planet?"

"Curiosity."

The cowboy Indian Papago thought about that and laughed.

"He laughs because the Papago are all cried out," his friend said.

"They will bring back moonstones," I said.

"Will they kill all the people there?" the Papago Indian cowboy said.

"No."

"Put them on reservations?"

"No. Because there are no people on the moon," I said.

"Will the white people come back?"

"Yes."

The Papago Indian cowboy got up.

"Would you like all white people to go to the moon?"

"Yes."

"Never come back from the moon?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going?"

"To the moon."

"Of course you can't," the intellectual Papago said.

The Indian sat down.

"You see," the Papago intellectual said, "the Indian would very much like to get off this planet. If you will not get off his land."

"One small step for a man on earth . . ."

"And forget the moon."

"Yes."

"What he means," the intellectual Papago said, "is he would like another beer." That is why they call my Indian friend an intellectual Papago. All over Arizona they laugh at him because he does not want to settle for Overkill Rockets at Tucson or a dam on the Grand Canyon or the London Bridge over the Havasupai or for mankind to take their first giant step on the moon.

"Why can't they take it here?" he said.

"Would you like a beer?"

"Why can't we take it here?"

Like all Indians my intellectual Indian Papago friend and the Papago Indian cowboy are mad, not mad crazy, but just plain damn mad. Not moonstruck. Just two hungry, angry Indians watching Whitey on the moon.

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TUMBLEWEEDS



Indian Victims of 1964 Floods on Coast Assail U.S. Agency Over Housing Aid

By WALLACE TURNER

Special to The New York Times

HOOPA, Calif.—The Indians of the Hoopa reservation here in Northern California believe that the Bureau of Indian Affairs has shortchanged them by as much as half a million dollars and frustrated the will of Congress in the process.

Their complaints concern the housing that was provided for them by the bureau after floods swept through the valleys of the Trinity and Klamath Rivers in 1964, carrying away their homes.

The Indians are predominantly Hoppas and Urocs. For centuries their ancestors roamed this wild and lovely country until, in 1867, they were gathered into a reservation of 12 miles square, later expanded by a strip of land along the Klamath toward the sea.

More than four years ago Congress appropriated \$1.9 million for the relief of the families who lost their homes in the floods. Less than \$500,000 was spent. What happened to the rest is unclear.

Unhappy With Housing

With the half-million dollars, the bureau has purchased 39 house trailers, 35 new houses and three used houses. In addition, 14 flood-damaged houses

have been rehabilitated.

Although the houses and trailers were built to specifications drawn by the Indian Bureau for use all over the nation, they are far from satisfactory to the Indians who live in them.

The floors are unsteady and shake as one walks over them. The Indians show where nails have worked out of the floor and through the floor tiles.

Houses 19 miles from a power line have been wired with electric lights. There are no plans to extend the power line. The Indians hang their lanterns from the light fixtures.

Some roofs leak, so that ceiling tiles have been loosened and have fallen away. The houses are three years old; outside paint is peeling. Rooms are small and bedrooms lack doors, so that there is no privacy.

Many Lack Chimneys

The houses are designed to be heated by petroleum gas. The Indians say this would cost them up to \$80 a month and they cannot afford it, particularly when free firewood is as near as the forest behind the house.

A few houses have chimney fixtures installed through the roof so that woodburning stoves can be used instead of the gas-burning wall heaters.

But most of them have no chimneys, and the poverty-

stricken Indians have broken out windows and vented stove pipes through them.

As unsatisfactory as the Indians find the houses, they prefer them to the trailers. And yet more flooded-out families are living in trailers than in houses.

Many of those in trailers have been so cramped that they have built lean-tos to expand their living space. The added structures are regarded as fire hazards.

The trailers cost about \$4,000 each and the new houses from \$8,100 to \$11,000. Other costs were not readily available.

A completely accurate assessment of what the Indian Bureau has done with the housing money cannot be made at present, except by sources within the bureau itself.

Initial inquiries for access to the records were rebuffed by Charles Renda, solicitor in the bureau's area office in Sacramento. Mr. Renda at first demanded a written description of the records sought for examination.

Then he argued that because some Indians had filed suit — through the California Indian Legal Services staff, a group financed by the Office of Economic Opportunity — challenging the bureau's stewardship of the housing money, access to the records should not be pro-

vided to anyone outside the bureau's staff.

William Finale, area director in charge of the Sacramento office, made available those records in his control, but they were fragmentary.

These records show that a small amount of the \$1.9-million appropriation was spent in repairing flood damage to an Oregon reservation.

In the spring of 1965, the records show, it was decided at a meeting of Indian Bureau officials that only \$920,000 of the money available would be spent for housing replacement and repair.

Of this, \$80,000 was to be spent for "site work" and land acquisition. This left \$840,000 for housing.

Receipts in the files show that only \$493,000 was spent for housing and land purchase. One tabulation shows \$418,000 for "construction contracts and trailer purchase."

Another tabulation shows \$56,000 was spent on land purchase. "Supplies and equipment" were billed at \$2,000. The final item was \$15,000 for "foreman, clerk-typist and clerk."

What happened to the remainder? This would be either \$1,417,000 (if one figures from the appropriated \$1,910,000) or \$427,000 (if one figures from the figure of \$920,000 that the bureau decided to spend on re-

placement housing).

The Indians suspect that some of the money went to pay at least part of the cost of a new area office at the reservation. This was denied by L. J. Badurina, the Sacramento area office plant manager. He said the money for the \$161,000 building came from a direct appropriation.

Many of the Indians are embittered. They reason that Congress had generously provided enough money to build adequate, comfortable, sturdy housing and that the Indian Bureau balked the Congressional desire.

Mrs. Albert Markussen Jr., who is 26 years old and lives with her husband and three children in a trailer overlooking the confluence of the Klamath and Trinity Rivers, said that "sometimes the water comes and sometimes it doesn't."

She was referring to complaints against the Public Health Service's failure to build a suitable water supply with the \$500,000 Congress appropriated for that purpose.

Mrs. Darlene Magee and her mother, Mrs. Lena Fisher, hang their lantern on the light fixtures in their home on the hill at Pecwan, 19 miles from the power line.

Mrs. Magee's husband, Gerald, grew up in Jamaica, Queens and is non-Indian.

"Nobody ever does anything!

right for us," Mrs. Fisher said.

Robert Stevens, a bachelor, constructed a water system to supply his government-built home. The building then hooked the adjoining new house, built for the eight-member McNeil family, onto Mr. Stevens' water system.

The result is that now neither house has enough water.



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Mankind

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When a mob of prominent
citizens of Tucson,
Arizona, rode out and
murdered over 100 Apache
Indian women and
children they shocked the

President Grant and
Congress to demand an
investigation of their
black deed.

MASSACRE AT CAMP GRANT

by J. C. Alexander

ARIZONA PIONEERS' HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Jesus Maria Elias (above) and William Sanders Oury organized and led the mob of Americans, Mexicans, and Papago Indians that raided the Apache rancheria at night and slaughtered the sleeping women and children.



ARIZONA PIONEERS' HISTORICAL SOCIETY

On April 10, 1871, near the mission of San Xavier del Bac south of Tucson, Indians stole some horses, some cattle, and shot a white man. Three days later the small settlement of San Pedro near the military post of Camp Grant, located at the junction of Aravaipa Creek and the San Pedro River some 70 miles north of Tucson, was hit by a war party and a farmer was killed. Citizens of Tucson immediately blamed the raids and deaths on a group of Aravaipa Apaches living at Camp Grant under the protection and care of the United States Army and more particularly First Lieutenant Royal Emerson Whitman. ■ Lieutenant Whitman, a young but experienced officer (a brevet lieutenant colonel in the Civil War), was acting commander of Camp Grant while its regular commander, Captain Frank Stanwood, was in the field with General George Crook. During Stanwood's absence Whitman had taken the Aravaipas, at their request, under his protection—the result of his kindness in February toward five old Apache women who had come to Camp Grant seeking a lost child. ■ Whitman impressed the old women so favorably they took word of him to their young chief, Eskiminzin, who in early March had returned to ask Whitman to make a reservation for his war-weary people. Whitman didn't have the authority but he promised to do what he could if the Aravaipas would surrender their weapons in exchange for food, clothing, a place to live along the nearby San Pedro River, and work cutting hay. Eskiminzin agreed and brought his people in. ■ Lieutenant Whitman's solicitude for the half-naked, poverty-stricken, starving creatures at Camp Grant did not sit well with Tucsonans. Many claimed such a gathering of Apaches was a threat and an affront to the Americans of the territory whom the army was supposed to be protecting from such savages. Genuine fear may have prompted some of the objections (for dangerous Apaches did still roam the area), but the majority were motivated by avarice. This was especially true of those voiced by William Sanders Oury and Jesus Elias, successful and well-known Tucson business leaders in the white and Mexican Communities. ■ Oury and Elias, as many did, employed Indians to cut hay and perform other services in exchange for wages so small the Indians became virtual bondmen. That the army was supporting Indians and paying them (a few pennies for each 50 pounds of hand-cut hay) was an infuriating, intolerable situation. Requests by Oury and Elias for action by the army were shunted about, causing them and their supporters to seethe with frustration until the raids at San Xavier and San Pedro provided the provocation they needed for violence.

ARIZONA PIONEERS' HISTORICAL SOCIETY



The Aravaipa Apache Chief Eskiminzin trusted the U.S. Army to protect his peaceful band which was later slaughtered.

On April 28, 1871, Oury and Elias assembled a force of six Americans, 48 Mexicans, and 92 Papago Indians (traditional enemies of the Apaches) at Pantana Wash outside of Tucson on the way to Camp Grant. The Governor of Arizona Territory, A. P. K. Safford, supported them tacitly with arms and wagons. The force had left the

Old Pueblo in small groups to avoid attention, but the commandant of Fort Lowell in Tucson, Captain Penn, got wind of their plans and dispatched a Sergeant King to Camp Grant to warn Lieutenant Whitman of the impending attack. But the raiders-to-be waylaid King and forced him back to Fort Lowell. Captain Penn immediately sent him out again. The sergeant reached Camp Grant on Sunday morning, April 30, 1871.

As soon as Sergeant King finished delivering his chilling warning, Whitman sent two Indian interpreters to the Aravaipa camp to tell them to come in at once. The interpreters soon returned to inform Whitman and his companions who had been breakfasting with him, including Andrew H. Cargill, a traveling auditor of sutler's merchandise, that they could find no living Indians. Oury's party had already struck.

Just before dawn the Papagos had positioned themselves outside the Aravaipa encampment. At daybreak they crept forward with war clubs to enter the wickiups in which their victims slept. Then they began raining murderous blows upon women and children and the ever-present Apache dogs without distinction.

The screams of the dying and terrified roused the camp to panic. Mexicans and Americans joined the action with rifles and pistols. Women were shot as they begged for life. Children ran wildly about like rabbits, Papagos chasing them and smashing their heads; those they

missed were killed by the Mexicans and Americans.

Wickiups were fired, and soon the sickening odor of burning flesh rose over the camp to stain the morning. The job took little more than half an hour. Oury later wrote: "By eight o'clock our tired troops were resting and breakfasting on the San Pedro, a few miles above the post in the full satisfaction of a work well done."

The following day, after the fires had cooled and debris had been removed, Whitman, Cargill, and other post civilians, and 20 infantry recruits (the post's main troops were with Captain Stanwood) counted 118 dead; they later learned the Papagos had kidnapped 27 children to be sold into slavery in Mexico. Many of the Aravaipas had fled to the hills, but they found little solace when they viewed the carnage.

Whitman set about the sad task of burial, personally leading the detail. His grief must have nearly equaled that of the Apaches. He had promised to protect these people. He had failed tragically. Whitman said prayers over the crude graves. The usually unsentimental soldiers wept openly. They, too, vividly saw the cruelty of this unjust violence.

The Aravaipas in the hills watched Whitman's burial detail, and through the blinding pain of their grief came the realization that the lieutenant and his men had no part in this murder. When they saw him pray over the graves they realized even

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more fully this truth. They began to trickle into the camp, bent and speechless with sorrow. The last of them to appear was Eskiminzin. He cradled a little girl—the only member of his family who had survived the massacre.

Whitman escorted Eskiminzin and his people back to the post. After a few days they gradually began to set up their wickiups once more on their small fields. They had been settled only two or three weeks when soldiers from Fort Apache to the northeast riding patrol came upon their re-established camp. The soldiers figured such a gathering of Apaches must be hostile. They started shooting. The Aravaipas ran for their lives once more.

This time when they came back, Eskiminzin led them to Camp Grant to see Lieutenant Whitman. "The peace you have promised to the Aravaipas," he said, "has been broken, not once but twice and each time by the Americans. We now go back to the mountains to avenge our dead." The Lieutenant could say nothing. He understood. Eskiminzin could not be blamed.

On his way to the mountains Eskiminzin stopped at the cabin of a white friend. After sharing his friend's supper, Eskiminzin got up and shot him through the head. Years later when asked why, Eskiminzin said: "To teach my people that there must be no friendship between them and white men. Anyone can kill an enemy but it takes a strong man to kill a friend."

In the East when news of the massacre arrived, there was an immediate reaction of indignation and protests. President Grant characterized the attack as murder, announcing he would investigate the outrage thoroughly. Newspapers and magazines featured it, proclaiming it an act of ferocity and malignity without parallel.

Because of reaction in the East, the army put its current policy of aggressive warfare against the Indians on ice. General George Stoneman, a supporter of the aggressive line and Commander of the Department of Arizona, was relieved of duty by presidential order on May 2, 1871. He was replaced on June 4 by General Crook.

Tucsonans, stung by the verbal blows of their Eastern critics, began an attempt to justify their actions. Having no real moral basis for the justification, their brief was constructed on the original charges that the raids, in April at San Xavier and

San Pedro had been made by Camp Grant Apaches. Various citizens supplied affidavits. One man swore he and some companions followed an Indian trail after the San Xavier raid and that it led to Camp Grant.

Jesus Elias, the Mexican leader of the massacre, swore that a horse found at Camp Grant had been identified as a horse taken from San Xavier; he also swore that an Indian captured from the raid confessed he was from Camp Grant. And so on and on went the evidence justifying the killing of the defenseless Aravaipas.

This evidence, however, was not left unchallenged. Lieutenant Whitman wrote a long report to his commanding officer detailing the affair. Whitman declared flatly that no Indians from Camp Grant had done any raiding, that he had kept them under especially close surveillance. And Whitman obtained many affidavits substantiating his statements.

Eastern newspapers obtained copies of Whitman's report, and what he had written made sensational copy. The ensuing publicity about the Camp Grant killings and the damning quotes from his report made Whitman really unpopular in Tucson. A local paper (the *Arizona Citizen*) editorialized that it seemed a few men—among them Lieutenant Royal E. Whitman—sent to fight Indians were instead writing to Washington batches of craven and spiteful statements against Tucson residents. So the battle formed: Tucson versus First Lieutenant Whitman.

Tucson soon began giving Whitman the full treatment.

Again the *Arizona Citizen* blasted him, this time with slanderous charges. It claimed the only reason the young lieutenant (the "royal" Whitman) wanted to protect the Apaches was because he had a taste for "dusky maidens." Not only that, he was a drunkard on and off duty.

The first charge was based on the deliberate misuse of statements made by a soldier in a letter he wrote to the *Citizen* in defense and praise of Whitman. He wrote of Whitman's kindnesses to the five old Apache women who had been hunting the lost child in February. It was easy to rearrange the soldier's words. The *Citizen's* second charge of drunkenness was vigorously denied by a fellow officer at Camp Grant.

A citizens' committee went to General Crook to pressure him into relieving Whitman of duty. Crook,

who believed in putting Indians down hard, was agreeable. Whitman got help in the nick of time from the White House. Grant sent District Attorney C. W. C. Rowell from California to Arizona to start legal action against those who had participated in the massacre.

The President also sent Vincent Colyer, Secretary of the Commission of Indian Affairs, to the area with powers superior to the authority of the military. Colyer was an idealist and, like Whitman, fought stubbornly for what he believed. The massacre at Camp Grant had been wrong; Colyer had made up his mind about it even before he left Washington. Preceding his arrival in the Territory, Colyer created by telegraphic orders an official Indian Reservation around Camp Grant and, knowing the trouble Whitman was having, ordered the War Department to keep the lieutenant on duty.

News of Colyer's actions turned the screams from Tucson to screeches. The *Citizen* denounced Colyer. The district attorney's life was threatened. Andy Cargill, the sutler's auditor who had been with Whitman the morning of the massacre and who was a friend of Rowell, had to resign his job because his company was afraid it would lose business if he were kept on the payroll. Cargill went to work as Rowell's clerk and helped him to indict the raiding party. Cargill even addressed the jury, advising them to indict or face martial law in the territory.

General Crook tried to persuade Whitman to modify his stand, but Whitman was now wholly at odds with Crook. On September 13 Crook came to Camp Grant to meet with Colyer. He was escorted by Whitman and Captain William Nelson, who had replaced Captain Stanwood as commandant of the post.

A parley followed between Colyer, Crook, and several Apache chiefs. If Crook had thought to put Whitman down during this conference he didn't succeed. Whitman was praised by Colyer and the official boundaries of the new Camp Grant Indian Reservation were set.

While this conference was being held another massacre was attempted. Or so many believed. The actual truth will probably never be known. One side claimed a group of 60 "peaceful prospectors" was rudely denied permission to cross the new reservation. Colyer claimed that 200 armed men from Tucson tried to murder the Indians a second time.

Whatever the truth, Colyer ordered Captain Nelson that day to send a courier to the so-called prospectors and order them to stay ten miles from the camp. The prospectors declared they'd come through the camp if they wanted to.

Nelson, learning of this response, ordered Whitman out to them to tell them the army would fire on them as soon as they started. This cooled it for the peaceful prospectors. They turned back to Tucson grinding their teeth.

Tucson's wrathful citizens had General Crook's support in their fight against the two "appeasers": Whitman and Colyer. But Crook was as boxed-in as any of them. He couldn't touch Colyer because Colyer was his superior; he couldn't get at Whitman because the lieutenant was protected by Colyer.

But there was Captain Nelson, who had carried out Colyer's orders. Crook hit the guiltless captain with a written rebuke. Shortly afterward Nelson was transferred out of Arizona. Before Colyer left he appointed Whitman as an acting Indian agent, possibly believing this would keep the lieutenant out of Crook's reach, but later developments were to deny Whitman this protection.

Fresh outbreaks of Apache plundering and robbery occurred after Colyer left, and the secretary's influence lessened. The Grant administration's policy, always wobbly when it involved Indians, changed. General Crook got the President's approval to begin an all-out fight against the Apaches. All acting Indian agents were put under military control.

On December 2, 1871, barely seven months after the massacre, Lieutenant Whitman was called before a court-martial. It adjourned without action. In March of the next year, 1872, Whitman's duties as Indian agent were taken from him and he was put under arrest at Fort Crittenden (southeast of Tucson between the present towns of Sonoita and Patagonia).

A second court-martial was convened in May; it ended with no action. Finally in October, Lieutenant Whitman was nailed: he was guilty of disgraceful language toward his commanding officer and conduct unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman. (This judgment might be contrasted with the one made on December 11, 1871, concerning the deportment of the one hundred or so gentlemen indicted for the massacre. After five days of testimony and 19 minutes of meditation on justice in the Territory of Arizona, the Tucson jury Andy Cargill had addressed acquitted the entire bunch.)

Meanwhile in Washington moral suasion was given another inning—or part of one. The administration appointed General Oliver O. Howard as a special agent to investigate the management of the Apaches, to protect them, persuade them to submit, and generally further the work of the reservation. At Howard's appointment, Crook delayed his planned offensive. But Howard was not another Colyer. His theories of peace were, as one historian put it, "strongly tinged with common sense." Howard's sympathies were largely with Crook.

General Howard arrived at Camp Grant April 22, 1872, almost a year after the massacre. The Aravaipas were protesting Whitman's dismissal as their agent and threatening to leave the reservation. Howard had Whitman released from Fort Crittenden and returned to Camp Grant where, on April 26, he attended a meeting held by Howard.

At this meeting the Aravaipas asked that the 27 children kidnapped by the Papagos be returned, that the



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Anson P. K. Safford, (top, left), the governor of Arizona Territory, furnished arms for the Apache raid. General George Crook (center) supported the Tucson raiding party during their trial. A month after the massacre, he was appointed Commander of the Department of Arizona. He believed in putting the Indians down hard. Andrew H. Cargill, a traveling auditor of sutler's merchandise, was having breakfast with Lieutenant Royal Whitman when news of the massacre reached Camp Grant. Lieutenant Whitman, shown below leading a patrol in pursuit of the Fort Grant raiders, befriended Eskiminzin and placed his band under Fort Grant protection. Later he was court-martialed and found guilty of "disgraceful language and conduct unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman." But his real crime was his kindness to the Indians.

reservation be moved to more fertile land with a more temperate climate, that a peace treaty be signed with neighboring tribes to prevent another tragedy, and that Lieutenant Whitman be reinstated as their agent. The four demands were taken under advisement and another meeting set for May 20.

On May 20, Mexicans, Americans, Papagos, Maricopas, Pimas, and Apaches met at Camp Grant. Howard granted two of the Aravaipa demands: Camp Grant was abolished as a reservation and replaced with the San Carlos to the east, and a peace treaty was submitted and accepted. About the kidnapped children—every effort was being made to find them (but only six were ever returned).

About Lieutenant Whitman: it was impossible to restore him as their agent—he was too controversial, didn't get along with his commanding general, his regiment was no longer at Camp Grant, the Arizona climate was making him sick, and, besides, their new agent warranted their confidence. So the meeting ended. General Howard had spoken. The massacre at Camp Grant and problem of Lieutenant Royal Emerson Whitman were officially phased out.

Eskiminzin and his Aravaipas moved from Camp Grant to the San Carlos and adapted themselves to the new reservation as best they could. The land and climate were better and by the middle of 1873 they had settled along the San Carlos River, planting small fields, happy as children and as determined as Eskiminzin to live in peace. Other Apaches came and saw and joined their Aravaipa brothers. But their new happiness did not last.

Indian agents came and went who cared nothing about their wards as men; they issued rations and that's all. White men moved more boldly across the land, ruling by fear. Soldiers treated the Indians arrogantly and insultingly. Apache dissatisfaction grew. Indians, good and bad, brewed their native drink *tulapai* openly and went on defiant bashes.

After one such blast, four Chiricahuas killed two teamsters and came reeling back to the reservation boasting of their kills. Their tribe, fearing sure retribution, fled to Mexico. Eskiminzin also believed soldiers would blame all Apaches, so that night, after a counsel, with a December moon lighting their way, every Apache on the San Carlos moved away.

Troops from Fort Apache were sent to hunt them. No order was given to find the actual killers. Kill any Indian sighted. No mercy. No prisoners. A Captain Hamilton, coming across some starving Coyoteros, humanely disobeyed this latter order and allowed them to surrender. After this incident, the no-prisoner order was rescinded, possibly as too harsh—or corrosive to discipline.

During the rest of 1873 and into the early spring of 1874, the Apaches were hunted. Finally the last of them, Eskiminzin and his tattered band, returned to the reservation. They were guilty only of running away, but Major Randall, commandant of Fort Apache, riveted leg irons to Eskiminzin and six of his subchiefs and shipped them to New Camp Grant to work as criminals for six months.

New Camp Grant, Camp Grant's successor as a post on the San Carlos, was where a new agent for the reservation saw his first Apache and for the first time Eskiminzin. This agent,

John P. Clum, asked what the charges were against Eskiminzin. Major Randall didn't like him. Clum, through an interpreter, interviewed Eskiminzin and began a long friendship.

During Clum's years as agent, Eskiminzin regained some of his lost belongings. When Clum resigned in 1877, the chief had another family and three years of hard work experience. He believed Apaches had to farm and raise stock if they were to live successfully in peace with white men. With Clum leaving, Eskiminzin decided to move to a spot he liked on the reservation by the San Pedro River.

The land was considered of no value, but Eskiminzin cleared it, irrigated it, farmed it, built a home, raised cattle. He was so successful he ran accounts of several thousand dollars in Tucson. He and his family dressed well, used white linens and silver tableware, and generally were as acceptable as anyone.

But the chief had done too well. White men saw what he had wrought and wanted it. Some claimed a vein of coal ran under his small estate. A reservation lawyer discovered his farm was just south of the reservation and could not be his. But legal action to oust Eskiminzin was too slow. An armed mob gathered to vacate the chief. A friendly army officer (creditably there were a few) warned him, and Eskiminzin fled to the San Carlos. His family, whom he'd left in his haste, was driven from the premises by the mob.

Eskiminzin tried again on the San Carlos, but a child of his, a daughter, had married the Apache Kid, an outlaw, and rumor had it the Kid's trail led to the chief's front door more than once. He was never given a chance to deny the rumor. He was picked up and exiled to Alabama—as a prisoner of war.

Clum found the old chief working at the Mount Vernon Barracks. He wasn't in chains this time; he was a

model prisoner, the head gardener of the prison. When Clum found him, the chief was spearing a pitchfork into compost. At first Eskiminzin didn't recognize his old friend; it had been 15 years. But gradually it dawned on the old Indian who was before him. He stared unbelievably. Clum smiled and said: "Hello, Skimy." The next moment Clum was wrapped lovingly with the old Apache's bone-thin arms.

As they spoke, Clum was astounded to discover that the old man wasn't embittered by his sufferings and unjust treatment. He was alone, far from his home, imprisoned in his old age, exiled from his family and friends. No other Apache who had tried to live the white man's way had suffered as much as Eskiminzin. Yet Clum found no rancor in his heart.

Clum went to Eskiminzin's aid. Using his influence, Clum got his friend released and returned to his people at San Carlos. The freedom Eskiminzin had yearned for and had fought for he finally obtained. But his happiness lasted only briefly. A few short weeks following his return, old Eskiminzin died.

All that remains of old Camp Grant are crumbled adobe mounds cut through by Arizona State Highway 77. Few motorists traveling the road are aware of it, or, if they are, are interested in it. The agonies and sufferings Lieutenant Whitman and Eskiminzin endured there are beyond their attention—which is regrettable.

The purposes Whitman and Eskiminzin had in mind for their people—mutual respect and honor and a chance to survive together—these purposes have value and should not be forgotten. ♦



Mexican Tribe Primitive, Poor

By STUART GOLDSCHEN
Copley News Service

CREEL, Mexico — It was the third straight day, and they had not stopped running.

They kicked a small wooden ball 150 miles through rugged mountain passes without eating or sleeping. Friends carried torches to light the way at night.

They stopped where they had begun: A small plain amidst towering pine trees and giant rocks in northern Mexico's Sierra Madre Occidental. They had finished a footrace.

It was the climax of a fiesta for the Tarahumara Indians, who are among the most primitive and poor Indians of North America.

The 50,000 seminomadic Tarahumaras (foot runners) live in the Tarahumara Range of the Sierra, located in the state of Chihuahua some 200 miles west of the capital city, Chihuahua. The area contains eight large canyons, all deeper and four times longer than the Grand Canyon, much of it is unexplored.

The Tarahumaras survived the Spanish conquest by retreating to these remote regions. They scattered through the canyons, each family going its own way. No communities were established.

Today, they live much as they did then. Their homes are small shacks made of rocks, wood or adobe—or large natural caves that abound in the mountains.

Some Tarahumaras have left the Sierra to work or

beg in urban centers of the north, primarily in Chihuahua. Others pose for pictures and ask money of tourists who stop in Creel, the center of the Tarahumara area on the Chihuahua al Pacifico Railroad Line.

Luis Gloria, a Tarahumara who assumed a Christian name, has a foot in both worlds. He lives with his wife, his son, his parents and an assortment of small animals in a large cave about two miles from Creel.

"My grandparents lived in this cave before," Luis said. "I have lived here all my life, but my wife is from below (a more remote Tarahumara region)."

He said he attended primary school in Creel for only two months and learned to speak Spanish. His wife speaks only Tarahumara.

Luis works at a lumber mill in the vicinity and earns \$1.40 a day. He dresses in machine-made clothes, wears a straw cowboy hat and attends church services in Creel.

Luis and many other Tarahumaras were introduced to Christianity by Jesuit priests who have an Indian mission dispersed through the Tarahumara Range. Twenty Jesuit priests, 19 Jesuit brothers and 70 nuns of various religious orders operate medical, educational and religious services in 12 mountain stations.

The mission has four small hospitals, one a 40-bed children's hospital in Creel; six dispensaries; a tuberculosis sanatorium; a dental clinic; 17 primary schools, seven with



RETREATED TO CAVES
... Tarahumara Indian

boarding facilities; three high schools; a commercial school; and an experimental farm.

The newest program in the mission is a radio school, established in 1954 at Sisoguichi, 18 miles from Creel and modeled after a project by priests in Colombia.

By shortwave radio, the priests broadcast five hours a day during the school year to receivers in 63 schools with 3000 students spread over 26,000 square miles.

The curriculum follows Mexican primary education through the fourth year, with heavy emphasis on Spanish.

Fr. Luciano Blanco, ad-

ministrative head of the mission who has worked here 21 years, said the biggest problem the Jesuits face is the idiosyncrasies of the Indians.

"They want to be by themselves and live isolated," he said. "They are very poor people, and conditions in the Sierra make life very difficult. About 80 percent of the infants die of malnutrition or disease before they are five years old."

Fr. Luis G. Verplancken, head of the Creel station and fluent in the Tarahumara language, said it is hard to know how many Indians have embraced Christianity.

"They know of God, Jesus Christ, Mary and the Sacraments of marriage and baptism," he said. "But how much they understand is difficult to say. They don't think deeply about what they do or learn. They are like children and have to be treated like children."

The Jesuits are reaching more Indians each day, but for the vast majority of Tarahumaras, the mission is of little importance; most know of it only by a priest's presence at an occasional large Indian gathering.

Even those who are aware of the Jesuit medical facilities usually take advantage of them only after their witchcraft fails, and often they are beyond help when they do.

The efforts being made for the little-known foot runners may stagnate on the program's most formidable obstacle: The Tarahumaras themselves.

Chapparal Tea May Have Hidden Help For Cancer

By RUSSELL NIELSEN
RENO, Nev. (UPI)—The medicine man of Indian lore may have been a pioneer in the fight against cancer.

Along with the rattles, charms and chants used to drive evil spirits from the sick, he administered a "chapparal tea" brewed from the leaves of the desert creosote bush.

Researchers at the universities of Nevada and Utah have isolated an ingredient from the leaves with results that have indicated further study as a possible anti-cancer drug.

Scientists began their study of the creosote bush (*Larrea divaricata*) at Utah when an old man suffering from cancer of the face refused to undergo radical surgery, even though he was told he might die. He went to his home in St. George, Utah, to await the end.

But he returned to the university some months later after an apparent amazing recovery. He was questioned closely to determine whether he had done anything beyond his ordinary routine to help overcome the dread disease. He said the only unusual thing he had done was to drink a cup of chapparal tea daily as recommended by an old Indian friend.

Researchers were inclined to take the tea story with a grain of salt, but they were intrigued. Eventually they were able to isolate the active ingredient in the leaves which appeared to be the only material which might possibly inhibit cancer growth. It is Nordihydroguaiaretic Acid, or NDGA. When extracted, it is a white powder that can be synthesized chemically in the laboratory and administered in capsule form.

Dr. Ronald Pardini of the University of Nevada has been studying action of the drug in the cells

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What does primitive mean?

August, 1969 Vol. 3 No. 8

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South Egan, Madison, S. D. 57042.

When you compare cannons with arrows, which is primitive?

When you compare a literary culture prophesying off pornography with a non-literary culture whose language is minus profane words, which is primitive?

When you compare megaton bombs with coup sticks, which is primitive?

When you compare a concept of God as a Santa Claus on white man's side with a belief in the sacredness in all of creation, which is primitive?

When you compare treaties, binding if convenient, with a pipe linking your words with God, which is primitive?

When you compare the county nursing home—with old ones receiving the best meat and skins of the hunt, which is primitive?

When you compare a basement full of antiques on land in your name, with a view of earth as mother to generations past and future, which is primitive?

When you compare sacrificing a man in the electric chair to show revenge to killing a Pawnee in the squeeze for the remaining buffalo, which is primitive?

When you compare formations of planes going in for the kill to a circle dancing to the life-giving throb of the drumbeat, which is primitive?

When you compare a pope who's statements are binding on future popes to a solitary vision quest where each man makes his own peace with God, which is primitive?

When you compare supporting in Vietnam a military police state to a culture whose chief submits to the will of his people, which is primitive?

When you compare cooking them alive with napalm for political gain to being a great warrior so a greater one will not destroy your village, which is primitive?

Shake the shackles of the Church

If the revitalization of religious attitudes in the Indian churches is to take place, a controlling voice in those churches must be given back to the Indian people," Father Robert White, Jesuit sociologist, proposed at an interfaith religious service at the Great Plains Indian Conference.

In an article in "The Indian" published by the American Indian Leadership Council in South Dakota, is the following report of his late May presentation.

In an earlier period on the reservations, Father White pointed out, the Christian churches kindled deep religious attitudes and strong character in the Indian people largely because many of the clergy were Indian and the local churches were directed by Indian religious leaders.

Even in the Catholic Church with its hierarchical structure, local religious decisions among the Sioux were influenced by the St. Mary's and St. Joseph's Societies.

The missionaries recognized the Indian holy men and the men of traditional wisdom, such as Black Elk, and accepted them as the religious leaders and the instructors of the people.

Much more than most have realized the Indian people were not converted to Christianity, but in many respects Christianity was converted to fit into the framework of the traditional Indian religious attitudes and practices. The Sioux, for example, were long accustomed to borrowing from other tribes and from the white man not only economic implements such as the gun and the horse, but also religious rituals such as the Sun Dance.

The Sioux incorporated the Sun Dance into their culture centuries ago and changed it so that it was an expression of typically Sioux religious attitudes: personal sacrifice and reverence for the divinity.

Since most of the instruction in Christianity was done by the Sioux religious leaders themselves in the tiyospe neighborhoods, many catechists simply used the Christian institutional structure as a vehicle for instilling the religious attitudes of the Indian: Reverence and awe for the divinity; bravery, restraint, and discipline in one's personal life; generosity to one's kin; humble prayer; finding the divinity in nature; and so forth.

Later, however, the Indian clergy became discouraged because new conditions of long years of formal seminary

training in non-Indian institutions were imposed and efforts were made to model the Indian churches after the white middle-class churches.

Often the Indian language and other practices of reservation Christianity were discontinued for the sake of uniformity in the churches.

The Catholic Church put all of its money and personnel into the mission boarding schools for young people who frequently moved into white society and neglected efforts to educate and train the adult religious leaders who spent their lives in the Indian neighborhoods.

The Jesuits, for example, spend many thousands to educate one non-Indian priest for a period of 12 to 15 years. Most of these never bother to learn the Indian language or study thoroughly the Indian culture.

But the Jesuits never cared to spend money to train Indians whom the Indian people themselves recognize as their holy men and religious leaders who live and work among the Indian people. The excuse is sometimes given that the Indian people are "too unstable" to invest all that money.

But they seemingly forget that half of the Jesuit seminarians leave for secular pursuits after having gotten a good part of their free education.

If the traditional Indian religious values and attitudes are to be preserved, it appears to be time to put the Church back into the hands of the local Indian communities. Perhaps there is still an opportunity for the

...The Catholic Church among the Sioux is now beginning to consider ordaining Indians as priests who are matured (35-40) married men, men who have been informally selected by the people as their religious leaders....

churches to return to the practice of recognizing the holy men respected by the Indian people as the official leaders of the churches and ordain them as Indian clergymen.

The Catholic Church among the Sioux is now beginning to consider ordaining Indians as priests who are matured (35-40) married men, men who have been informally selected by the people as their religious leaders. The education and training would not be the long years in the seminary separated from their people, but in conjunction with their work.

Perhaps eventually this can be done on an ecumenical basis and the denominational lines which have artificially divided the Indian people can be done away with. A holy man is a holy man whether he is Catholic, Episcopal or Presbyterian.

Today, many Indians are beginning to say that they can live a religious life outside any institutional church and without any participation in formal religious rituals.

And yet all cultures have had some kind of formal,

public religious rituals, and some kind of group worship. It is difficult to see how religious attitudes can be kept alive without some kind of active participation in religious rituals.

Religious attitudes of prayer and openness to the divinity which have been a part of the lives of Indian people for century upon century are now beginning to disappear. And this de-religionizing is having a de-humanizing effect on the Indian people.

If religious services are to be a real stimulus to religious attitudes and open men's hearts to God's grace, there should be allowance for more direct participation in religious services, perhaps provision for discussion and for giving advice. In the old St. Mary's and St. Joseph's Societies the Indian people were accustomed to rise and speak giving advice to all present, especially the young.

Traditionally, the Indian vision quest, the sweat bath rite of religious purification, and the Sun Dance have been means of opening one's life to the voice of the Divinity and renewing religious dedication. At present some Christian Indians are participating in two sets of religious rituals, the native Indian and the borrowed Christian. Although it is controversial among Indians themselves, the Christian rituals might well be incorporated into the traditional Indian system of religious rituals.

Whatever decisions are made will have to arise from the prayer and discussion of religious Indian people both those who are active in the institutional churches and those who have recently ceased to be so. The decisions cannot be imposed from the non-Indian church officials far from the scene — as the BIA has usually done — but seemingly have to develop out of the religious aspirations of the Indian people themselves.



'The only hostile Indian I know is your Mother!'

FATHER ROBERT A. WHITE, S.J., a native of Kansas, is finishing his doctoral degree at Cornell U., in Ithaca, N.Y. and is also completing a book on the off-reservation Indian and the Sioux in Rapid City. The latter is based on more than ten years of research in Rapid City and on the reservations.



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Tsen-Akamak

THE VOICE OF THE POWHATAN-RENAPOAK PEOPLE VOL. I, NO. 1

The Meaning of Tsen-Akamak

Tsen-Akamak was the term used by the Powhatan people to refer to their homeland. It was also used by the Natick of Massachusetts and the Narragansetts of Rhode Island to refer to the countryside where they lived. Tsen-Akamak has two meanings then: it means the homeland of the Powhatan and also the homeland of all of the Le-na-pe/Re-na-po-ak (Algonkian) Indian people from North Carolina to New England. We use it to refer to Powhatan-land.

1570-1970: 400 YEARS OF POWHATAN STRUGGLE!

The Chickahominy Story

An Outline History of the Chickahominy Republic
and Nation --- 1570 - 1908

1570: The Spaniards attempted to gain a foothold in Virginia, within the territory of the Tsen-Akamak (the Long House or Powhatan Confederation). The Native Americans soon realized what the Spaniards were trying to do and all of the invaders were destroyed. It is possible that Mexican or West Indian natives came with the Spaniards as servants and that these persons may have joined the Powhatans. [In later years it was said that both Wahunsonakok or Powhatan and Opechkananoh were of Mexican or West Indian origin].

1602-1610: Contacts commenced with the English invaders at Jamestown. The English found that the Chickahominy Republic, although allied with the Powhatan Confederation, was basically independent with a council of eight mangai (great men) serving as leaders. The Chickahominy possessed 200 to 250 warriors, 600 to 900 persons, and many permanent and temporary villages located along the lower Chickahominy River. They were the largest of the republics in the Virginia area.

1616: The English invaders, unable to raise their own food, tried to collect tribute but the Chickahominy refused. An army of 100 men invaded the republic, going to Ozenick and then to Mamanahunt. They were opposed by a Chickahominy army under Kissancomen of Ozenick, but the English captured several leaders, killed others, and forced the payment of tribute. Opechkananoh of the Pamunkey Republic took advantage of this to force Ozenick to become his tributary.

1620-1622: A school is established by the English to try to destroy the Native American heritage by converting the Indian children to Christianity etc. [The school was destroyed by the Indians in 1622].

1622-1631: First Anglo-Powhatan War. In 1622 Opechkananoh led the Powhatans in a rebellion against the invaders, killing 350 in the first day. The English recovered, however, and the war continued for almost ten years, with many on both sides being killed. The territory of the Chickahominy Republic was ravaged by raids in 1623, 1627, and at other times. The native population undoubtedly was reduced greatly.

1627: Carib Indians, brought into Virginia as slaves, fled to the Powhatans.

1632-1643: Period of Truce. Negotiations with the Pamunkey and Chickahominy, brought peace to central Virginia, but it was only a truce, as the cause of the war (English imperialism) was not removed. English settlers advanced on Indian lands, including the Chickahominy, and some Indians were held as slaves or servants by the English.

1644-1646: Second Anglo-Powhatan War. In 1644 Opechkananoh, now a very old man, led the Powhatans in a new war for freedom with great initial success. But the English were too numerous and their large armies and superior weapons gradually forced the Indians to retreat to inaccessible areas. In 1646 Opechkananoh was captured and murdered by the English.

1646: Treaty of 1646. Necotowance, successor to Opechkananoh, negotiated a treaty which required that all Indians move from the area lying between the James (Powhatan) and York (Pamunkey) rivers. This meant that the Chickahominy had to abandon their old territory in its entirety. The area north of the Pamunkey-York river and south of the Rappahannock was "forever" reserved to the Indians, except that the eastern portion could be (and soon was) settled by whites.

1669: About fifty Chickahominy and Mattaponi are said to have been driven from their homes. They fled to the Pamunkey.

In the same year Virginia decided to require that all Indians be forced to help kill wolves and each nation was to have to turn in so many wolf heads each year, according to the number of adult males in each tribe. A census was, therefore, carried out. The Chickahominy possessed 60 warriors and were the largest group in the Pamunkey to Rappahannock area. The Pamunkey had 50 and the Mattaponi 30.

1675-77: Anglo-Susquehanna War. The Susquehanna, old allies of the English of Maryland and Pennsylvania and enemies of the Five Nations in New York, were gradually forced to retreat southward due to Five Nations attacks. While gathered in a fort on the Potomac the Susquehanna were treacherously attacked by English frontier people from Virginia and Maryland. The Susquehanna then commenced open warfare in Virginia, in alliance with the Occaneechi and other groups.

The Powhatan nations felt threatened by the frontier whites and those under Queen Anne of Pamunkey retreated to new villages in Dragon Swamp at the head of Piankatank River. There the Pamunkey, Chickahominy, Mattaponi, Nansietico, and perhaps other groups hoped to remain neutral in the war. The English were uneasy, however, and ordered Queen Anne to furnish auxiliaries against the Susquehanna. She stated that she had 150 warriors but only wished to furnish a few, as the English had never done anything to compensate for the death of Totopotomoy and his men twenty years before.

In the meantime, Nathaniel Bacon's army of white rabble began slaughtering Indians, including Susquehannas, Occaneechis, Appomattocks (allies of the English), and Manakins. Then they turned on Queen Anne's Powhatans, making several campaigns into Dragon Swamp and enslaving 45 natives. The Native Americans naturally retaliated with counter-raids, with deaths on both sides.

Bacon was eventually ousted from power and peace was restored but the war was a disaster for the Indians. Many groups lost heavily in population while the Susquehanna were destroyed as a powerful barrier to the expansion of the Five Nations. Thereafter Seneca, Onondaga, Oneida and Cayuga war parties frequented the Piedmont, attacking both whites and Indians. (The Five Nations was especially hostile towards the Catawba-Saponi group of tribes in the North Carolina area).

1677: Treaty of 1677. The Virginia government and the British Crown both realized that the Powhatan Nations were useful allies and that they had been greatly wronged in the Anglo-Susquehanna War. Therefore, the Treaty of 1677 not only established peace but sought to guarantee all Indian property rights "forever." In addition, landless Indians were to have new lands set aside for them.

The treaty apparently set aside the greater part of King William and King and Queen counties for the Powhatans but, unfortunately, many whites had already established themselves in that area and were not removed. It would appear, in fact, that none of the violations of the Treaty of 1646 were righted.

1697: The Episcopal minister of St. Peter's Parish (New Kent and James City counties, including then King William) writes that "our Indians, who indeed, though illiterate and ignorant, have the best secrets any Physician in Europe might have. They have taught me how to cure any intermittent fever in three days' time [etc.]."

1690's - 1705: It is evident from the writings of Englishmen that the Powhatans still preserved their native heritage virtually intact at this time. The ancient religion, the old housing styles, dress styles, ceremonies, language, et cetera were all still functioning. In other words, the Powhatans may have been militarily defeated but they were not yet psychologically defeated.

1690's - early 1700's: All during this period white settlers were seeking to acquire Indian lands "by hook or crook." The Virginia government wanted to break the Treaty of 1677 but in 1700 the British Crown said no. Nonetheless, the Virginia whites went on ahead anyway, forming King William County in 1702 and acquiring native lands. The Virginia government occasionally sought to end notorious abuses, as when (in 1690) whites were ordered to get off the Chickahominy Reservation.

1691: English persons marrying Indians, Negroes, or Mullattoes to be banished from Virginia.

1705: The Virginia Assembly re-enacted and enacted some racist laws. Indians were not to be allowed to vote, hold public office, to testify in court as witnesses, or to carry weapons dangerous to the English. Indian rights to gather wild food on English lands (guaranteed by the Treaty of 1677) were restricted. Indian lands could not be sold except that the white "purchaser" was to pay only a very light fine (of 10 shillings per acre) and many whites were exempted by name. [This law actually had the effect of setting aside part of the Treaty of 1677 and made it easier for whites to acquire Indian lands].

The Assembly also prohibited Indians, Negroes and Mullattoes from having Christian servants and the white Christian servants of any person who married an Indian, Negro or Mulatto were automatically freed of all obligations to service. The term "mulatto" was held to apply to persons of one-half Indian, one-half white descent.

1710: An Indian slave and a Black slave jointly planned a rebellion against white exploitation, but unfortunately the freedom plan was discovered. The Assembly promptly passed laws preventing Indians from making war, taking up arms, or carrying weapons.

1711: The English decided to establish a "college" (Elementary school) for Indian youth (for Anglicization and Christianization). Each tribe was forced to contribute young men as "hostages," the Pamunkey giving two and the Chickahominy one. In 1714 the governor persuaded all of the local Indians to allow their children to be Christianized.

1711-1713: Anglo-Tuscarora War. Uneasiness is created in Virginia as the Tuscarora and their allies fight in North Carolina against white aggression and then retreat northwards into Virginia. (Small groups of Tuscarora continued to move north through the Piedmont for several generations. They were later joined by some Saponi, Tutelo, and perhaps others. All went to the Five Nations. Also during the 1720's many Shawnee moved through the Piedmont, going from Carolina to Pennsylvania).

1723: All Indians, Mulattoes, and Negroes over age 16, male or female, bond or free, declared tithable (taxable). This may have forced many Indians to sell their land, in order to pay taxes. (White women were not tithable).

Indians again prohibited from voting.

1727: The office of "Interpreter" was abolished for the Pamunkey and Chickahominy, thus indicating that most now spoke at least some English.

In this year the Nottoway were said to be the only Indian group of "any consequence" in Virginia, with 200 people. The other groups had either moved, been destroyed, or decimated by disease.

1742: Many Indians rebelled in the Eastern Shore counties. This may be related to the fact that in 1748 many Nanticoke joined the Five Nations in New York, while the Nottoway raided in the Carolinas and joined the Cherokee.

1748: A Virginia Indian, "Indian John," is mentioned in a will as a white man's slave.

1754-1763: Over 300 Cherokees, Catawbias, Nottoways, and Tuscaroras served in Virginia as auxiliaries during the French and Indian War. Some Powhatans may also have been recruited since the Assembly enacted in 1757 that "all such free mulattoes, negroes, and Indians as are or shall be enlisted, ... shall appear without arms, and may be employed as drummers, trumpeters, or pioneers, or in such other servile labor as they shall be directed to perform."

1793: James Bradby, a white Baptist, settled among the Chickahominy and married an Indian girl. Through his influence the Chickahominy were converted to the Baptist faith.

1831: The failure of the Nat Turner rebellion creates many hardships for non-whites in Virginia, including restrictive laws. The Eastern Shore Indians, many of whom were part-Negro, were driven from their homes at this time. Pressures also built up on the other groups, as in 1843 when the local whites tried to get the Pamunkey Reservation dissolved on the grounds that the Indians there were mixed with Africans. During the 1840's, apparently, many Pamunkey (with some Chickahominy?) moved away, hoping to go "out west." Sickness forced them to spend the winter in Stafford County, where they sold the historic mantle of Queen Anne to a whiteman. Then this group moved on to an unknown destination.

1833: Persons of mixed race, but not Negroes, could get a "certificate" protecting them from anti-Negro laws.

1860-1865: The Civil War period was very difficult for the Chickahominy. One group fled to Canada, moving in with a band of Ojibwa (Chippewa) Indians. They later returned to Virginia for the most part, bringing at least one Ojibwa wife along. Of those that remained in Virginia, "the Confederates suspected their loyalty, and with good reason. Not a few of their young men served in the Union forces, and all sought to avoid being drafted into the Southern army."

1907: The Chickahominy were visited by the anthropologist James Mooney who gathered data on their Indian heritage.

Indian Genocide

To the Editor:

Driving around Lake Cayuga, one finds historical markers placed by the State of New York which glorify the memory of "Sullivan's Expedition." They refer admiringly to places where Sullivan and his lieutenants and men camped and where they destroyed Indian villages.

The expedition was in fact a classical example of genocide. It set out to destroy fields, orchards, villages and stores of food, and wiped out of existence the Cayuga Indians, one of the Six Nations of the Iroquois Confederacy, in what are now Cayuga and Tompkins Counties.

Should not the texts of the markers be appropriately changed?

GEORGE GIBIAN

Ithaca, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1969

NATIVE AMERICAN HISTORY

An effort is under way to at last put up historical markers for sites important to Indians and to preserve Indian place-names.

For years, white historical societies, state and federal agencies, and private groups have been putting up markers and reconstructing places of importance in WHITE HISTORY. They have ignored or destroyed Indian sites. But now this kind of racism is going to be stopped. Indian people are awakening and demanding that Indian sites and names be recognized and preserved.

Virginia prides itself on its history (and makes a lot of money off of it too) but how many of the truly ancient historical sites in Virginia have been identified and marked, let alone preserved?

The federal and state historical monuments in Virginia are almost all WHITE MONUMENTS. The Indian people are being insulted by this kind of racism and not only that but all Americans are being cheated. TRUE AMERICAN HISTORY begins with the NATIVE AMERICAN, the Indian, and not with Jamestown.

But now Indians are building their own museums and protecting their heritage. And this will make all America richer. LETS GET OFF OF THIS WHITE RACIST HISTORY KICK AND GET ON WITH ALL-AMERICAN HISTORY.

The Ottawa Citizen

Realism, frankness her aim 47

Indian woman makes films

By Sheila McCook
Citizen staff writer

She's not sure whether she's a film-maker or a social activist first.

One thing, though. She wouldn't want to be one without being the other.

That's the way Haida Indian from Skidegate in the Queen Charlotte Islands, Barbara Wilson, looks at life.

She's one of five Indians working with the Company of Young Canadians in conjunction with the National Film Board's Challenge for Change program.

Five films, plus sequences of films now in the editing stage, will receive their first public viewing Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 7.30 p.m., in the National Museum. Each of the crew members will discuss the films after they are run.

Although Barbara Wilson's job as director and cameraman for films about Indians requires her to present a cultural viewpoint of her people along with a degree of social activism, she insists on looking at all alternatives.

"I like frank presentations and a realistic view," she says, but points out that this view is neither optimistic nor pessimistic.

Some of the films made by her group, such as *Ballad of Crowfoot*, could be described as "protest films," but, on the other hand, the point is to establish communication within and among groups in Canada.

Not wanting to be a commercial film-maker or a social worker, Miss Wilson has an idea that she would like

to return to the village-reserve of Skidegate where "the older people could help me to know more about my own culture and where I could teach it to the younger children."

Brought up speaking Eng-

lish, she speaks only a little Haida. She plans to delve into it more seriously when she returns.

"Our culture is not dying quickly, but if we leave it 10 or 15 years there'll be nothing left," she concludes.



Barbara Wilson, 26

—Citizen-UPI staff photo

Ottawa promises \$2 million to restore Yukon historic sites

By CLYDE SANGER
Globe and Mail Reporter

WHITEHORSE — The federal Government is to spend nearly \$2-million over the next eight years on acquiring and restoring historic sites in the Yukon to commemorate the Klondike gold rush, Northern Development Minister Jean Chretien announced here last night.

He told the Whitehorse Chamber of Commerce the plans included acquiring a group of buildings in Dawson (including a log cabin once occupied by poet Robert W. Service), moving a "Gold Room" with the old processing equipment back to Bonanza Creek, fitting out the sternwheeler Klondike in Whitehorse as a transportation museum and using the remains of

the Presbyterian Church at Bennett as a historical centre to recall the saga of the stampedeers who wintered on their way north.

"The people of Canada recognize that they owe a great deal to this part of the country," Mr. Chretien said. He had been anxious, he explained, to fill in this obvious gap in the country-wide program of national historic sites.

With remarkable modesty on this subject for a French Canadian, Mr. Chretien said: "The chances are that a foreign visitor to Canada will not know of Jacques Cartier... but few have not heard of the fabled Klondike, the site of the greatest gold rush in history."

GLOBE AND MAIL, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 12, 1969

Redding

Monday, November 3, 1969

White Roots of Peace

Record-Searchlight Iroquois leader seeking better deal for Indians

By JOHN LAWSON
R-S Staff Writer

A Mohawk drum was heard in Redding Saturday night, but it was a sound of peace, and many danced.

The Martin Luther King Jr. Neighborhood Center became a make-believe longhouse for the occasion.

A longhouse is an Indian house of worship where, in the words of Tom Porter, "the roof is the sky and the floor is the mother earth."

The slender savant of the Six Nations of the Iroquois was in Redding with a segment of the North American Unity Caravan, an Iroquois effort to unite Indians of other tribes.

Sunday the group went to Susanville for more appearances in town and at the state prison conservation camp.

Indian dances are both religious and festive. The various chants gave thanksgiving for natural bounties and called for unity among participants.

Dancers circled one or more chanters while someone kept the rhythm with a small, leather-covered, hardwood water drum.

Soon, black, white and red men and women, from tots to grandmothers, were joining in serpentine lines to the muffled Mohawk beat.

Porter concluded the gathering as he had begun it earlier in the day, with an expression of peace and thanksgiving in the Iroquois language.

Slightly built, dressed somewhat like a hippie in sky-blue tunic and dark striped leotards, Porter gave thanks "for the water, the grass and the trees — all the living things that make this good life possible."

A smaller group heard a different message earlier in the afternoon.

It was recalled that the weather was eight degrees above zero when a small group of Mohawks from St. Regis, N.Y., blocked a highway between two nations last Dec. 18.

The blockade halted traffic between Massena, N.Y., and Cornwall, Ont., Canada, bringing about a confrontation with Cornwall police.

"Forty-eight were arrested. I was the second," Porter said later during a meal break.

At 25, Porter is a self-taught believer that ancient Indian customs and practices will yet save a world seemingly headed hell-bent toward its own destruction.

The youthful Indian leader said he quit high school at the age of 16 because he was uncomfortable among whites, who were taught that Indians historically were savages.

"I knew my grandmother wasn't a savage," Porter said.

He went to live among his people and completed a self-education among Iroquois chieftains of the Six Nations. The word Iroquois stands for a confederation of the Mohawk, Onondaga, Tuscarora, Cayuga, Seneca and Oneida tribes.

Porter said Indians resent the historical homage paid to white leaders like Abraham Lincoln and George Washington when similar recognition is withheld from heroic Indians like Geronimo, Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull.

The audience was shown a movie of the dramatic bridge blockade, which occurred on Cornwall Island, an Iroquois-owned sandspit in the St. Lawrence River between New York and Quebec.

What angered the Indians, Porter said, was "a flagrant violation" of a U.S.-Canadian treaty written in 1792 that guaranteed the Iroquois unlimited travel rights across the border.

The Mohawks contend that they own the island and both sides of the river, but they weren't asked permission when the whites spanned the river with double bridges during construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway.

According to the treaty, Indians and whites were supposed to move in harmony like parallel canoes. Instead, Porter said, the whites established the U.S.-Canadian border so arbitrarily that it splits one Mohawk's house.

The crowning indignity, he said, came when a customs house was built on the island and both countries started collecting a \$1 toll from motorists for crossing the bridges.

Iroquois work as construction workers all over the world and return to their villages during the winter months to live on unemployment compensation checks.

They shop and visit fellow tribesmen on both sides of the river and can't afford to pay \$2 a round trip, Porter declared.

"Our people had to do something," he said.

Porter contends that the whites wove some rules for democracy from Indian tribal practices, although he adds, with some contradiction:

"Indians have only the unanimous. There are no minorities or majorities. It is the completely united way."

Iroquois consider themselves part of an unrecognized sovereign nation. This presents enormous legal problems.

Unsatisfied with U.S. and Canadian judicial processes, they have talked of taking their problems to the International Court at The Hague, Holland.

They can't even join the United Nations, although they've tried. And they consider it almost ridiculous to seek rulings from courts, for who would enforce them?

So the Indians are trying to reclaim their cultural and spiritual heritage through moral persuasion, Porter said. He urged his Modoc, Wintu, Pit River, Hat Creek and Hoopa brothers to do likewise.

Porter didn't mention the Mohawks' campaign to impeach Interior Secretary Walter Hickel. He brushed aside questions that the Iroquois movement might be politically motivated.

He said the movement is spiritual, economic and cultural, with a two-fold purpose of creating more unity among Indians, and awakening white people to a sense of Indian values.

"If there isn't a change soon, there will be a destruction of all our resources," Porter said.

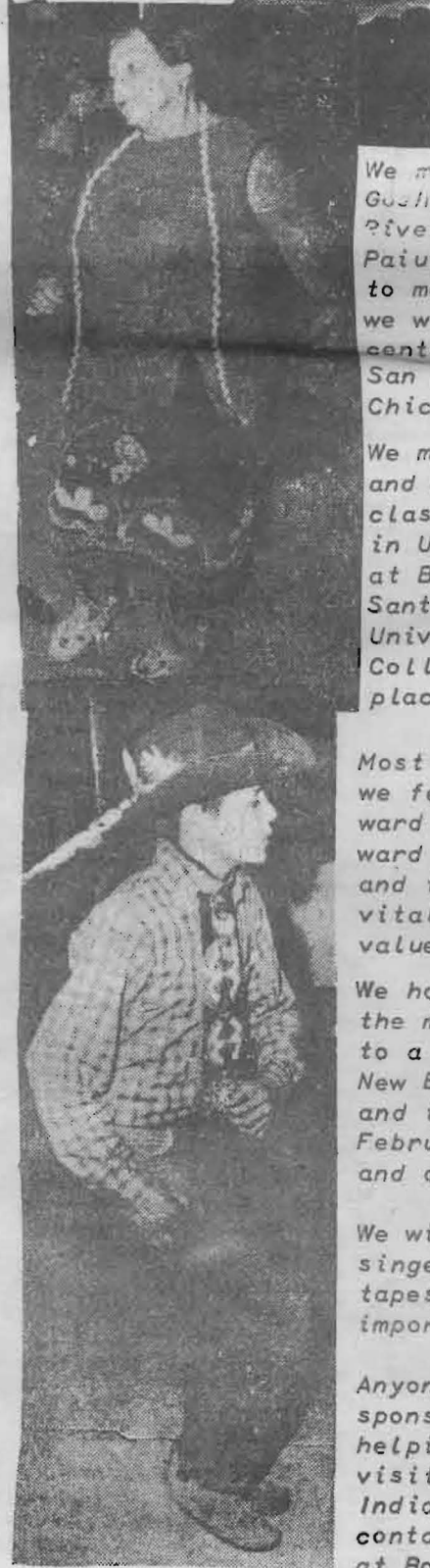
Porter says Indians may yet save the world from a population crisis caused by dwindling food reserves, because Indians have introduced many new foods to the world.

He asked where the Irish would be without potatoes, or the Italians without tomatoes, both foods originating in the New World.

Indian drums are "like our soul, like the heartbeat," and "when I hear children talk Indian, it makes me proud," Porter commented.

He said the Iroquois movement is nonviolent, although some sequences in the Cornwall Island film show scuffles with police.

"When a people's heads are under water, they have to struggle to get air," Porter said.



WHITE ROOTS OF PEACE has just completed a two-month tour of the state of Washington and northern and central California.

A more complete description will be put in one of the next AKWESASNE NOTES.

In the meantime, this article from Redding, California, will tell a bit about the style and message of WHITE ROOTS.

We danced and talked and ate with over ten thousand people. We met in prisons, reserves, colleges, and churches. We have many new friends.

We met with the Utes, Goshutes, Hoopas, Pit River, Nisqually, Pomo, Paiutes, Mesquakies, to mention a few, and we were at Indian centers in Oakland, San Francisco, and Chicago.

We met with anthropology and comparative religion classes, with Indian groups in University of California at Berkeley, Davis, and Santa Cruz; at Stanford University and Mills College, and many more places of higher education.

Most important is that we feel we did work toward Indian unity, toward Indian strength, and toward bringing vitality to Indian values and ways.

We hope to continue the mission by going to a few places in New England in December, and in January and February to Texas, Florida and other southern states/

We will have speakers, singers, dancers, films, tapes, and a message of importance.

Anyone wanting to sponsor our visit or helping to arrange a visit on a campus, or Indian community can contact WHITE ROOTS at Box 435, Roosevelttown, NY.